

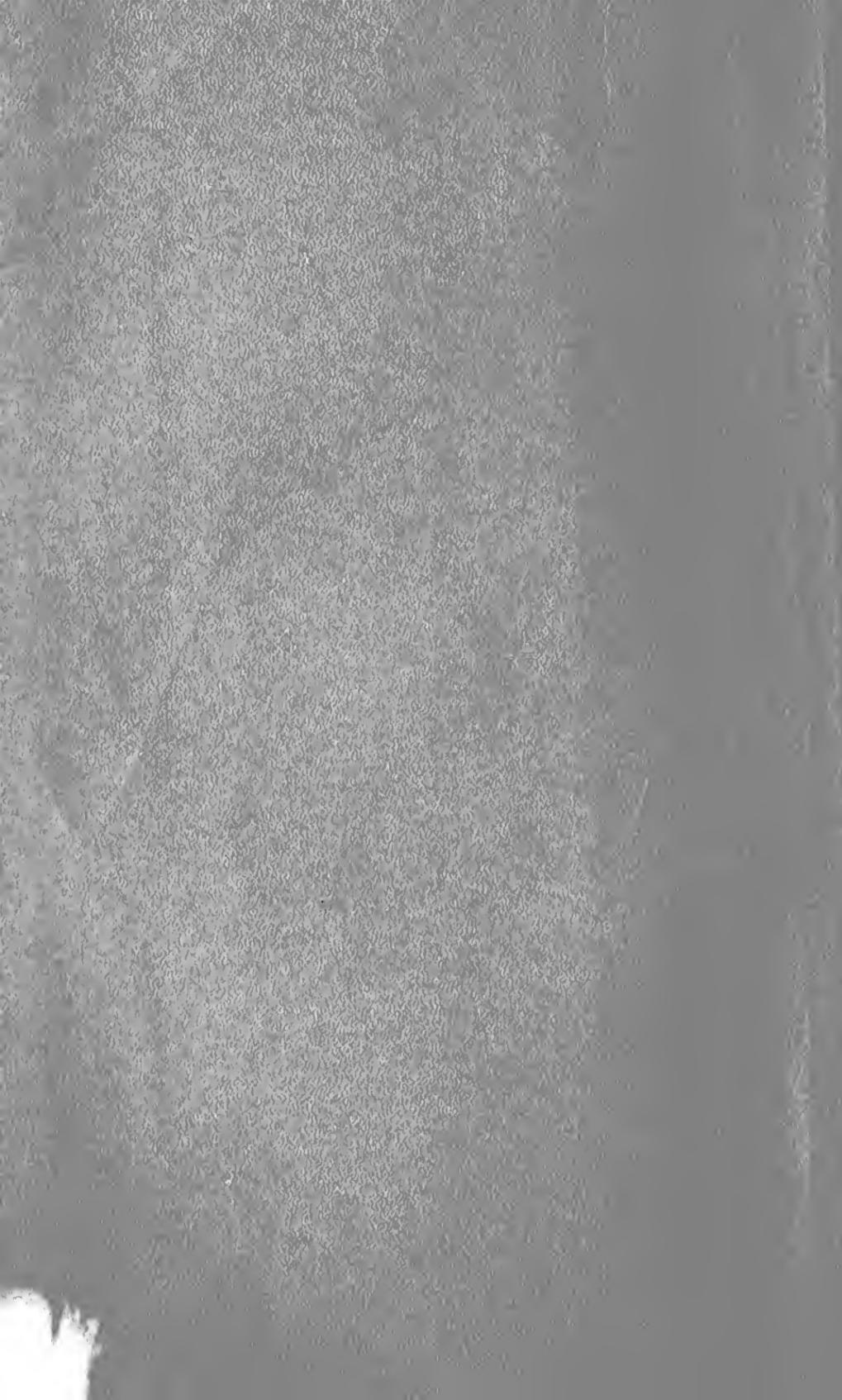
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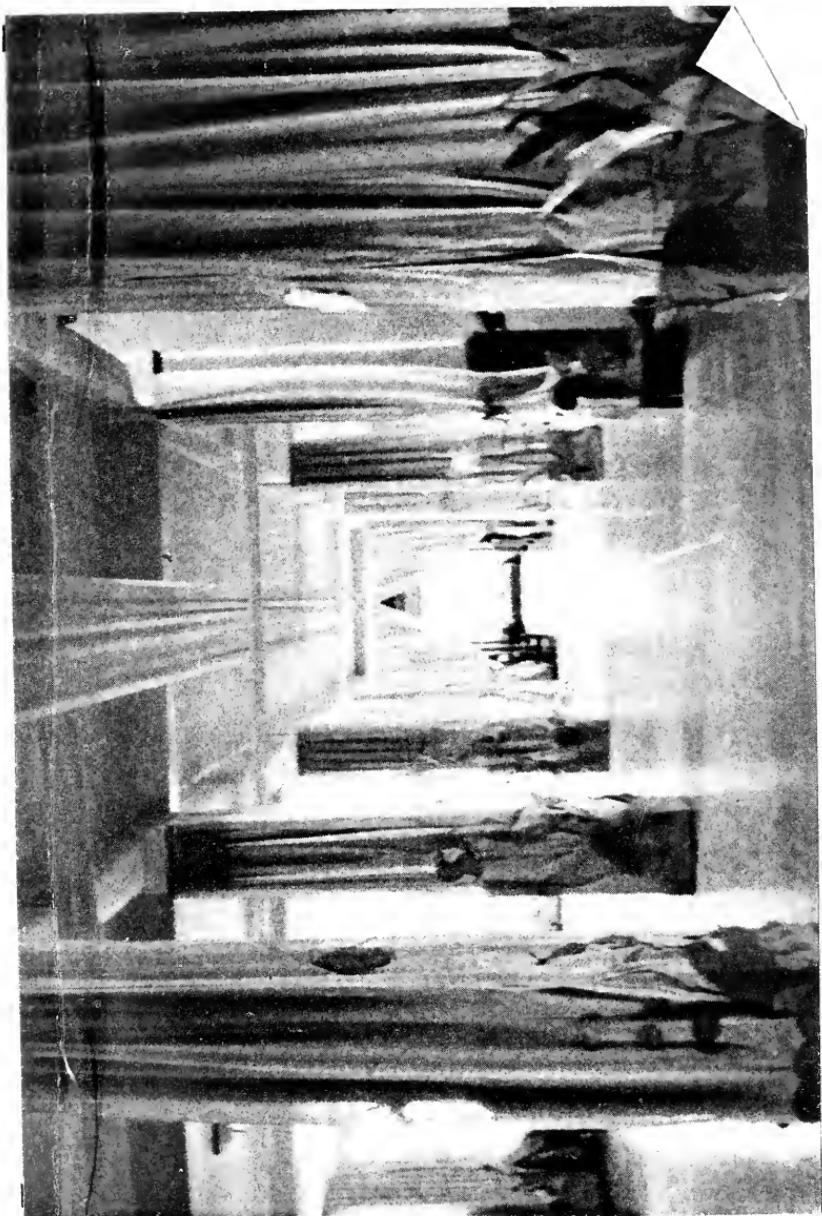
The together light

October 1931

P.YAFFE



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Memories

The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

Towson, Md.

S.T.C
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Oct. 1931-
June 1932

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The Tower Light

VOL. V

OCTOBER, 1931

No. 1

A Taste for Reading

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"If," said Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books."

Contributed by J. VOGELHUT, 1931.



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Wishes

THERE ARE some students in this school for whom I breathed a kind of prayer the afternoon that registration was all over. For them I wished success and happiness,—and growth, while at the Normal School, and in the years to come. Of course, I wish that for everyone at our Alma Mater, but for these people I wish it most earnestly. You see, I saw their parents—it is for their sake.

I watched them come in all day, and just as a strain of music can sometimes catch you at the throat and make you want to cry, so did the sight of a girl and her mother waiting in line to register, do something queer to me.

You could guess at the sacrifice it cost the mother to have her daughter come to the Normal School. Her face was lined and tired looking. Maybe she wasn't old in years, but the life had gone out of her. All in her that had ever been young and joyful and beautiful had withered and died, and in her daughter she symbolized all that she had once been, and all that she had never herself been able to be. And now, timidly, wistfully, she was about to hand the torch of her life—her daughter—to us. She was afraid, terribly afraid, her daughter's clothes weren't nice enough, and that her daughter would be lonely and unhappy in this whirl of regulation and sophistication. Not that she could tell you it was sophistication she feared, but she was sensitive that her daughter felt out of place, and rather miserable. And when an "Ask Me" student smilingly volunteered to show her daughter to her room, a flush of gratitude and eagerness came to her face. She didn't go with them. I left her there, as she stood wistfully watching "her little girl" go with the student, to a new life, which she couldn't share.

I couldn't run up and hug her and tell her I hoped everything would be all right, and I couldn't stand there watching that pathetic figure—so I left.

Oh, I hope, the little daughter won't be lonely and unhappy, and I hope there is that element here in our school atmosphere that will help her grow and expand to be a better person—for her mother's sake.

I have heard parents say, "I want to give my children a better start in life than I had,—the things I never had a chance for," and they skimp and save and sacrifice, killing their own youth and aspirations to give their children these things. I wonder if it is worth the pain? Sometimes I think it is not. But it is in our power to make it worth it. I hope we may.

M. DOUGLAS

Registration Day At Normal

SEPTEMBER 8, 1931...Registration day...a gala occasion...how different this day seems than that day almost exactly one year ago to the day...in which we were Juniors...now we arrive at the same doors and find ourselves exalted Seniors..."Why, hello Doris, may I have a tag"..."What is my name?"...and all the while I thought she knew me...such is life...what section are you in...well I guess you are Junior 3...what...Freshman 3...I beg your pardon it was my error, I should have recognized that you were a freshman...why do all men students always have to be on probation...did you see that girl...yes, that's the one with the blue jacket and long hair...I beg your pardon but what is your name...it is...well, I am the fellow that wrote you that letter during the summer...have you registered yet...if you have nothing else to do I propose a trip around the school...now this is the principal's office...no, the entrance tests are not very hard...now this is the registrar's office...no I never took any of those orientation courses, but you have a good teacher for the course...what is an orientation course...this is the library...why no I didn't answer your question, well to tell you the truth I don't know...Yes, of course we have classes here, why do you ask...because you have not seen any classrooms...well never fear...you will find plenty of classrooms in this building...I am sorry but I will have to leave you now as I have a very pressing engagement...I just took my little brother around...Can you imagine...he didn't even know what an orientation course was and he considers himself a student of Normal...I may as well go home nothing else to do...back to the daily grind on Monday...

A Sunset Gown

The sky is a great blue gown,
With here and there touches of old brocade;
Here on the hip a flash of gold,
There on the shoulder a silver dash;
The bodice is pale and wan and sad,
The train is dark and dank and gloomy,
This is the Heaven's gown at sunset,
The Heavens' gown just before twilight.

Diary Dots and Dashes

BY FRESHMAN FANNY

No one can ever know my exact feelings, as I, with the proverbial timidity, mounted the steps of the Ad Building on Registration Day. It seems weeks ago. It was then (with proper awe) that I first dared to look upon the visages of the scheduled "Ask Me" creatures. Of course, for days ahead, I had imagined them in my own mind, and from my reflections was rightly fearing an encounter. But all my fears and all my doubts (I can never write "fears" without adding "doubts") just floated into nothingness in a moment. It all happened this way—she *smiled*. She smiled simply, yet completely. And, personally, I think a smile is just the most wonderful thing. It's like this:

*My heart beats out a jingle
My toes a tango trip;
The way I feel
From head to heel
Can never bless my lip.*

*My heart leaps out and dances
Without a step or style,
I've come to know
I'm sure it's so,
There's nothing like a smile.*

*A smile that's broad and happy
And stretched from ear to ear,
Like life, and love,
Blue skies above,
Just makes me glad I'm here.*

Do you feel my way? That attitude fairly carried me through the day, through the first meetings, the delightful tea dance, the social picnic lunches, and even through the intelligence exams (as far as I know).

A group was remarking about the unusual spirit here, and a shy little freshman (why are some freshies little and shy?) began to lose his color and evidenced nervousness. It developed that he had always been afraid of ghosts!

Seriously now, I can say that the memory of "The Lighting of the Way", on the second night, is one that will live long in the minds of all of us who came here to find something new, something higher, something stronger than we had ever encountered before in our study-life. We found more than we had hoped for, and found it in a way that bids fair to hold us forever.

I must add a word about the plight of "Poor Maddalena" which supplements my strong conviction that the essence of life and living is love. The sum of all principles and commandments is Love. I'll give you one of my cherished extracts from Henry Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World." Read between the lines:

"Where Love is, God is. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God. God is Love. Therefore *love*. Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, *love*. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom perhaps we each do least of all. There is a difference between *trying to please* and *giving pleasure*. Give pleasure. Lose no chance of giving pleasure. For that is the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit. 'I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.' "

ORA BUSSARD, Freshman 9

Community Singing

Have you ever thought how we as teachers can help community singing? We are all familiar with the parent-teachers association, and we know something of its work. Why shouldn't a knowledge of singing be brought to the parent-teachers' association by our pupils.

I once attended a P. T. A. meeting in a country school. The meeting was opened by singing several folk songs, such as Old Black Joe, Old Folks At Home, and My Old Kentucky Home. It was pitiful to hear. There were not enough books to go around and those who held books were not singing. Now, why shouldn't everybody be familiar with these folk songs and enjoy singing them. These people were unaccustomed to singing these songs in a group and were unfamiliar with the words.

Now here is where our part as teachers comes in. Surely every child going through the schools, city or country, should be familiar with folk songs. To make myself clearer, may I say that children should know the majority of the songs found in our Twice Fifty Five song book. We should see that our children know the songs, then put on a program at a P. T. A. meeting and let the parents hear the songs sung correctly. This will be teaching the parents and will aid community singing.

E. M. F., Senior 3

A Boost to Education

DO you know that Louis, the head janitor of the M. S. N. S. is a stanch believer in education? Do you know that he has made it possible for his four children, three sons and a daughter, to attend not only elementary school but high school? Here are some interesting facts about Louis' family.

George and John completed their work in the elementary grades and then came to Normal as assistant janitors. The boys were not satisfied with their taste of education, so they decided to continue studying. The only time open to these ambitious fellows was night school; did they hesitate? Manual labor during the day, mental labor at night. For six years these boys continued to attend night school, and at the end of that time both received not only a high school diploma, but honorable mention for the excellent work they had done. George, the older of the two, made the highest grades in the class of ninety-one students, winning as a reward the scholarship to Morgan College. He is majoring in Mathematics and hopes to become a teacher of that subject in high school.

John is still with us, but is attending night school, taking special courses in commercial work.

Need we look any farther for proof of the old saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way?"

Why Do Folks Have to Grow Up?

Why do folks have to grow up?
Why can't they always be small?
Then are no troubles to cup,
Then life's full of joy for all.
Pandora has made us grow old
Thru' the curse of the gods of Greece
By loosing their Troubles in gold—
Gold sunlight of ancient peace.
Pandora caused it, she did,
When she untied the knot—
When she lifted the lid
Of that box that Quicksilver had brought.
Since grow up is all we can do,
Aren't you glad Epimetheus, Afterthought,
Let Iris-winged Hope come too?

A. F. L., Senior

Know St. Mary's

SITTING in the quiet shade of a magnificent old tree on the banks of the St. Mary's River, one morning in the early spring, I found myself recalling that it was the 25th of March and there nearly three hundred years ago, two small boats, "The Ark and The Dove", after braving the troublesome and dangerous storms of the Atlantic, sailed up the little river, now known as St. Mary's and cast anchor.

The quiet little village of Yaocomico was immediately astir. Up the winding path, from the water's edge, came a little band of pilgrims led by Leonard Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore of England. It was a fearless little group eager to blot from their memories the religious dissensions at home, leave their beloved England and in a strange land known only as a fabled wilderness, seek homes where they could worship God without molestations and strife.

On reaching the brow of the hill, Leonard Calvert was met by the Indian Chief of the village, and, under a large mulberry tree the city which became "St. Mary's" was purchased from the Red men.

The little colony prospered from the beginning; those of religious differences living side by side, and making their own laws, until finally Maryland's first State House was erected. As years passed, the quarrels of the mother country affected the little village until finally the State House was removed and the City of St. Mary's was apparently destined to pass into oblivion. However, in 1839 the Legislature, to perpetuate this sacred place founded a school where girls could have educational advantages, to be known as "St. Mary's Female Seminary".

Here, too, we now see, on the spot, a magnificent shaft of marble erected to the memory of Maryland's first Governor, Leonard Calvert, and even now the mulberry tree, somewhat decayed, reminds us of the purchase of our Maryland, which took place beneath its boughs, for if we visit the little church at St. Mary's City we shall see on each of its pews a cross made from the old tree.

So if we wander and dream on the shore of the little river beneath the hill, rest in the shadow of the monument, or visit the church, our thoughts will be carried back and we reverently thank our Creator for the privilege of having such forefathers who endeavored to hand down to their posterity religious freedom.

REBECCA WALLACE, *Senior 5*



"Oh, Come to the Fair"

FROM THE cooperation between a State Normal School created by the Legislature of 1865 and the State Fair and Agricultural Society incorporated in 1878 one anticipates results commensurate with the experience and prestige of the two organizations. So attendance at the Timonium Fair this fall, took on itself, for me, an unusual significance. I approached as to a ceremony, because, perhaps, I enjoy making a ceremony even of such simple things as candle-lighting and tea-drinking and because the histories and ages of the organizations represented impressed me.

The spacious up-to-date Exhibition Building was circled and approach was made by way of the Ford, Chevrolet and Buick exhibits, thence to the live-stock display, where a lad, seemingly intent on pitching hay for a prize calf, nonchalantly informed us that that day his calf had won ribbons and a thirty-five dollar cash award. Cackling hens and quacking ducks almost drowned with their noise the cooing of doves and pigeons, while several varieties of pheasants vied with one another in their efforts to outdo the rainbow's color harmonies.

Cries from the grand stand of "Art, Art, Art,"—we later learned that *he*, a race horse, had won,—announced the central theme of the afternoon for us and we made our way to the exhibition hall and the art exhibit, where we saw the city and country brought into a close relationship through their common interest, Industrial Art, the outgrowth of interests created and stimulated in the other branches of the curriculum.

The Normal School, too, was in evidence. Modern stage design centralized the exhibit as it was arranged along the east aisle of the building, while lettering, and book-binding shared with textiles, block-printed and handwoven, and with pottery, the honor due to man from his works.

The Campus Training School, as well as the City and County Training Centers contributed work in costumes and books, as well as valuable documents dealing with the history of writing.

A well-equipped library across the aisle reminded one that a source of information is always at hand for any student.

The enlarged display space that has been assigned to us, challenges us for another year, when we may find it to the mutual advantage of the public and to ourselves to have someone familiar with the work done in the Library, the Campus Training School, the City and County Centers and the Normal School present to answer questions and discuss the exhibits.

BERNICE A. BROUWER

Illusions I Live By

THE FIRST illusion I live by is that I have a sense of humor. To be sure it doesn't always work. I find there are shades of humor; mine has changed from a light, carefree one to a more serious tint. Perhaps as I grow still older it, too, will age, and turn a little gray, and then before I know it, I shall be an old lady with a chronic grouch. Even then I shall cling to the illusion that I have a sense of humor.

Another illusion that enormously bolsters up my self-esteem is that I think. My little brother would scoff at the idea, and make rude remarks. True, my brain is usually concerned with vague reveries of which I am the center, but there are times when I emerge to decide whether or not I shall buy ice-cream for lunch, and when I try against great odds to assimilate gradations of difficulty in long division. Occasionally I think.

To one who does occasionally achieve a thinking state of mind there is scant satisfaction, because if one believes he has an original thought, there is always someone else who thought it first, and put it in a book. Then, thinking leads one into a maze of doubts, with no signboards along the way to point one's direction. Again such a state of mind receives slight encouragement, for even these immature gropings go on unacknowledged. In spite of these three drawbacks I persist in wanting to think; but I can't always fool myself that I do think.

The third illusion that I live by is hard for me to define. It has something to do with the mute cry of a bird on a misty spring night; with dew drops beading the trees on a wooded hillside when the sun first strikes it. It is the part of me which feels that in others there is something not insignificant, not futile, but more priceless because it is lonely and inarticulate.

Live without illusions? I close my eyes to shut out the picture of a completely disillusioned world. All that I ask is to live with my illusions undisturbed.

RUTH CAPLES, Senior 5

Dawn

*Quiet darkness—
Cold solitude betwixt night and day.
A ray of hope,
Receding shadows disappear.
Behold the glorious splendor!
The gift of another day—
The treasure of the one before.*

ANNETTE NEWMAN

Olga and Joseph, Two Russian Children

RUTH STROEBEL, 1931

BE SIDE THE doorway of a humble little hut in far off Russia stood Olga, a tiny girl with golden hair and sparkling blue eyes, with her brother Joseph, whose eyes were blue like his sister's.

Anxiously they stood arm in arm as they eagerly looked across the great wide plain for which their country is noted. Extending for miles and miles, beyond their home, this plain rolled on with its fields of grain, sugar beets, and flax. This plain is large like the others in Olga's country; it is the largest country in the world, and contains about one-fifth of the land surface of the earth.

It was a wonderful day; the sky was clear and blue with an occasional fluffy white cloud here and there. The sun in the western sky was brightly shining in all its glory.

Olga and Joseph loved these kind of days, for summer days in Russia, long, beautiful and warm, do not last long. Unlike the long, dreary and very cold winter season, the summer was short. Many times Joseph had wished that he lived farther south, where winters were not so long.

Quickly brushing aside her curls, which the gentle summer breeze had blown in her face, Olga intently gazed for a moment across the plain.

Clapping her hands happily, she cried:

"Oh, here they come, brother; here they come, can't you see mother and father?"

Olga, as she asked the question looked up to her brother, whose broad shoulders towered above her like a giant.

"Yes, I see them," replied Joseph, as two moving dots appeared in the distance. It was easy for Olga and Joseph to see their parents while they were still a great distance away, for Russia has no large hills like we have in this country. Joseph, grabbing Olga by the hand, ran out to meet their mother and father.

The family went into the little hut. In the storeroom the floor was made of mud and the windows were small and tightly closed. There was a room behind this, in which Olga and Joseph ate, slept, worked, and where all the work of the family was carried on. In this room there was a stove which almost reached the ceiling. In the winter time they sometimes slept on top of this stove to keep warm.

Besides this large stove and some little furniture, there was an icon hanging in one corner of the room. This was a picture of the Virgin, and beneath it burned a lamp. This was the family altar, and whenever Joseph and Olga entered the room they bowed their heads and prayed. The children's mother and father did this too whenever they entered the room. Once a month the priest came to Joseph's and Olga's

house to sprinkle the rooms with holy water and cleanse them with prayer.

Joseph had many religious duties. We wonder that he had time to do anything else at all. He had to keep a light burning day and night before the icon over his bunk. At the side of the wall Joseph and Olga each had a patron saint, and to these they had to pray many times a day. On his Angel's or Patron's Day Joseph did not work, but dressed in his best clothes, went to church and honored his Angel's shrine. He bought from the priest some consecrated loaves of bread to give to the poor. When Joseph returned home a large feast was spread and his friends and relatives helped him celebrate it. Everyone sat around the table on benches and boxes, talking and eating. Then all the guests went home and did their work and returned for the evening meal.

Every Saturday night something happened of importance in this home; Olga and Joseph took their bath. There is a Russian creed that says every child must take a bath on Saturday. Olga took her turn first. Mother, first of all, steamed Olga by putting her in a hole under the stove. When Olga came out of this, she was almost cooked. Olga's mother next poured pailful after pailful of hot water over her, and then pails of ice-cold water.

Joseph's turn came next. He went through the same process. Instead of having pails of ice-cold water poured over him he was tumbled out into the snow. How would you like to complete your bath by being rolled in the snow.

Every Sunday morning the children got up just as early as every other morning, but instead of going to school they went to church with their parents. Their church was a wooden building, which hadn't any pews or seats. Over the doorway was an icon, which everyone stopped to look at as they entered. In here was the priest, who had a great many tasks. If anything went wrong in the village he was blamed for it, for people believed he should have prevented it by prayers and fasts.

When the family came home from church they sat down on the bench before the rude table. A big bowl of cabbage soup was set in the middle of the table. Each one of the family had his own wooden spoon to eat from the large family bowl. They also ate rye bread and cucumbers. Their favorite drink was Kvas. After their simple meal Joseph, Olga and their father and mother sat outside their hut on a bench. Several other families sat outside of their huts, and they all sang together. This was the way they spent many an afternoon and evening. After the evening meal the family soon went to their bunks.

Early the next morning Olga's parents arose. This was just another day that they must be on time at the factory. During the day their parents made icons at the factory. These pictures sold from a few cents to many dollars, according to their size and workmanship. Olga

and Joseph had to get ready for school, too. They could not go to school all the time, as you children can. They had to help at home. Joseph only went in the winter time, when there wasn't anything for him to do at home.

Olga and Joseph put on their uniforms for school. All of the children wore uniforms like them; even the teacher wore one. After eating their breakfast the children started for school. When they were outside the door Joseph said to Olga, "We forgot our wood to heat the schoolroom." The children went back and got their wood and started on their way to school again. After walking some distance they came to a little hut which was the schoolhouse. In here they were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The children also observed the country about them and discussed and studied it in school. Olga and Joseph were taught to help others and to accept other's ideas. They had prayers to say at school. There were certain prayers to say when the term began, others when the holidays came, and others when a new teacher was engaged. They had still other prayers to say on the playground.

When Olga and Joseph came home from school they often had work to do. These children still had time to play. Olga said to Joseph, "I am going to the store, and when I come back we shall play some games." "Hurry back", said Joseph, "and I will call the children next door while you are gone". Olga hurried off to the store as quickly as she could, running most of the way. Olga bought some bread, potatoes, and cabbage, but she did not give the storekeeper any money, as her parents were not paid with money. Her father and mother were given credit for so much at a storehouse for what work they did at the factory. Here they bought everything they needed, so the storekeeper just took so much off their credit when Olga bought this food for her mother. Her parents did not make very much, therefore they only had the necessary things in life.

Olga hurried home, and after taking the things she had bought into the hut she came out to play. First, they played Blind Man's Bluff. After playing this several times, Joseph said, "Let's play Tyopki". The children played this by pitching a metal disk at a hole in the ground. They had a great deal of fun playing these games, but after a little while Joseph said to Olga, "We shall have to go inside and begin to work, as it is almost time for mother and father to come home from the factory.

This day when Olga and Joseph's father and mother were coming home from work they heard that the school inspector was going to visit the school the next day. When they got home they told Olga and Joseph about it. The children put on their best clothes the next morning. Everyone did this when the school inspector came, in order to make a good impression.

(To be Continued)

These Subtle Salesmen

The door being opened, the salesman steps in—

“Are you the lady of the house”, the salesman asks?

“Yes, I am”, the woman answers, “do I look like the maid”?

“Assuredly not, Madam; anyone can see that this beautiful home is taken care of through your ability alone”.

“Well, get on with your business. I have no time to waste”.

“Yes, as I was saying—I have here the most efficient mop on the market today. Besides being flawless in its operation, it may be handled with the least possible effort. It cleans floors, walls,—”

“I am very sorry, but I am not interested. The mop I have is quite satisfactory”.

“My dear Madam”, he says with a pained expression, “we are not asking you to take anything against your will. If at the end of thirty days the article fails to satisfy, we guarantee your money back”.

“I have just told you that I am not interested and my dinner is burning”.

“But Madam, what is one dinner when there is at stake the matter of a life of ease and pleasure”?

“Well, true, I do work rather hard. I always say my husband doesn’t realize the work attached to taking care of a house like this”.

“Exactly”, he beams, “exactly, with THIS 100% perfect mop you may have more time to attend movies, play bridge—”

“Oh, I do love to play bridge, and I so seldom get an opportunity to play”.

“I’m sure a woman of your intellect must make an excellent bridge player”.

“Well”, modestly, “I hate to brag, but I am rather good at bridge”.

“I am sure”, he vehemently asserts, “that bridge is not your only accomplishment. If appearances are not deceiving, you have many”.

“I never look for people’s opinions”, lifting up her hands to fix her hair”, because it does seem like I’m looking for others to flatter me. Do you really think I make a nice appearance”?

“Perfect, Madam, it is so seldom that we find real beauty these days”.

“Do you think so”?

“It certainly is a shame that you should waste yourself on these four unappreciative walls. You should give the world the benefit of your charm”.

“Really”.

“Naturally, this can only be accomplished by having more free time to devote to your personal interests. My 100% perfect mop will bring this about. It is the ideal time-saver. It is the miracle mop. I assure you, Madam, you will not regret having spent a minute sum for this 100% perfect labor-saving device which—”

Interrupting, “Well, let me see the mop”. SARA A. KORNBLATT

The "When the....." School of Balladists

THIS BEHOOVES the present day composer of popular songs to file before times a caveat on his subject—a most important part of his product if it is to sell. A snappy subject will tend more than any other one factor to heavy returns. Rhyme and reason matter little in this day and age; and grammar not at all.

The producer need only bear in mind that the refrain must begin with the words "When The——" and that each of the two stanzas must end with the words "did say", "did cry", or equivalent. The hero must always die in the second stanza and preferably on the field of battle.

The choice of subjects is narrowing fast. "When the Sheep are in the Fold, Jessie Dear" exhausted the list of quadrupeds that "When The'd"; "When the Leaves Begin to Turn" closed the gate to the field of Botany; "When the Harvest Moon is Shining" left nothing in the sidereal heavens; somebody wrote "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"—and it was "all down" in ornithology. Entomology? no; "When the Bees are in the Hive" closed out the market on flying insects. Nothing appears left in the heavens above or the earth beneath except angle-worms, which are not adapted to prosody.

The writer of these lines hereby serves notice on all and sundry that the waters under the earth are his province, and that infringers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. He offers for your kind approval the following:

I

"A young man and his sweetheart were sitting side by side,
It was at a Baptist social, where he'd claimed her for his bride,
He asked her for her promise, ere to war he went away,
And when she asked, "Will it be long"? these words she heard him say".

(Chorus)

"When the pollywogs are wiggling o'er the mill dam
And the Baptist sisters serving cake and cream
I am coming, rain or shine, to be with you, sweetheart mine,
When the pollywogs are wiggling down the stream."

II

"Twelve months were nearly over when there came an awful fight,
The enemy attacked the camp at 9 o'clock at night (Bang! Bang!),
Her lover was fatally wounded, but ere he passed away
Before his eyes were closed in death his comrades heard him say:
(Chorus) "When the Pollywogs . . . etc."

One wonders what would be the result of such a daring innovation as permitting the hero to survive the second chorus, doesn't one? One does. Furthermore, it appears that the time has come for some attention to the needs of our urban consumers. There are no sheep, no swallows, and no bees on Sixth Avenue, and the Harvest Moon means no more than the curfew bell to the Roaring Forties.

Mindful of all the other conventions of the craft, your relator submits the following:

I

*"A handsome young bartender was with his frail one time
When the cops came up and pinched him for he had done a crime,
The judge dealt him four spaces, his sweetheart she did sigh,
And when they led him from the dock, these words they heard him cry:*

(Chorus)

*When I've done my stretch they'll turn me loose from Sing Sing
And I'll find them bulls and put them on the blink;
Then swiftly I'll skidoo, and beat it back to you,
When the water bugs are chirping in the sink.*

II

*When he got to that there prison, them convicts hatched a plot,
The turnkey he was overpowered, the P. K. he was shot,
Them prisoners did an Arthur Duffy, they were going some,
And as they scaled the prison fence, they heard our hero hum:*

(Chorus) "When I've done my stretch . . . etc."

A YALE ALUMNUS

In Love With Life

HAVE YOU gone out on the Campus and let the beauty of nature penetrate your heart? It makes you want to lift your arms in prayer—"God, I am grateful for being alive".

Here, you can come with your grief and the beauty will overcome that grief; you can come for comfort and the trees will protect you; you can come for music and the birds will answer to the music of your soul. The Campus is alive, yet there is not one living thing that is smaller or greater than you.

Go now! Don't wait! Love life!

M. H., Junior 1

Books for Knowledge—Power Companionship

Book Reviews

GOETHE'S "FAUST"—ALICE RAPHAEL

Introduction—MARK VAN DOREN

Woodcuts—LYND WARD

MANY HAVE been this book's predecessors, and time alone will make the decision of its place on the list. The first English translator, Hayward, used prose as his medium; since then, Anster introduced meter, and Bayard Taylor seemed able to cope with meaning and meter in producing a faithful rendering. Even our esteemed Shelley attempted a fragment, and now we have the first part of a modern translation, which, according to Mr. Van Doren surpasses all. Echoes of the music room are heard in Miss Raphael's King of Thule Song—the first two stanzas of her version are—

*There was a King of Thule,
True unto the grave,
To whom a golden goblet
His dying mistress gave.*

*At every feast he drained it
He cherished it for years;
And every time he drained it
His eyes filled up with tears.*

Lynd Ward of "Mad Man's Drum" fame, lends his inimitable grace of woodcuts to an already able book.

FINCH'S FORTUNES—MAZA DE LA ROCHE

TO THOSE who watched with interest the Whiteoak family, a new contribution will be joyfully received. In this volume Finch, who through his great-grandmother's eccentricity becomes her sole heir, comes of age, and attempts with his money to placate a family torn by conflicting emotions over the will.

Renny appears again as head of the house with Nicholas and Ernest the aging sons of the ancient dowager; Piers and his wife are there with a new son named for Finch; as well as Alayne and Eden, her ne'er-do-well husband. The story of Finch's coming into man's estate is a worthy addition to the Jalna Saga.

"The Shiny Night"

By BEATRICE TUNSTALL, 1931

VENGEANCE IS mine, I will repay', saith the Lord." But Seth Stone, harbouring the grudge of eight years penal service for murder, would not wait for the "mills that grind slow but exceeding fine," and tried to mete out his own justice. In the tiny English hamlet of Clock Abbot there still exists the age-old custom of invultuation. So Seth burnt wax figures with diverse incantations, and, forgetting the teachings of the Book, set up some images of his enemies before his house. Then with an implacable hate and an unforgiving heart he waited through the long years for the curse to work out, never dreaming of the terrible price he must pay who meddles with Fate. Truly a bitter husband and a forbidding home for a young bride; but Elizabeth Threadgold brought an understanding and a love that in the end triumphed over all, sweeping grudges, hate, and death itself before it.

A story of a beautiful love beautifully written. But deeper than that—the age-old urge of man to sit in judgment on his fellows and hasten the course of justice. Blindly, vainly seeking to alter destiny, though He has said, "Vengeance is mine."

VIRGINIA STINCHCOMB, Senior 3

Pedigree

*The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover any time, to him
Is aristocracy.*

E. DICKINSON

The Pear Tree

*In this squalid, dirty dooryard,
Where the chickens scratch and run,
White, incredible the pear tree
Stands apart and takes the sun,
Mindful of the eyes upon it,
Vain of its new holiness,
Like the waste-man's little daughter
In her first communion dress.*

E. ST. V. MILLAY

Rainbow Gala S. Teasdale.

Poetry for Jr. High Schools Lieberman.

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

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SYDNEY LAND
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Social

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BEATRICE TOSSMAN

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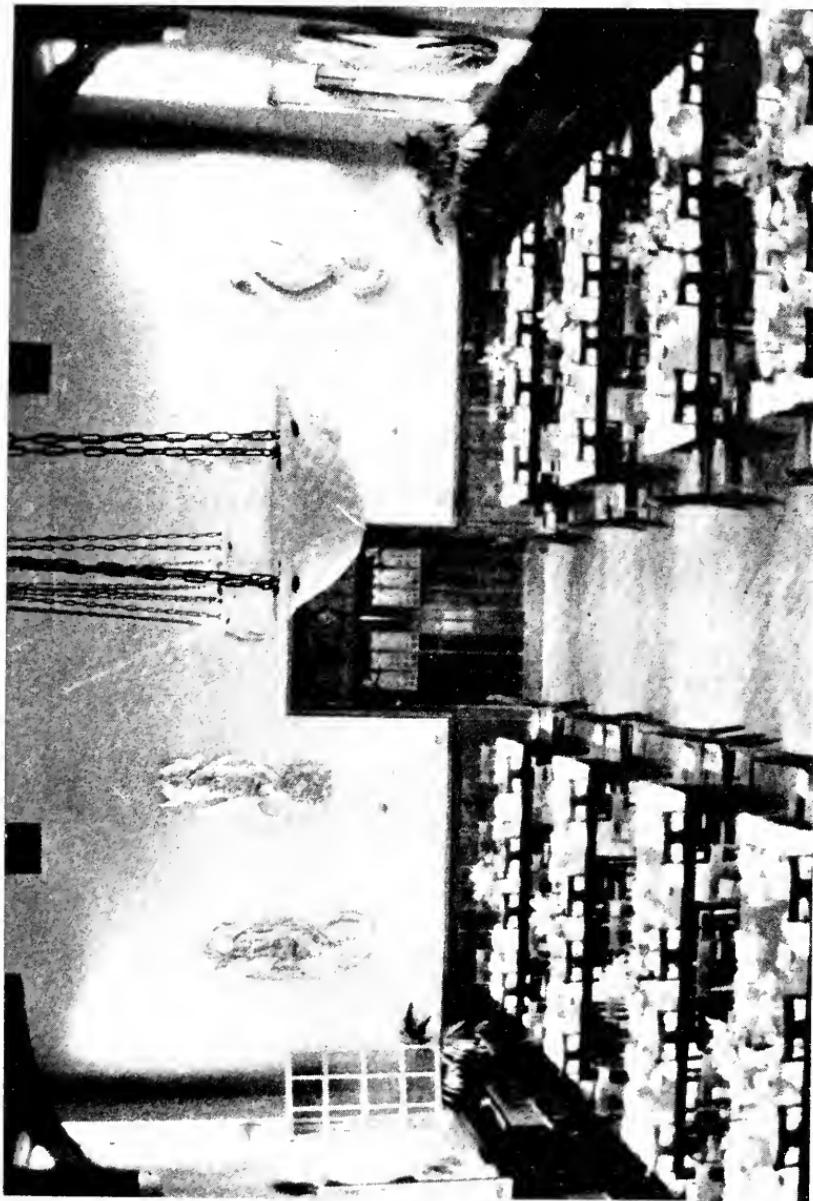
The Little Things

ON THE dew of little things, the life finds its morning and is refreshed." When Kahlil Gibran left India for a long, long journey these words were among his departing sayings to his friends of the land he was leaving. His wonderful philosophy of life has been recorded in a book entitled "The Prophet" and this gem about the little things is one of his most beautiful and significant bits of wisdom.

At Normal we have such a wonderful opportunity for doing the little things. There are three things that are so outstanding in our every day living and yet are considered by the majority as being of little importance.

First of all, there is honesty. Are we honest with ourselves, with our fellow men, with our instructors? It may seem of little consequence if we just copy one little answer from our neighbor, but is it ours? It may seem immaterial to anyone if we just put off our work one day longer when it is really due today, but are we being fair to ourselves?

Do You Remember?



Then, secondly, there is courtesy. Are we always as considerate as we might be? It is surprising how a "pardon me" is appreciated when someone bumps into you. It is amazing how much just this little bit of thoughtfulness conveys. Do we listen while someone else is talking to us as a group or do we carry on little conversations among ourselves? Do we push and shove, and grab for books in the library? And this brings in the third point, the respecting of the rights of others. When we know we are to take certain books on certain nights, do we take only those or do we take more than our share? Do we help others when they are uncertain of an assignment or do we tell them we haven't time to explain?

These are only little things, but in reality they make up our background for true living.

We are beginning a new year here, together. The book is closed on past actions, whether good or bad. Our pages are clean. Will they remain this way? The doing of the little things in the simple way will reveal our true selves.

ONE OF THEM

Mixed Pickles

DO YOU now visualize a jar filled with small pickles, large pickles, round pickles, square pickles, light pickles, and dark pickles? So many pickles! And all thoroughly pickled. Yet mixed they are, despite all arguments to the contrary. They taste alike and surely act alike, but heed ye! Lo, a parable.

Lo there was a handsome onion who was very proud of his great strength and power. Verily he would have made a good football player. And there was a lovely and cool cucumber who thought her beauty all surpassed. And there was a mighty cauliflower, largest and whitest of his kind. Truly he could mock the fates. Despised by all, lived the lowly pepper whose biting personality was spurned. And there was the cruel tomato—green and hard and soured. And there was the relentless olive with a stone for a heart—hating all and feeling complete in himself.

And all these creatures lived in diverse parts of the world. Each thought only of his own good and forgot judgment. Now, overtaken, the proud onion and the fair cucumber mingle with the lowly pepper and the merciless olive. And now—Heed ye! the moral. For they live together in peace and verily look alike.

Lo a parable!

Timonium Fair

THE MD. STATE, etc., known locally as the Timonium Fair, opens a week before our school begins its regular session. Each year we exhibit work from the normal school and the training centers. The board is generous in its allotment of space, and this year, in the fine new Exhibition Hall, some of the more graphic aspects of our work were displayed to good advantage. Those who participated in the History of Education Pageant in May, would have been pleased to see how the stage scenery of the globe, with its silhouette of a child, symbolic of all childhood, was used as a center for the exhibit. On either side of this rather heroic-sized example of students' activities, work from the classrooms, illustrating a wide range of subject and treatment was placed. Clay, paint, charcoal, cut-paper, wood, leather, yarn, etc., were used to clarify and express ideas from history, literature, geography, nature, arithmetic, and the history of the art of writing.

One section of the exhibit was devoted to the library. Attractive books, "as interesting as a novel", beautifully illustrated, gave only a sample of what the school has to offer in what was recently described as the best professional library for teachers south of the Mason and Dixon Line.

Miss Marie Neunsinger was in charge of the exhibit, and although she had several assistants, honorable mention goes only to Lewis and to his son George. Lewis has real enthusiasm for the fair, and it is largely due to his foresight and to his ability that preparation of an exhibit before school opens is possible.

Wouldn't it be fine if some students—Baltimore County students, perhaps—would constitute themselves a Timonium Fair committee to begin now to prepare for next year's fair. With a long look ahead we might have an even finer, more worthy expression of the life of the Maryland State Normal School.

—IRENE STEELE

The Band and the Brook

On one side was the band,
On the other the brook
And I listened to the band
And I listened to the brook,
And it seemed to me
On that night of nights
That heaven's eyes were shining brighter,
But the band was far away from heaven
For its brazen blare drove me mad
So I jumped into the brook
And there, while the trickling waters
Drew the . . . turbulence from within me
I found my soul's desire.

SARA A. KORNBLATT

Dwarfs

Yesterday I laughed at you—
You said you believed in dwarfs.
It did seem silly,
And I laughed!

But now I, too, believe in dwarfs.
My dwarfs are tiny men
With withered faces,
And mischievous grins.
They're running up and down my roof
In little green caps
And brown suits.

They keep coming—
More and more dwarfs—
They keep running up and down my roof,
Armed with tiny hammers.
And they're hammering all over my roof,
Harder and harder,
Louder and louder,
With their tiny hammers.

My roof won't hold them all,—
So some go sliding down my window-pane,
Kicking their tiny feet,
And beating the glass with their tiny hammers.
Rain is fun—isn't it?

MARY KING, 1931

A Poem of Inspiration

When you've smiled all your smiles
And you've laughed all your laughs
Don't cry all your tear drops in vain
Though you've tasted life's sorrows
There are always tomorrows
You can begin life again
At the other end of the rainbow
There's a cloud silver lined for you
Don't give up yet—you've far more to get
The world is but lost in your dreams
Look up at the sun—say you've just begun
And remember that silver-lined cloud.

JAMES E. TYLER, Freshman 6

School Notes



News of the Summer Life of the Faculty

MISS TALL, our principal, and Miss Pearl Blood traveled abroad. Miss Tall spent twenty-two days on the broad Atlantic and fourteen days in Scandinavia, dividing her time between Copenhagen, Denmark, and Stockholm, Sweden. Miss Blood traveled through England, Scotland and France.

Mr. E. C. Walther and Miss Nellie Birdsong taught at the Johns Hopkins University Summer Session; Miss Hazel Jones and Miss Mary A. Grogan, at the University of Maryland; and Dr. Eunice Crabtree, at the University of Porto Rico.

Those who studied this summer were: Miss Cowan, Harvard University; Miss Janet Kellicott, Woods Hole; Mr. Donald Minnegan, Sloatsburg Camp of New York University, Physical Education Department, while Columbia University summer session claimed Miss Marie Neunsinger, Miss Pauline Rutledge, Miss Irene Steele, Miss Emma Weyforth, Miss Hazel MacDonald, Miss E. Heighe Hill, Miss Ellen Logan, Miss Marguerite Dougherty and Miss Elsie Arthur; Mr. Harold Moser, Miss Hilda Kestner, Miss Furn Stitzel and Miss Lenetta Garrett took courses at the Johns Hopkins University; Miss Lenna Gross, University of Maryland; Miss Mary Roach, Connecticut State College for Teachers held at Yale University; and Miss Merle Yoder, The Western Reserve University, School of Library Science.

Miss Mary H. Scarborough and Miss Eleanor Orcutt spent some time working upon an arithmetic report for the National Survey of Teachers Colleges, and Miss Lena Van Bibber finished an important piece of history research for the Commonwealth Fund Committee on the Teaching of Social Studies. Miss Mary Osborn and Miss Gertrude Holt attended the National Librarians' Congress which was held in New Haven, later traveling through New Hampshire and Vermont with their group.

Dr. Anna Abercrombie, Miss Anita Dowell, Miss Clarice Bersch, Miss Stella Brown, Miss Alice Munn, Miss Louise Schroeder, Miss Ruth Sperry, Mrs. Helen Stapleton, Miss Alvina Treut and Miss Olive Owens were in Maryland for the major part of the summer; Miss Bader, Miss Keys, Miss MacDonald, Miss Prickett and Miss Giles visited relatives in the West; Miss Medwedeff visited Canada in two different ways—first

by auto, and later by a cruise; Miss Cook spent most of her summer in the East—Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Miss Daniels and Miss Diefenderfer were at camps, Miss Daniels in Wisconsin and Miss Diefenderfer in Maine.

The new members of the staff are:

Mrs. Bernice Brouwer who comes as instructor in Art. Mrs. Brouwer took her B. S. degree at Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and her M. A. at Columbia University. She succeeds Miss Pauline Dunlavy.

Miss Elizabeth A. Byerly, instructor in Psychology and Tests and Measurements, comes to us from the Connecticut State Department of Education. Miss Byerly studied at Kansas State Teachers College in Emporia for her B. S. in Education, at Columbia for her M. A., and has a diploma as Examiner with Educational and Mental Tests.

Miss Marie M. Neunsinger, who was a substitute teacher last year in the Art Department and filled out the unexpired appointment of Miss Charlotte Richardson, is staying on as a permanent member of the staff. Miss Neunsinger is a product of the Baltimore Schools and is a graduate of the Maryland Art Institute.

Miss Hilda Kestner, the new general assistant in the elementary school, is a graduate of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson, Class of '29.

Miss Rebecca C. Tansil, the new registrar, succeeds Miss Carley who resigned last spring to leave at the end of September. Miss Tansil was assistant registrar at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee, where she took her A. B. and M. A. degrees. She also has done graduate work at Columbia University.

All members of the staff have begun the new year seemingly well and vigorous and stimulated for the new epoch in teacher training in Maryland—the three year normal school course.

LIDA LEE TALL

Porto Rican Schools

On Monday, September 21, Miss Crabtree entertained the faculty and student-body with a colorful account of some of her experiences at Porto Rico this summer, where she taught at the university.

I was greatly amused at my own mental picture of diminutive Miss Crabtree before a mob of husky, Spanish-speaking browns and blacks, delivering instruction. Think with what ease they could have pitched her out of the window, had they disagreed on some trivial point! We hope Miss Crabtree won't miss her afternoon siesta and cooled grapefruit juice *too much*, these days.

M. DOUGLAS

Lighting of the Way

FRESHMAN WEEK was just one round of picnics and hikes, dances and trips, laughter and good times—this was as it should be. But these, you might say, are not so unusual. People, especially young people, can do these things whenever they want to. However, there was one event of Freshman week which set it aside from all the other weeks of a month, or a year, or a lifetime, and this event was the induction ceremony, which made all Freshmen pledged students of the Maryland State Normal School, members of our school family, a part of our Alma Mater.

This service, "The Lighting of the Way," was most impressive and brought with it a significance which was beautiful. As the Spirit of Education, with the flowing garments of a Greek maiden and a torch held high, advanced, accompanied by her two attendants, similarly garbed, no student witnessing their approach could help but be impressed. After the questions of the Freshmen had been answered by the members of the Student Council and the pledge, with much solemnity, had been recited, first, by the class of '32, the Freshmen lit the lanterns they carried, from the torch held by the Spirit of Education, and marched out over the campus, up the hill, to the Administration Building, while the Seniors sang "Follow the Gleam." Following this, the class of '34, in beautiful formation, faced the class of '32, which stood on the steps of the Administration Building, surrounding the Spirit of Education and her Greek maidens. The climax of the ceremony was reached when the Seniors sang Alma Mater. When the Spirit of Education gave forth the challenge, "The campus is yours, the school is yours, the responsibility is yours," the Freshmen raised and lowered their lighted torches, thus signifying their union with the Maryland State Normal School.

And thus Freshmen Week came and went, that is, it went as far as the actual passing of time was concerned, but I am sure that for many years to come, our "Lighting of the Way" will return to the members of the classes of '32 and '34 as a beautiful and sacred memory.

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10.

"Hotel Universe" Reviewed

On September 16, Miss Rosemary Arnold, friend of our Miss Crabtree, reviewed "Hotel Universe" by Barry. This lecture was given primarily for Miss Crabtree's Literature classes, but many of the faculty and seniors enjoyed the privilege of attending.

The play reminded me of "Death Takes a Holiday", in its uncanny atmosphere. In it, Time, that great mystery of man, was felt as a vastness, a vast minuteness, a stillness, or a smoothness, into which the words of the players fell and echoed emptily, as pebbles fall into a lake. Splash! —and then...nothing. The characters were not as important as characters, as they were contributors to the general atmosphere.

I could not get away from the queer feeling it gave me, the entire day. The shadow of unreality and illusion hung over the distant gray-blue hills, impenetrable in their silence. "Wherever there is an end—there is a beginning."

M. DOUGLAS

Glee Club News

THE FIRST meeting of the Glee Club was held on Monday, September 21, with a large number in attendance. With an enrollment of approximately one hundred members, we expect a Glee Club better than Normal has ever had. The practices will be each Monday afternoon on the following schedule:

3:20 P. M. to 3:50 P. M. Men's rehearsal
 3:50 P. M. to 4:30 P. M. Joint rehearsal
 4:30 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. Girl's rehearsal

The Senior members of the Glee Club wish to extend to the Freshmen members a hearty welcome into the organization.

Acting Sec.-Treas.,
 MARGARET K. WALLACE, Senior 3

Colonial Fair

LAST YEAR the Fete of Nations given by the Normal Elementary School was such a success, both socially and financially, that a similar affair will be given this fall. In accordance with plans made in June, a Colonial Fair is scheduled for Friday, October 16. The assignments by grades are as follows:

Kindergarten—Miss Durling	Martha Washington—Kitchen
Grade I.....	Mount Vernon Garden
Grade II—Miss Owens.....	Game Room
Grade III—Miss Hill.....	Indians
Grade IV—Miss Logan.....	Trading Post
Grade V—Miss Dougherty.....	Colonial Home Activities
Grade VI—Miss Arthur.....	Benjamin Franklin—Bookshop—Silhouettes
Grade VII—Mr. Moser.....	Pageant

The fair will open about 1 o'clock.

Various events, such as pony rides and a balloon ascension will take place in the afternoon. Supper will be served beginning at 5 o'clock. The fair will continue throughout the evening. Normal School students and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

Congratulations

MR. EHLERS, the farmer at the Maryland State Normal School, was unusually successful with his entries at the Timonium Fair this year. His entries were made in the form of vegetables, fruits and flowers, and his display was so excellent that the judges considered it worthy of a number of premiums. In fact, his honors were as follows:

Collection cut flowers.....	3rd prize
Jerusalem cherry tree.....	1st prize
Phlox	3rd prize
Scarlet sage	1st prize
Hybrid Dahlias	1st prize
1 large Dahlia.....	3rd prize

Mr. Ehlers was also influential in the winning of the following honors for the Maryland State Normal School:

6 Mangle Wurtzels	2nd prize
3 Winter Squash	1st prize
1 Pk. Lima Beans.....	2nd prize
5 Moores Early Grapes.....	2nd prize

When one approaches Mr. Ehlers to congratulate him upon his successful exhibition, he immediately becomes confused and modest, and declares that his garden is only a hobby. Perhaps this is true, but nevertheless this hobby is a most fascinating and worthwhile pastime. Therefore, the Maryland State Normal School is mighty proud of Mr. Ehlers' success this year and takes this opportunity to say to him, "Here's wishing you the best of luck next year.

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10
FRANCES SIPES, Senior 10

Instrumental Music

THE Normal School Orchestra organized with the following members and held its first rehearsal on Monday, September 21.

VIOLINS

Sydney Liberman	Michael Saltzman
Josephine Valaco	Kathryn Cooper
Leonard Kulacki	Frances Steinert
Raymond Dugan	Margie Trilby
Everett Heinen	Dorothy Hendrix
Carlotta Scarf	Grace Williams

Virginia Weinland

CELLO
Eunice Burdette

ORGAN
Virginia Cable

DOUBLE BASS
Inez Peregoy

CORNETS
Le Roy Rollison
Vivian Cord

PIANO
Irma Zipp

Three students have applied to Play E flat saxophone, but as yet the successful contestant has not been chosen. The same is true of the player for drums.

Mr. Leonard Kulacki was soloist at the Y. W. C. A. to pastors on September 21. He played the Meditation from *Thais* by Massenet and *Cavatina* by Raff.

A violin quartette composed of Messrs. Liberman, Heinen, Kulacki and Saltzman played *Andantino* by Lemare in Assembly on Club Day.

Mr. Sydney Liberman will play the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria at the Y. W. C. A. candle light service early in October.



My Impression of the State Normal School

When first I saw the Normal School I thought I'd never find
A haven more congenial to a student's peace of mind;
And sure enough, I've found it so, and everything is fine—
The students all are genial and their attitude is mine.

Good Fellowship throughout the school appears to hold its sway
Good Will pervades our student hearts and rules us every day.
The Spirit of Education seems to lift our hearts on high
And give us intangible pleasure as the days go rolling by.

I wander down the stately halls and up and down the stairs
And think of all our teachers with their pleasures and their cares;
I hope that some day I may be among the happy throng,
Enjoying life in the higher realms of beauty, art and song.

When I sit on the bench behind the trees in front of Newell Hall
And think of all these beautiful things which so proudly I recall
The campus lies beneath my eye, a view that must often be seen,
And Oh, what inspiration it brings—this beautiful vista of green.

Seen and Heard

ON REGISTRATION day we noticed that the statue which stands to the left of the main door to the assembly held a cigarette in her hand. Perhaps she was trying to "keep kissable."

Several of our "com-ponents" in the student body have offered the complaint or suggestion that the whistling of the ex-City College studies was much better than their singing at our first assembly. One term in the Glee Club and our women competitors will owe us an apology.

And don't make that fatal error of calling them Juniors. They are FRESHMEN.

The men of Junior 3 of last year have been placed in Sections 7 & 8. A very small group in 7, and the others in 8. Sort of separating the chaff from the grain!

After looking at several of the Freshman schedules, we are still trying to determine whether it is really a schedule or merely a rest period after a long vacation. After all the health of our delicate Frosh must be considered.

And to top it all, we had the case of the Freshman who approached us with an appointment for a medical examination, with the query, "What does she want me for". Again I say have patience, Seniors. They'll learn.

With the beginning of the term a group calling themselves the "select five" appeared. It was composed of Baer, Bergen, Liberman, Gersuk, and Rachanow. This combination has now dwindled to the "Three Musketeers", composed of Baer, Bergen and Liberman. According to reports a group of this kind appeared once before at Normal. We wonder if these members really appreciate the values of individual instruction??

Improving with age seems to be a popular adage with the Mummers' League, judging from their rendition of "Poor Madallena".

We do think, however, that although "Poor Madallena" was expertly staged, it does not reach the heights of that play that first greeted the Seniors (then they were Juniors) at the first assembly they attended at the School. We refer to that wonderful performance of "Trifles" by Susan Glasspel.

The very talkative Frosh seem to have subsided somewhat after their indoor game with the Seniors!!!

Space does not permit me to discuss the Soccer game.

We recommend courses in the management of an Annual to several people in the Senior Class.

And now we have that very select group composing the Class of '33. Stand up and cheer!!!

And here is a tip to the Freshmen. Be careful, ye editor is ever on the alert. One day it is a slip of the tongue or action, and the next day it appears in the TOWER LIGHT.

Alumni Notes

A Schoolmen's Club

ON NOVEMBER 23, 1928, all the men teachers of Baltimore County were invited by the Superintendent, Mr. Cooper, to a banquet in the cafeteria of one of our largest high schools. The fattest turkeys from Maryland farms, the choicest sea food from the Chesapeake, and the finest delicacies that could be prepared by Southern chefs, greeted us on the occasion. Seventy-three schoolmen were present. This meeting was the origin of the present Baltimore County Schoolmen's Club. A president, secretary, and treasurer, were elected at this meeting. Objectives for the club were made, and a second meeting was planned for the following January.

At the January meeting a constitution was adopted. Article II of the constitution states that "The purpose of this club shall be to promote good fellowship among its members, share ideas, discuss experiences, encourage young men to believe in our profession, and to stimulate professional growth." We have three meetings each year. The first is a dinner. It is of a social nature to allow the members to get acquainted with new members. It is held in October. The second is a business and professional meeting and is held at one of the large schools in January. In June we hold an outing at some beach. Last year we went to Mr. Pete Bogg's Camp at Tolchester. A barrel of crabs, speed ball, music, swimming and speech-making were the attractions.

The Schoolmen's Club has helped me to form contacts with the younger men from the Normal School, and the older and experienced men in the bigger jobs. Of course when schoolmen get together we talk over our problems and often valuable suggestions are offered. In the business meetings, which are held in the various schools, an opportunity is given to observe the modern classrooms, equipment, and methods of instruction. A fine spirit of fellowship has grown among the members of the club. The best speakers and leaders in the field of education are obtained for our meetings, and they give inspiration for better teaching. The Baltimore County Schoolmen's Club offers GOOD FELLOWSHIP, RELAXATION, and a means of PROFESSIONAL GROWTH.

ALVEY G. HAMMOND ('24)

A Word From 1931

YES, WE are conceited enough to think that you might like to hear from us. Another reason for our writing is to fill partially that empty space we have without old Normal this year.

In beginning the fall term the inevitable question arises: "Did you have a pleasant summer?" A great many of us did. Aug Jansen and Vernon Vavrina were seen quite often on the tennis courts at Patterson, playing their usual neat game. Kutz Davidson was seen at Camp Blue Summit as a very busy but capable counsellor at that time, conducting a swimming meet in the Shenandoah River. Jean Stein and Ethel Baer were there too and seemed to get quite a kick out of it. We saw Sid Seidenberg selling shoes and Myer Trupp sporting around as usual. You'll remember Trupp by his good work on the '31 Crystal. After that turmoil he really needed the summer to recuperate. We last heard from Kitty Carroll in London but we think she has come back to take a school. Several of the girls taught for the P. A. L. this summer, and a great many boys and girls just took the summer off and ran around. But from all reports we all had a gay summer.

We really haven't been into the "school teaching racket" long enough to tell you much about it. Perhaps later in the winter you'll hear from us. Mary Blumberg is teaching in Brooklyn; Vernon Vavrina has a sixth grade at Orangeville and is reported to have said that once you climb to the top of the hill on which his school is situated you can see all of Maryland and Coney Island. Kay Henderson is teaching at Montebello—you may have seen her there on those famous Tuesday morning excursions, and Ethel Baer has a school, but I'm not sure where it is. We hear that fourteen primary people have been placed and eighteen intermediate people so far. A great many of us are having an interesting time substituting and we are looking forward to being placed soon.

In closing, just a bit of sage advice: If you think that school teaching is a "cinch"—take a business course; but if you have a keen sense of humor and can enjoy funny tragedies—be sure to teach.

1931.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Smoke

M. WEBER, 1931

*The smoke from a new-made fire
Is a timid thing—groping for life
But soon it grows more vigorous, bold
Throwing a challenge to other flames likewise kindled
And as its flame dies, it too must fade and die.
Life is like that. The earth is the flame
Seething and consuming all. We are just smoke.*

"Now as a Youth...."

After I have wearily set both feet upon the summit of this hill,
Drawing a steep breath, and tearing the cobwebs and rainbows from
my eyes—seeing all things in the right proportion,
Let me turn with deep yearning to the earth, my mother

Now as a youth, my head is tilted up,
My face seeking and holding the golden sunlight,
And my eyes upon the misty shapes about me.
What is it that I seek? I know not—
But my feet are winged, ethereal, upon those paths that lead to height.

To those who climb below me, let me turn with sympathy and depth
lighting my eyes,
And not with cynicism and bitter wisdom souring my words.

To my heart alone will I cry,
"I longed to loose me from the earth
And stretch myself in a sparkling dewy world, singing aloud;
To hurl myself to high, windy places;
To view my ecstasy
In blue infinities and silver seas.
I wanted height and freedom, space—
And space upon space.
But I am weary—
This dizzy altitude, these bold, shouting distances deafen me.
I left my mother's arms,
A golden butterfly,
Seeking the easy sunlight, and the blue flowers of morning;
Evening has come, and my wings are torn and heavy
Let me return to the earth, my mother
Deep in this blue green shadow-land below me.
I will lie, seeking her bosom."

MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Morning Rain in Spring

Silver sheeted curtains gently lowering on soft green grass,
Lightly falling on red and yellow tulips;
Pink dogwood lifting its head for a drink of refreshing water,
Lilacs swaying gently with a breeze from the South;
A robin singing his early morning melody;
It is morning and my spirit responds to the warm spring rain.

LOUISE BURNS

Poor Little Doll

Poor little doll with your broken head,
Your hair is all matted and torn.
Your eyes are sunk in, your "mama" is gone,
And your dress is all wrinkled and worn.
Are you the same doll that I used to sing
Lullabies to in my arms?
Yes, you are the one, why is it my dear,
That you've lost every one of your charms?
But, dolly, don't cry. Tho' I doubt that you can.
It wasn't your fault. I was wrong.
I believe I forgot you and now, dolly dear,
You've waited and waited so long.
And while you were waiting, a fairy child came
And whispered a song—clear and gay.
And when she flew back to fairy-land—
She carried my childhood away.
And that is why you haven't heard
The lullabies that we knew.
And that is why we've come today—
To say good-bye to you.
For dolly, the voice that sang lullabies then,
Sings songs that are different by far.
And the kisses I gave, have been stolen, I fear
By a prince that fell down from a star.
Why, dolly, I don't really believe that you mind!
I don't really believe that you care!
For your small china face is the same as before,
And your glass eyes do nothing but stare.
But just the same, don't you dare tell a soul.
Folks surely would laugh if they'd see
Me crying over a broken old doll,
On a bended silk-clad knee.
For how could they know that it isn't just you
I'm saying good-bye to today,—
But the last little memory of dear Peter Pan
That the fairy child carried away.

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10





Athletics



Chatter Box

BY SYDNEY LAND

With the football season just around the corner, the men students at Normal should get together and try to place a team on the gridiron. How 'bout it fellows?

To the Freshmen—our sports calendar for the fiscal year 1931-1932 is just beginning. Do your share, AND DON'T FORGET—Be a *Good loser and a gracious winner*. Our motto at Normal in sports is: Good, clean sports tactics under any conditions. Live up to them.

Nine strikeouts in seven innings—Mr. Baer, pitcher for the Senior Class indoor team. Eighteen hits for a total of 15 runs for the Seniors. Pretty good. Freshmen had better get more practice if they expect to defeat Seniors in next tussle. Cully and Reubling, Frosh battery, looked pretty good, as did Williams at first-base.

Soccer team shows a lot of promise, also has a lot of talent—hope they have an enjoyable season.

Frosh look like sure-fire articles to defeat the Seniors in soccer—but then again, the Frosh were so cocksure of swamping the Seniors in indoor—but accidents do happen!!!

Mr. Minnegan may be seen walking the halls with a broad smile, probably the effect of having so many fellows out here this year.

Point of information: Will Mr. Minnegan be the same after the probation period??? (Don't forget last season,—“For the memory lingers on.”)

With an even break in inter-class competition, it remains to be seen if the Seniors are capable of winning in, at least, the majority of the remaining sports, which are football, basketball and tennis.

If the Seniors should manage to do this almost impossible feat with but 15 men against a Freshmen group of about 50, it seems highly probable that future Seniors will always hold the upper hand.

To the Seniors from the Freshmen—"If you expect to beat us Campus Play Day, you're all wet."

Are we, Seniors, going to allow the Frosh to get away with that challenge? Do your share—for slackers are not tolerated. Last year the Seniors won by something like 35 points. Question: "Whom do you think will win the Campus Play Day, Mr. Einstein?"

Mr. Einstein: "(Fill in the blank)"_____

Football

LAST YEAR at a Men's Meeting at Miss Tall's house prospects for forming a football team for Normal were discussed. After a heated battle pro and con, it was decided, subject to approval, that a football team might be had if Normal had between 75 and 100 men students.

After seeing the size and quantity of the incoming Freshmen, plus the Seniors, an attempt should be made to place an eleven on the gridiron. A good many high school athletes have registered at Normal, and with proper coaching, the White and Gold should be capable of turning out a fast, heavy football team. Of course, a 100% response is necessary from the men students, and a 100% response from the student body.

Now, students, do you or do you not want a football team this year? Why can't the class of '32, '33 and '34 set a precedent for other classes to follow. Other Normal schools over the country have elevens—why can't we.

SYDNEY LAND, *Senior 8*

Booters Hold Initial Practice

DESPITE THE intense heat which greeted them, a squad of 18 men reported to Coach Minnegan for initial soccer practice on Monday September 14. Material is plentiful, and a good season may be expected. Graduation has exacted a heavy toll with such men as Brose, Jansen, and Silbert missing from the team. However, we may expect good work from Joe Haggerty, this year's acting captain, and Maszaros, returning veterans from last year. These players form the nucleus around which the 1931 team will be built. Among the promising Freshman candidates on hand, we find Jimmy Krautblatter, Kinsey, Freeny, Johnson and Reubling.

For the first few days, fundamentals will be stressed, and then scrimmaging will begin. Normal will play a very heavy schedule this year and the support of the entire student body is necessary. To the student body—COME OUT AND ROOT!

The schedule will be announced later.

RUSSELL DENISON, *Senior 8*

Freshmen Soundly Trounced by Seniors

WITH 18 base hits ringing off their bats, coupled with 4 walks, which resulted in a total of 15 runs, the Senior Class indoor-baseball team decisively convinced the Freshmen nine that the Seniors were quite superior.

In the opening inning, Baer struck out the first three Freshman batters; then the Seniors came to bat. Land was safe on first when he beat out an infield hit. Saltzman, sacrificing was out, but Land advanced to second. Liberman then smashed out a beautiful two-bagger, while Land came home with the first Senior run. The second inning, one of the Seniors' big innings, ended only after the whole team had batted around once. In the meanwhile six tallies crossed the plate.

The third inning netted the Freshmen three runs, when Reubling and Williams got base hits, and when Rachinow, Senior center-fielder, lost the ball in the sun, two runs countered. To add to this, Haggerty dropped a fly ball in left-field, and another run scampered across the bag. During the rest of the game the Seniors amassed 8 more runs, while the Freshmen could get but one more in their last attempt at bat in the seventh inning.

For the Seniors, Liberman and Land stood out at bat, both getting 3 hits out of 5 times at bat, but Liberman got the longer hits. In Liberman's first three attempts at bat, three ringing base hits brought in Senior runs. Baer and Kremen, Senior battery, also came in for their share of the spotlight.

The starring Freshmen were Williams, first base, who led at bat with 2 hits out of two times at bat, and Reubling, catcher, whose splendid throwing arm kept the Seniors from pilfering bases.

The Freshmen got but five clean base hits from Baer, while Reuben was striking out nine.

SYDNEY LAND, Senior 8

Frosh Even Score

THE CLASS of '34 salved a bruised hurt when they defeated an inferior Senior soccer team 4-0, in an extra period, Wednesday, September 22. This victory partially made up for the Frosh defeat at the hands of the Seniors in the class indoor-baseball game.

The Seniors had to play the game with three borrowed Frosh players. However, in the first half, the Freshmen scored two goals, one of them by virtue of a penalty shot, which Johnson made good.

In the second half, the Freshmen could score but once, but the game was extended for one extra five-minute period, in order to give the Seniors an opportunity to save themselves the disgrace of being white-washed. To add insult to injury, the Seniors were held scoreless, while the Frosh scored once more to make the final count 4-0.

Reubling, Missel and Johnson scintillated for the Freshmen, while the outstanding Senior men were Joe Haggerty and Russ Denison.

SYDNEY LAND, Senior 8

Normal Outclasses Sparks 8-0

Friday, Sept. 25th—Normal ushered in the 1931 soccer season with a rousing 8-0 victory over Sparks High School on Normal's home grounds. The visitors were no match for our boys, and were completely outclassed in every department of the game.

Early in the first period, Johnson, wingman on the White and Gold's eleven, rammed home the first tally after receiving a beautiful pass from Reubling. A few plays later, Johnson was injured and was replaced by Beam. The second score, accounted for by Reubling, was the best play of the game. As he tore in toward the Sparks goal, he stumbled and fell. In a prone position he continued to edge the ball by the astonished Sparks goalie, who seemed to be chained to the ground in wonderment. Joe Haggerty then took a hand in the proceedings—standing at least 30 yards from the goal, he boomed a long drive which struck the crossbar and dropped between the uprights. Two more goals were registered by Normal before the first half drew to a close.

The second half proved listless with Sparks desperately trying to hold the score low. Coach Minnegan kept using his substitutes, to give the varsity a rest. The outstanding play in the second half was the successful conversion of a corner-kick into a score, by Beam. The ball seemed to be headed toward the other side of the field, when the wind wafted it into the farthest recess of the goal. Before the final whistle, two more goals were scored by Normal to complete the rout. Reubling, Missell, and Haggerty starred for Normal—so, Towson, take heed!!

RUSSELL DENISON, Senior 8

The Junior Class

We now have three classes at the Maryland State Normal School. A group of erstwhile seniors availed themselves of the privilege of remaining an extra year to partake of the new courses offered the regular three year students. This small group is designated as the *Junior Class*, and will graduate in 1933.

M. DOUGLAS



THIS HAPPENED LAST YEAR—REMEMBER?

One of Jr. 3's—A knight is a man who wanders from place to place looking for adventure.

Miss B—Oh, that's a tramp.

I wonder what this year's Freshie would say?

FOLLOWING A DISCUSSION ON RESPIRATION

Miss M. (advice to class)—Avoid the use of breathing.

EVERYONE PLAYS BRIDGE

Mrs. Snapper—Why are you so sure Mrs. Cheapley is going to give a bridge party?

Mrs. Rapper—Well, I just saw her going into the 10-cent store.—*Taken from Pathfinder.*

TRY TO EXPLAIN THIS WAY

Little Jim—I knew you were coming tonight.

Sister's Beau—Who told you?

Little Jim—Nobody told me, but I saw my sister take your picture out of the bureau drawer and put it on the piano.—*Clipped from Boy's Life.*

Funny People These Scotch—Here are two.

You're looking bad, Willie!

Aye, I've been in the hospital an' the doctors have taken awa' ma appendix.

These doctors will take anything. It's a pity ye didna have it in your wife's name.

A WEE BIT SCOTCH

Harry Lauder is reported to have said at one of the innumerable banquets given him by the Caledonians of America: "I am a Scot." The other day I met a man who asked me what a Scot was, and I up and said: "A Scot, my dear boy, is a man who keeps the Sabbath and everythin' else he can lay his hands on!"

COULD YOU COPE WITH THIS

Teacher—If you had nine oranges and ate four, how many would you have left?

2nd Grader—I'd still have nine—five outside and four inside,

Seems as tho' a writer of a certain column was paid last year to be a certain Junior's publicity agent.

What about this year?

YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD THIS ONE

Doctor—Your heart is quite sound. With such a heart you ought to live to be seventy.

Patient—But Doctor, I am seventy.

Doctor—There, what did I tell you?

JUST ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE FEUDS

Floridian (picking up melon)—Is this the largest apple you can grow in your state?

Californian—Stop fingering that grape.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED—HOW DO YOU ENUNCiate?

A little lad inquired of his mother about the warts in heaven.

What he had heard was:

“Our father, who art in heaven.”

Say it quickly in order to appreciate it.

THIS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Mrs. Talkalot (at musicale)—Oh, Mrs. Gossipe, I had so much to say to you, and now the pianist is through.

Her Pal—I'm just dying to hear it. Let's encore him.—Pathfinder.

IT MIGHT BE SO

“When Spinnelli saw the enemy coming he turned and ran. I call that cowardice.”

“But I don't understand. Spinelli told me he remembered the earth is round, and he intended to run around and attack the enemy from the rear.”

GET IT—MY BEST PAL HAD TO THINK IT OVER!

“So you went to the hospital for an operation. What did the doctor get out of you?”

“A new auto.”

And

We suggest that the old songs be revised in keeping with the modern interest in aviation. For example:

“Parachuting Nellie Home”

“My Bonnie Flies Over the Ocean”

“Two Little Girls Who Flew”

“On the Sky-cycle Built for Two”

“Airly We Roll Along”

“Glide, Kelly, Glide”

The third grade of the Elementary School has been telling about their vacation trips and locating places visited on a wall map.

Miss Hill: Tomorrow we shall have another map on which we can color the states we have visited. *Betty Tobey* may color Wisconsin.

Jeanne Field: But, *Miss Hill*, what color is Wisconsin?

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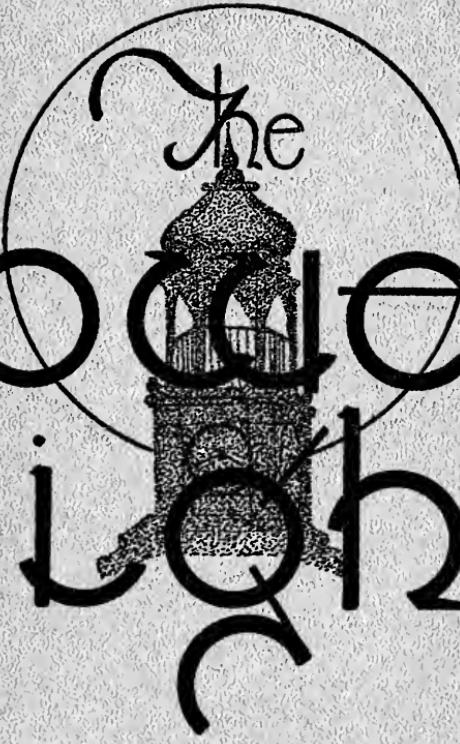
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“Read-Taylor”
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The toader light

November 1931

R.YAFFE



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

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No. 2

The World Today Courses—Freshmen Year

THE THREE-YEAR PLAN has given us a chance to inaugurate six World Today courses. One course really can be analyzed as three in one—literature, art and music in the world today. Then there are the social studies, including the historical and civic aspects of movements in the present world, with the great problems that we are facing because of the World War and the whole economic situation in the world as a community. The problems that arise from the relation of man to his environment give us a chance to show the geographical and physical factors that surround the peoples of the earth and determine their occupational and social lives. Then, too, there are the science courses, mainly biological, which open before the students the vista of living scientists and their great contributions to civilization, with the multiplication of problems for the civilized world—communication, transportation, and international relations.

Grade supervisors and superintendents who receive our students for in-service teaching have challenged us to send out teachers who know more—and more—and more. So, the world today courses have been planned with this purpose, also, in mind. When students, as freshmen, begin to read about vital issues they will use the library more intelligently, and use the knowledge of the present world movements and events more vitally to modify their work with children when they become student teachers during the student teaching term. Then, too, our freshmen student body represents about seventy-five different high schools of the State and Baltimore City. For the first time these students have come together to form one school in an institution of higher learning and with a professional purpose. The fact that all the freshmen together study these courses gives them a common bond for understanding each other better, for challenging participation in classroom, for comparing ability with ability, for getting acquainted with the library as well as with the world today.

In the study that has been made in the Pennsylvania high schools through the allocation of funds from the Commonwealth Foundation, it has been found that all good teachers, whether they are in the high school, in the elementary, or in the junior high field, have one trait in common, and only one. It is—that whether an instructor is teaching

history, or Latin, or French, or mathematics, or science, that teacher links up his work with something that is happening in the world's affairs today.

Should you pass our library and look in you would find a reading student body. Should you meet a freshman in the hall you would find him ready to discuss some modern world problem. Will this not also draw faculty and students closer together in personal as well as professional friendship, when minds meet minds and thoughts are things to be shared.

LIDA LEE TALL



Music In the World Today

"**T**HE OTHER NIGHT," said one of our students, "I heard the announcer over the radio say that they were about to play a composition by Bach; and because I knew something about him and his music, I listened and enjoyed it."

The student who said this used one of those names which are regarded as touchstones of musical taste. He might have used one or all of hundreds of other great names and if he meant by what he said that his musical interest had been extended, he would have shown that he had realized the aim and purpose of his course in music appreciation.

Old King Cole was an enviable old fellow. Only a king could call up "fiddlers three" once upon a time. But millions of us now who do not boast that title can call up at our will music as good or better than that of King Cole's fiddlers. It is a commonplace to say that the radio and phonograph have placed the world's great music within the reach of all. Indeed, we are already so familiar with these gifts that we need the silencing of recorded music for one minute, as well as the extinguishing of the electric light, to remind us that we did not have great phonographic reproductions before the work of the great man who has just died. What the printing-press did in giving literature to the common man, that the phonograph and radio have done in some sense in giving us music. True, we love to be in the presence of living musicians and we love to make music ourselves. No amount of recording or radio can take the place of those experiences. Nevertheless, it is equally true that the phonograph and radio bring us much music that many of us should otherwise be altogether denied.

Mark Twain said that a classic is something everybody praises and nobody reads. There is something of exaggeration and something of truth in this, as there is in all of Mark Twain's humorous observa-

tions. Mark Twain was speaking of literature of the written word. Could one say with equal truth that people do not listen to the world's great music of times other than our own? We think not. The radio is a popular instrument, and the phonograph companies make records that they can sell. Both, in addition to the "latest hit", give us much of the world's greatest music from Bach down to the present day. Nay, did not the Philadelphia Orchestra the other night begin its program with Monteverdi? Some of us felt that it is pathetic that those old masters who conceived that music could not have heard it performed with all the magnificence of the modern symphony orchestra. Are we numbered among those, who though we may desire trivial music for our trivial moods, and the all-persuasive rhythm of jazz for dancing, nevertheless crave also a share in this great music of great minds? The ether throbs with it. We may have it, if we wish. Some of it is old, as old as Palestrina and Bach; and some of it is new, as new as "Pacific 231" and the machine age, but all of it is in the world to-day. Some of it comes to us from our Indians and some from negroes; some from gypsies, "Down the Romany Trail", and some from Russia, "Round the Samovar". Some of it we usually hear in church, some at the concert or opera, some at our own intimate social gatherings. All of it seems to come to us at some time over the radio—folk songs, art songs, opera, oratorio, instrumental music in all styles for individual instruments and orchestra. To what portion of it do we attend?

Our effort is to extend the sphere of our knowledge, of our understanding and taste. And surely it is a worthy endeavor. For music is at once a universal language and the most intimate and personal of the arts. And as we study and learn to appreciate this language of the past and present, this language of all people, in various idioms, we are making a contact with humanity through the ages and in all climes.

EMMA E. WEYFORTH



The World Today In Literature

"THE WORLD TODAY IN LITERATURE", as its name implies, is a review of the literary work produced by the young intellectuals of our own times. We look for the theme of this new age in the writings of our contemporaries. What joys and struggles do the novelists depict? From what situations are dramatists weaving their plays? What are the songs of the modern poets? What is the poignant and subtle meaning of the new machine song? These questions and many like them are involved in our attempt to understand the philosophy of our age as interpreted through modern literature.

The class period is usually spent in hearing reviews of the latest novels, plays, and poems. Excerpts are read from the books, and interesting data on the authors' lives as relating to the books are given. Often criticisms are read, too. However, the criticisms are reserved until last, thus giving us an opportunity to formulate unprejudiced views.

Occasionally a period is set aside for class discussion. In our first period of this kind "R. U. R.", by Karel Capek was reviewed and criticized by the students. This play caused a discussion of the machine age and its effect upon human beings. The talk then led to war and its effect on the writings of the younger generation.

The book which has roused the most enthusiasm so far is Sherwood Anderson's "Perhaps Women". In fact, feeling ran so high that students are still discussing such points as "vicarious power" and the superiority of women over men, or vice versa.

Some of the new American and European plays with which we have become acquainted through readings and discussions are: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" by Besier, "The Green Pastures" by Marc Connelly, "Private Lives" by Noel Coward, "Hotel Universe" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" by Philip Barry, "Alison's House" by Susan Glaspell, "A Sunny Morning" by The Quinteros, and "The Bonds of Interest" by Benavente.

Among the novels of the world today with which we have become familiar through the lecture course are: "The Wild Orchid" by Sigrid Undset, "The First Person Singular" by W. Somerset Maugham, "Shadows on the Rock" by Willa Cather, "The Wet Parade" by Upton Sinclair, "Years of Grace" by Margaret Barnes, "The Good Earth" by Pearl S. Buck, and "Perhaps Women" by Sherwood Anderson.

In the field of poetry the instructor has given us a review of the latest book of Edward Arlington Robinson, "Matthias at the Door". Some of the deepest and most thought-provoking passages were read to the class. The general trends in modern poetry will be taken up before the course ends.

We have had some interesting talks and readings given by visitors to our class. On one occasion Miss Rosemary Arnold, a member of the Reader's Club in Washington, read and criticized Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe". At another time Miss Tall, our principal, gave a short talk, and told us how she became interested in the drama. Mrs. Stapleton read "The Green Pastures" in such an entertaining way that we all felt we had seen the play. Miss Birdsong was present at several lectures to give her professional opinion upon the psychological questions which arose as a result of the discussion of "Perhaps Women".

One of the most interesting experiences was going backstage at Ford's when "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was playing in Baltimore. A

group of forty under the guidance of Miss Crabtree and Miss Neunsinger arranged to go one Monday evening. They were introduced to Mr. Hamilton, a representative of the Guild. He explained the lighting and the manipulation of the sets. He permitted a visit to the dressing rooms. The girls were very much disappointed to find barren rooms containing only the necessities. The floors were concrete. There were no luxurious carpets—no signs of Hollywood elegance. They consoled themselves by looking at the properties which were lined up ready to appear in the play. A bottle of medicine to be used in the third act was wrapped in slightly soiled paper. A telephone was standing on a table. Laurel blossoms waited patiently for the crucial moment.

For those who were taking the literature course this experience was the completion of a circle. They knew Philip Barry's life, had read several of his plays, knew what position he holds as an American playwright, and now they, the actors, bring forth the characters.

The course has been filled with pleasure for those who enjoy reading.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, *Freshman 2*
EUNICE CRABTREE, *Instructor*



The World Today In Art

THE FIRST survey course to which I have been exposed as a Normal School Freshman is "The World Today in Art". Through the lectures Mrs. Brouwer acquainted us with the policies and ideals of eminent art authorities. We found that lettering was a very important part of design, and that simplicity and restraint were the watchwords in all phases of art.

The reading suggested has pointed out new interests to us, in art through the ages and in the present.

The lectures, supplemented by reading and enriched by exhibits from the BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, have made the present in relation to its art very real to me.

In one of our classes Mrs. Brouwer showed us a picture of a small child. It immediately brought forth exclamations of "Ohs" and "ahs". Mrs. Brouwer asked what was wrong, and one young woman commented that it looked like Renoir's "Mussel Gatherers". The rest of the class had been of the same opinion, and I am sure that Mrs. Brouwer was just as thrilled as we were at the recognition of a style as typified by an artist. In another exhibit presented, there was an obvious rela-

tionship shown in the elemental designs of an Egyptian panel and a picture by Gauguin of Tahiti Women.

Time given to the lectures and the prescribed readings that accompanied them, as well as visits to exhibits, has, for me, been well spent, as it has increased my interest in the present and has left me with a desire to explore by reading and seeing more of the art in the world today.

BETTY BARNWELL, *Freshman 9*

BERNICE A. BROUWER, *Instructor*



The New Course In Science

THIS FALL a very interesting course is being undertaken at Normal by the Science Department. The purpose of this course is to promote appreciation of the great influence the thought and life of today have on biological science.

Problems that are puzzling scientists today have not originated within the past two or three years, but are either outgrowths of knowledge gained long ago or are the same problems which learned men tried to solve centuries before our time. Therefore, it was fitting to gain a background, the foundation from which the many branches of modern science have grown.

We reviewed the contributions of prehistoric and early historic man. Man, in spite of his inferior physical strength, achieved his mastery over the animal world and over Nature when he discovered the use of fire and tools. Before very long he learned to improve his tools, and later gained the advantage of articulate speech. He was well on the way to civilization when he captured prey with weapons, kept herds, grew cereals, and dwelt in a community with others.

The historic period began with the discovery of writing in 3500 B. C. We discussed the early contributions of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, and Romans. These peoples contributed much toward the development of various branches of mathematics, architecture, mining, engineering, astronomy, navigation, agriculture, medicine, and sanitation. We studied the experiments and conclusions made before the birth of Christ by physicists, biologists, and physicians, whose names had previously been more familiar to us than their accomplishments.

Heredity is the problem we are working on at present. As an introduction to this we made a study of the discovery, the formation,

and the biological function of the cell. This and much of our scientific knowledge of today was made possible by the invention of the microscope by Anton van Leeuwenhoek. Heredity is a topic which has received much attention in recent years. The reason is found in the importance of heredity in individual human life, and its practical importance in breeding plants and animals. This study is of great importance in the biologist's attempt to understand the process of evolution by which the complexities of our modern plants and animals sprang from simple antecedents. Heredity is very closely allied to evolution, which will be our next topic. This will include the origin of living creatures on the earth and will lead up to the origin of the human race.

This course, which has been arranged in such an interesting manner, will be rounded out by a study of modern health practices compared with earlier superstitions and practices by which health was regulated.

Contemporary scientists are experimenting along these lines. After a course of this character, we should be able to understand how vital these problems are to the world today, and understand better the new scientific discoveries which are being made today throughout the world.

WINIFRED B. TOOLE, *Freshman 2*

MINNIE MEDWEDEFF, *Instructor*

The World of Today Course In History

DID YOU ever stop to realize how long, long ago it was that the earth was formed, and how many centuries passed before man made his first appearance on earth? Well, did you hear that chorus of "aye, ayes"! Yes, you've guessed right, they are the students of the World of Today Course in History.

The World of Today Course in History starts as far back as the beginning of the earth and advances to the important questions that are being discussed in the papers of today, attempting to point out the connection between the past and the present.

There are seven big topics in this course that will be developed.

These topics are:

Stages of Progress—Anthropological and Mechanical

Life in a World Community

Development of Government

Development of Spirits of Nationalism and Internationalism

Backward and Progressive Nations and Their Relations

Protective Tariffs

History of History

Not until the "advance marches" of history have been studied can we fully appreciate the wonders of our modern age. The first life on earth developed in the waters. As time went on these minute creatures had to fortify themselves against the heat of the sun, and from this early start we can see how the need of protection plays a big part in advancement. As the animals developed, the apes became predominant. No matter how much one scorns the idea that we are descended from apes, there certainly has been a good deal of evidence which supports this theory. Science has brought to light the Java ape-man, the Heidelberg jaw, and the Piltdown skull, all of which support the theory of evolution. Prehistoric mankind in Europe was studied under three headings—the Early Stone Age, the Middle Stone Age, and the Late Stone Age. In a comparatively short time we touched upon the history of tools and modes of communication. Already we are studying the Industrial Revolution which took place as late as the eighteenth century.

We, the members of the new three-year course at Normal, have not failed to appreciate the greatness of the World of Today as seen in history. In fact, we grow more interested as we go on, and intend to make the most of our wonderful opportunity.

E. D. ELLIOT, *Freshman 2*

LENA C. VAN BIBBER, *Instructor*



The World Today

FROM THE vast expanses of the Pacific, Mother Nature gathers the waters that she pours upon the forest-bare highlands of western China. Silt-laden rivers climb their banks and flood the summer green crop land in that stricken country. Lindbergh and his wife, Ann Morrow, fly across the somber boreal forests of Canada, touching Point Barrow on their way to Japan. The proposed German-Austrian customs union is submitted to the Hague Court, while Spain severs her age-long connection with the Church.

England faces the gravest crisis of her long history; Ramsey McDonald sacrifices a life-time career to save her. Riots occur in Glasgow and Lancashire, and the British navy protests the cutting of doles and wages. Taxes go sky-high and the classic "free-trade" policy of England is threatened, while special payments are discontinued to prevent the collapse of the pound sterling. Norway and Sweden, closely linked with British trade, follow suit. France and America, with over half of the gold in the world, stand alone.

Prices fall; people stop buying; savings banks are bulging with money, while public confidence becomes panicky at the slightest rumor. Mortgages are foreclosed, taxes and payments are delinquent, and banks, finding their loans back on their hands as "frozen assets," close their doors. President Hoover creates a super-bank to rescue them from the ruins of prosperity, as declining values wipe out inflated wealth.

Farmers walk with their hands in their pockets and their eyes upon the ground, wondering how they are going to meet their taxes and their mortgages. Too much wheat! Too much cotton! Too much oil! Too generous is Mother Nature to her children. Too stupid, we, to know what to do! Starving in the land of plenty!

In far Manchuria a bridge is blown up on the Japanese controlled and operated South Manchurian Railway. Scarcely have the sounds died out than other noises begin to take their place. Hear the drone of the airplane motors and the dull detonations as the Japanese planes drop their deadly bombs in retaliation. Locomotives dragging heavy trains from Korea discharge their grim cargoes—little brown men with brown uniforms, bright steel helmets and bright steel guns. Swiftly, with clock-like precision, Japan tightens her hold upon the southern portion of Manchuria. China, frantically protests and calls upon the League of Nations to free her from the bull-dog grip. America calls upon both countries to observe the Kellogg Pact, but agrees to let the Council of the League at Geneva put its machinery in operation to stay the crisis. The Council of the League invites the United States to participate, but Japan opposes American participation and the plans of the League. She claims that the issue is "internal" and must be settled directly by China and herself, without outside interference. The dogs of war are loosed! Blood has been spilt! Feverishly the League Council attacks this knotty problem, while mountains of American wheat (that terrible surplus) destined for the famine sufferers of China pile up at our Pacific ports because shippers cancel their steamship charters for fear of capture by the Japanese navy. Wheat is contraband of war!

In Germany, Hindenburg and Bruening are working frantically to keep the Ship of State afloat. Bruening gets a vote of confidence by a margin of twenty, while Communists and "Nazis" do everything in their power to disrupt the government. The Hoover moratorium gave a short breathing spell, but the fall of the pound sterling cut deeply into

the income of the exporters because much of the goods sold to foreign countries was paid for in British currency. Premier Laval, sensing France's isolation, rushes to Berlin to reach accord with Germany! Unbelievable,—but still true! Then, he crosses the Atlantic and confers directly with President Hoover. Can they solve the world crisis?

Too much gold in some countries, too little in others; too many tariff walls, too much food, too many starving, too many workers, too few jobs, too many machines, too few markets; over-production, poverty, misery, suffering. Perhaps Gandhi is right—"away from the machine", he pleads; "back to the hand spinning wheel, loom and handicraft". More work for the idle! Who benefits from labor-saving machinery? This he pleads in Lancashire, the cotton manufacturing district of England that ruined the native industry of his home land. Political as well as economic independence he demands for India as the solution to the overwhelming problems that have laid the millions of that country prostrate.

All glory to the machine! Great is its power! Stupendous are the miracles that it performs! Prostrate Russia turns toward the machine and worships it as her iron god. Gigantic power developments, mining developments, tractors, automobiles, airplanes, railroads. Men working in day and night shifts. The whole country is a bee-hive of industry. Machinery of iron to take the place of the human serfs that tilled the land! Does it mean less work and more leisure? Does it mean that man or the machine will be master? Unemployment continues in these United States of America, and workers are, in increasing numbers, leaving this country to fill jobs in Russia. Truly this is the end of an era!

E. C. WALTHER



The Orientation Courses Change Their Name and General Trend

"**W**HAT IS an orientation course?" "What does orientation mean, anyway?" "I looked it up in the dictionary and found that it meant something about facing east, or an eastern point, or something like that". Such were some of the comments overheard the second day the Freshmen were on the campus. If only the inquiring one who had sought the dictionary had looked a little farther, he would have found "the ability to find and hold the right mental attitude toward a subject". That is the primary purpose of the orientation courses.

With the lengthening of the normal course from two to three years there came the opportunity to widen the scope of the curriculum. Should we have a curriculum devoted entirely to professionalized subject matter and child study, or should it include some of the cultural courses offered by the liberal arts colleges? This question was earnestly discussed by the members of the faculty—and the orientation courses are the result.

As the subject matter was being selected and the work planned, it was thought, that instead of giving a brief resume of the whole field of a particular subject, it would be better to study rather intensively a few topics which are influencing thought and activities today. Instead of studying the whole field of science,—heredity and evolution and their effects on modern thought are being studied; instead of the whole scope of history,—taxation, world peace, international relations are taken up; in literature,—modern books, dramas and writers are discussed. Thus the orientation courses became the "World To-day" courses.

E. E. BURDETTE, Junior Sp.



Man Making

*Our eyes are sightless 'till we can discern
The purpose underlying,
A plan that does not make a man
Isn't worth the trying.
Why should the shafts and girders
Of stately cities rise,
If while the work is rising,
The builder, ruined, lies?*

M. C. WEBER, 1931

Crises

IT IS THE peculiar privilege of every age to believe its own problems unprecedented. Since the days when Greek city states destroyed each other in bitter rivalry and Rome's world empire suffered revolution, unemployment and collapse, this round earth has witnessed a succession of more or less widespread cataclysms. No participant in these experiences has ever grasped their meaning fully. In the market-place they have been interpreted variously as "world crises" or "more hard times".

It might seem that man had travelled far since those days; that he had developed sciences and amassed statistics by which he should be able to plot out and determine his own destiny. Yet some believe that except for two great changes, man and the state are virtually the same today as they were 1000 years ago. These changes, however, are fundamental; for by the unwise use of one of them—the mechanization of industry—the whole fabric of existing civilization might be destroyed. And by the wise use of the other—new standards of equality and right in human relationships—the most sublime mastery of nature might be achieved.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century these two forces have been running neck and neck. The results of the crises in the race have brought the world to where it is today.

The great factories that the new industry has built up must consume in order to produce. To feed them brown men have tapped rubber in the East Indies, black men have carried copra in the tropics and the mine slaves of a dozen countries have dug day and night. Gradually the face of the earth has been covered by a vast network of commerce which, though it should cement friendship, has proved to be a Pandora's box of war.

The economic necessity for trade *with* everyone seems to have brought the inevitable political corollary of protection *against* everyone. So, while European nations scrambled for the natural resources of Africa and western merchants penetrated the East, European and American gunboats have stood guard off Port Said and Panama, off Manilla and the shimmering, treacherous harbors of the Dark Continent. Above each gunboat floats a nation's flag, that symbol of Honor for which alone men will die.

Crises such as that between China and Japan have marred, therefore, the story of nineteenth century expansion. Sometimes they have been local. Again, they have been almost world-wide, causing great shifts in population and trade like those which marked England's search for markets and materials in the beginning of the last century, and which ended in the spread of the English commerce and flag, by force when necessary, into the far corners of Australia, Canada, Africa and India.

Fortunately this most recent example of crisis seems about to exhibit a victory not for force and the power of the industrial machine, but for the new standards in human relationships, the second change which differentiates modern from ancient man. Though the victories for this contestant in the struggle are not so spectacular as the evidences of the machine age, they have included, nevertheless, almost every ideal that man holds dear: equality and fair play, universal suffrage and the abolition of slavery, every device for mitigating the cruelty of the human competitive struggle for survival.

Two great fields of human action long remained outside the ameliorating influence of this humanitarian movement—the fields of big business and the state. Now, with the appearance of plans for controlling production and competition and caring for the worker, there may be found a means for taming that monster—competitive business. It must be acknowledged that of this economic planning little is known. Heretofore when unemployment has been caused either by new machinery throwing men out of work or by overproduction resulting from undue hopes for the future, the dislocations have been temporary. The development of newer industries and the opening of new markets have ultimately absorbed the surplus.

But today with tariff walls mounting and the last continents raising immigration barriers, the only hope for new markets would seem to rest on the chance of some Lindbergh charting the way to another planet. Glorious as such a mechanical achievement might be one cannot but think that man's control of his own machinery of production, through any sort of economic planning, would be infinitely nobler.

In that other field of human relationships in which moves the state some human control is already operative. Through international arbitrations, through the publication of treaties and the decisions of the World Court and the League of Nations a dozen crises like that between China and Japan have been averted. It seems incredible that this process of civilization through control should not continue. In personal affairs and domestic trade, activities are restrained by law and social custom. Is the state alone to remain beyond rational control, with only one outcome for its rivalries—armed conflict?

This generation, surely, should have learned that war settles nothing. Between 1870 and 1914 there were interminable wars in Europe—France fighting Italy and Germany, Germany fighting Denmark, Austria and France; Russia fighting Turkey and Japan; the Balkan states fighting each other. By 1914 Europe was a mass of national grievances and protective armament. Then came the war to end war.

Yet, James T. Shotwell believes that the differences that divided pre-War Europe were mild in comparison with "the stern issues that seem almost insoluble today". Peace terms imposed in the hour of victory are seldom more than rewards and punishments. So it is that Alsace

Lorraine was an academic problem compared with the Polish Corridor; the Hungarian minorities but "dimly conscious of their suppression compared with the flame that burns in Budapest over its lost provinces" today.

To plead the costliness of war in human life,—10,000,000 lives between 1914 and 1918,—is now well-nigh futile. Past sacrifice, losing its pain, becomes glorious. For only the glory can be told.

The issue today is not whether to join this or that league, whether to adopt one plan or another. These are means to an end. The issue is whether man can continue his humanitarian movement and so control the nations and the gigantic trade organizations he has built: whether he will permit in them a greed and passion and bestiality which he would not for one instant leave unrestrained in his individual fellow man. Upon the answer must depend the fate of the next generation, the decision, possibly, whether this shall be a "world crisis" or "more hard times".

HELEN COWAN

Editors' Note: It is with pleasure we announce that the History Department is arranging a series of Assembly talks by authorities on Current Problems.



Pictures

*High and wide the brick walls rise
Commanding, atop the sloping hill.
The campus—a rug of velvety green,
Forlorn benches hugging the graceful trees
The colorful nursery the haunt of many,
The station hidden in a shaded nook.
Shady roads whereon we stroll
All that hold happy memories of yesteryear.*

Songs of November

This is November—

Month of the furious dance of the dry leaves,
Whirling and scattering in confused directions;
Month of the odor of leaves smouldering in piles,
Trees throwing their arms about in frenzied despair.
And the cold sky watches,
Cynically.

All round are leaves, tumultuous hordes of leaves,
Their omnipresent scent makes wild the spirited breeze,
Who rocks the patriarch oak and rattles his stiffened bones,
Till bald and forlorn he shuddering bends to earth and groans.

The curdled clouds in sullen mutiny are blown,
And rushing cross the sky, fierce rain-drops hurtle down.
“Ho, Ho!” The frenzied wind shrieks close to earth and sea.
The desolate wastes cower low beneath his maddened glee.

MARY ANN DOUGLAS



Autumn Frolic

My heart in joy is taking flight,
Across the fields and far away,
To glory in the flaming sun,
That makes of this a glowing day.

I'm off! Away and with the wind,
That blithely heralds autumn's day,
To frolic with the flaming leaves,
And with the brook to leap and play.

And who can blame me if for fun,
I roam the meadows up and down,
For winds are sharpening with the frost,
And trees are bare and nuts are brown.

RACHAEL SMITH '31

Indian Summer

The poplar trees are flames upon the hill—
The sumacs burn against an amber sky
The scarlet maples, poignant as a cry,
Like gleaming torches smolder in the chill.
The fitful autumn gusts whirl down the lane.
Tossing the blossoms in the smoky air
And Summer, with a wild rose in her hair,
Half turns, and glancing back, is gone again!

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5



Tube Rose

I raise my eyes
From the Persian's lines
 And scan my flowers,
Seen for the first time
 Since the larkspur hours.

What is it—I muse,
Heliotrope and dainty phlox?
 Not my purple friends,
Never ageratum, monkshood,
I know so well
 Their thin, sweet blends.

This scent I think
Does not at all become
 A golden morning's languor
And a bed of lavender ladies
 But yet not ill befitting Omar.

And you shall tell
Of nights beneath the Cross
 With heavy, throbbing air.
Your past will be our future,
 Your warm cheek will lie against my hair.

ELEANORA L. BOWLING '28

What's This About Russia

EVER SINCE I can remember hearing the words bolshevism or communism and sometimes snatches of the blood-curdling tales of the doings of the "reds", I have been interested in Russia. For some reason, no matter how great my interest, I was unable to get much dependable information about that country until the past year. In case there are some others at State Normal who are interested, I should like to say something about this mysterious Russia.

As we know, Russia is now working on a five-year plan, which is functioning for the purpose of developing the already too-backward country. This plan is based upon the communistic principles of public ownership and control. The United States of Soviet Russia is the government entrusted with the great task of consummating the plan, and through it will be controlled approximately 160,000,000 people scattered over an almost unthought-of area, which includes both the frigid and torrid zones. By 1933, when the end of the five years come, we shall find out whether the plan is practical and can be a success.

To us Americans with comparatively perfect freedom, the power of the Russian Government is astounding. Since the people no longer own any land or business of their own, they are all employed by the government. When a person is under the government's employ, he is assigned a room, where he lives as long as he continues to work and to pay his rent regularly to the government. Russians are not expected to save money for homes or for anything else. In fact, they are not allowed to own homes. The government provides for the worker's children and gives aid in old age or in case of disability. The food and clothing of the Russian is provided by the government, but there is such a scarcity at present that not all are provided for sufficiently. With the realization that the Russian Government owns the banks, the farms, the dairies, the business organizations of all sorts, the railways, schools, and electric and gas plants, comes a beginning of the estimation of its power.

There are two kinds of stores in Russia—the cooperative, and the commercial stores. At the cooperative stores the government supplies the food and clothing. This is given out to the workers and the amount recorded on a card held by the worker. Money is not accepted as payment, and no supplies above the allotted amount are given to the individual. At the commercial stores money alone is accepted as payment, and there is no limit to the amount purchased. However, prices of food and clothing are three, four and five times greater than the value. Both kinds of stores are, at the present time, frequently without supplies of any sort, so great is the scarcity. So there isn't even any window shopping in Russia! The money used in payment at the commercial stores is the Russian rouble, supposedly worth fifty-one cents. Evidently a firm financial basis is much needed, because in some places the rouble is worth only two cents.

What about the attitudes of the Russian people toward this kind of life? Imagine how some of them must feel to know that in case they seriously offend the soviet government or any of its officials, they will be discharged, and subsequently will be without food, clothing, or shelter of any sort. No wonder many of the people go around silent, unsmiling, and usually alone. Yet, on the other hand, some of the poorer classes are better off now that all are socially and economically equal. Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, a prominent American financier, on a recent visit to Russia asked a young peasant how he liked working there. Fearing to give a definite answer, the peasant replied: "Who can tell?", and that is what all of us onlookers are saying about Russia, "Who can tell"?

A. TOBER, Freshman 4



Summers and Winters

*When gray November skies are all about us,
And naked trees stand ghostlike through the land,
'Tis then it takes much faith to still be hopeful,
Nor be afraid, but ever understand.*

*And so it is with life bereft of friendship,
It seems to carry a November chill
Into the heart, and cast a gray, bleak shadow,
Of doubting o'er the mind, the soul and will.*

*There must be love, and comradeship and friendship,
There must be joy to counteract the woes,
There must be summers just the same as winters,
There must be sunshine as there must be snows.*

RACHEL SMITH '31



East Wind

SCHWAB AND MANDEL's musical comedy, East Wind, was greeted by a Baltimore audience that practically filled the entire theatre. It was spectacular, glamorous—a hit.

The performance took one from Marseilles to French Indo-China and back again;—from the oriental, featuring Ahi, Chinese dancer, to the French ensembles, starring the coy and pert Vera Marsh.

J. Harold Murray portrayed the character of a French army officer who sacrificed his love for Charlotte Lansing in order that his brother might marry her. The unfaithfulness of Mrs. Lansing's husband cured her of loving him, and she turned to the sympathetic attentions of J. Harold Murray. The comedy ended as glamorously as it began.

"East Wind" offered startling, and lively choruses and scenes to an appreciative audience. It was a success and the world will be humming its tunes for a few weeks, perhaps longer.

ARLENE GREENBAUM, *Freshmen 9*



Tomorrow and Tomorrow

WITH THE presentation of the much-talked-of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" the Theatre Guild formally opened its fall season.

The drama which was presented at Ford's Theatre in Baltimore was viewed by a group of Normal School students, who were afforded seats in the pit.

The play uses as its setting one room, which changes with the period. The drama is written in three acts, which extend over a number of years. The play concerns itself with the problems of a mismatched pair. Eve Redman, a part which is very capably filled by Zita Johann, has as her main interest in life, children; while her husband, Gail Redman, enacted by Harvey Stephens, is primarily interested in horses. With the coming of a professor, one Dr. Nicholas Hay, portrayed by Glenn Anders, whom you no doubt remember from "Strange Interlude," the plot thickens. The triangle is formed. Eve and Dr. Hay become the parents of a child. In the final act of the drama, Mr. Barrie makes use of a powerful play of emotions; this is very evident in the closing scenes and one can notice the conflict between the false father and the deceitful mother.

The play is very expertly staged and at all times keeps the interest of the audience at a high pitch. That group of students who were afforded the opportunity to go back stage are indebted to Mr. Reed Hamilton, who conducted the very unusual tour.

E. G.

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Cooperation

RECENTLY while reading one of the modern trade journals we came across the following quotation: "If you don't believe in cooperation, try running an automobile with one flat tire".

Cooperation is truly one of the keynotes to success. The first step that concerns us in cooperation is here in the Normal School. According to the dictionary, cooperation is the act of working jointly together. If you will but look about you you can see many instances of cooperation. The Daubers working in connection with the Mummer's League for the construction of scenery; The League of Young Voters working in conjunction with the student government in holding elections; The Glee Club and Orchestra helping with the music of The Men's Revue; and many other instances which, if we continued to enumerate, would fill page upon page of the *TOWER LIGHT*.

Group cooperation is an excellent thing, but individual cooperation

is much more important. You as an individual can cooperate in many ways. You can cooperate by maintaining absolute silence during fire drills; you can cooperate by respecting the rights of others in the Library, and you can cooperate by contributing to the TOWER LIGHT.

May we ask that you cooperate with the TOWER LIGHT by paying your dues? If you have already cooperated financially, you can help still more by making this more your magazine by contributing literary material.

E. G.

▼ November—A Dying

I FOUND myself standing on a narrow white country road. On either side were clover banks that rose into flat meadow land, stretching beyond over as far as I could see. In the little gullies along the road the milk-weed pods had burst and the tall grass was brittle-lifeless, and covered with a thick dust. Overhead the sky was a smoky blue verging to a leaden gray at the horizon, and not a cloud broke the monotony of the sky; the dull sunshine lay bare upon the fields. It was still—still as death. . . . Suddenly I felt I must cry out with my voice and break this stillness—"Somewhere, somewhere far away from this desolate place—there must be hills—hills with orchards jolly with the intoxicating smell of frost-nipped apples—and little red-cheeked children in sweaters raking great piles of leaves to burn."

Two great buzzards, hung, circling in the heavens and their shadows fell upon the fields like forerunning omens of disaster.

"Somehow, I took the wrong road and struck this lonely spot," I reasoned. "Soon I shall see the hills where the children play It must be that the smoke of the burning leaves has blown around the earth and wrapt it in a shroud and covered the sky; that is why the sun is almost hidden—a dull copper dusk in a leaden, ominous sky."

"Surely", I cried, "There must be some other living creature beside me—something young and joyful. I must touch it. I must feel it breathe—I can not stand this desolate void alone! It is crushing me—choking me. A gray still weight on my heart."

"Surely", I whispered, "I knew it would be like this, a long time ago. I have known it a long time,—a long time. It has been lying on my heart, a long time . . . This is the beginning of the end—of which there is no end—only this."

I turned slowly around, and stretching in every direction was nothing but stark, hushed fields, and the white road waiting, waiting. Out of the stillness something stirred like a rising sigh in the tall, dusty grass,—rustled like a dying sigh in the dead weeds.

And then, . . . quiet.

M. A. DOUGLAS, '33

Quebec

QUEBEC, with its charming quaintness and exceptional interests, offers an enticing refuge to the world-weary traveller. As soon as we enter the outskirts of the city, we are greeted by the magnificent and awe-inspiring buildings of the Shrine of St. Anne. As we enter one of the buildings, we gaze in wonder at the precious jewels and gold which are there, and at the thousands of candles that are kept burning by the priests. The shrine, itself, amid breath-taking brilliance, is set at the top of several hundred white marble steps. The priests can be seen walking about in their long, black girdled robes, and as we hear the sweet, full tones of the chimes, we cannot help but feel the reverence of the place. Proceeding on the same road, we notice some of the most picturesque scenes that we have ever viewed. Peasant women are sitting near their door-steps, making brightly colored rugs. At the entrances of the houses, Newfoundland dogs are standing, attached to little carts which contain their mistress' rugs. Many of the dogs are in costume. One is standing with glasses on his nose; another, with a pipe in his mouth, and still another with a derby on his head. Many people stop to purchase these rugs, and we see them gayly laughing and chattering as they watch the skilled tricks of the dogs.

As we approach the city, we first see looming in the distance, situated on the highest point of the city, the massive outline of the hotel, Chateau Frontenac. Occupying their thrones in the air, the lofty gables of the Chateau command us to come nearer. We enter Dufferin Terrace. From this point, we look down, thousands of feet below, upon the swift flowing St. Lawrence, and through a hazy mist, we see the fast-moving boats which seem, contrasted with the dominating chateau overshadowing them, as insignificant playtoys. The outside of the Chateau is made of gray stone, chilling in its effect, yet inviting in its very air of superiority. How surprising it is, therefore, to meet on the inside, a most gorgeous and luxurious interior, and, as we wander through its many halls and rooms, fascinating pictures, sculpture, carvings, soft lights and enchanting music. It is rightly called a palace of wealth and beauty.

Upon leaving the Chateau, we allow ourselves to go where our fancy leads us. We find ourselves in narrow, curved, hilly streets, with crowds of people around us, people who in all probability are the same as ourselves, yet who inspire us with thoughts of romance and adventure. We see college students in pert, French berets, priests and sisters in flowing robes, and crowds of people with many gestures speaking French. We leave the crowds behind and find ourselves among alluring little art-shops that beckon, tempting with their exquisite treasures. We are aware of the beautiful churches on all sides, the impressive white parliament building, charming Laval University, the pompous residence of the Archbishop, and Fort Citadel, where the English captured Quebec from the French. As we examine the more specific details of the

place, we see pictures of gold and bronze on the doors of the homes, with historical and old poetical inscriptions. Quebec has seen many years. Antiquity, however, is its asset. Our modern era has not entirely engulfed Quebec. Quebec, with its horse-carts, its interesting people, its quaint, beautiful churches, its historical setting, and its alluring streets and shops, is a picture you can not, and certainly would not, forget.

SARA KORNBLATT, *Freshman 4*

Pets or What Have You?

To QUOTE Ripley—"believe it or not"—my weakness is goldfish. You've no idea what a charming pet one makes if treated right.

But be warned—if the treatment isn't exactly to its liking, the critter can be most temperamental.

At present the family is mothering three of the little darlings—Hewey, the first-born (I was in a most prosaic mood when I christened him); Spots and Specks—we had quite a row over whether fish were spotted or speckled, and finally played safe by calling the "wee beastie" both; and lastly, Audivius Hedulic, after the hero of a most thrilling novel of the same name. There have been and probably will be many others—the mortality of a goldfish is surprisingly high. But these are the present favorites.

Once there was even a Ruprecht; he had a most unpleasant death. Ruprecht came high—\$.15—more than the commoners that frolic in ten-cent store aquariums—and he was black as night. The other three took an instant dislike to him, and, tackling him one evening, ripped him up the back. The poor thing was so mangled he didn't even sink in the time-honored manner of defunct fish; the separate shreds sank individually. It was awfully messy.

Then there was one which had high-jumping aspirations; the bowl simply couldn't hold him. He died of a broken back—it's a long drop from the table to the floor.

Oh, I could go on for hours with such harrowing tales—none of the dears to my recollection ever died from natural causes. Fortunately time prevents such reminiscenses. However, I really must enlarge a little on the matter of their care—they're quite troublesome if humored. The aqua in which they cavort must be replaced daily. They must have their daily meal regularly—with conversation (they love to have someone—anyone—talk to them), and once a week they must have their exercise in the bathtub—how they revel in it! Oh, there's no doubt about it, goldfish are a great deal of trouble. But the creatures are worth it; they're such affectionate little beasts.

PAT STINCHCUM, *Senior 3*

Alumni Notes

Hurrah !!

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION of the Maryland State Normal School gets its First Life Member.

Who is it? How does an Alumnus become a life member? In truth the Association has never decided on definite requirements for life membership, although the question has been considered by the Executive Committee a number of times. The First Life Member grew impatient and proposed her own terms of admission. The letter below tells all about it.

Who is Miss Lucy Allen? She has been a loyal alumna since 1867. Many of the older alumni know her. To those who do not know her, we only need to say that our beloved Miss Richmond, so valued her that without hesitation she selected her to be the first director of the social life of Newell Hall.

M. H. S.,

Greenfield Center, Sept. 29, 1931

DEAR MISS SCARBOROUGH

I crave pardon for my long silence.

I wish as I wrote you to create a perpetual fund for my annual dues to the Alumni Association of M. S. N. S.

Will \$50.00 suffice at present, and another \$50.00 to follow later?

With all good and sacred wishes for the School and loving memories of you. I am here and hereafter,

Most sincerely yours,

LUCY C. ALLEN



Cecil County Alumni Active

"THE HERMITAGE", the colonial home of Miss Katherine M. Bratton, at Elkton, will be the scene of the annual meeting of the Cecil County Unit of the Alumni Association of the Maryland State Normal School on Saturday afternoon, November 7, according to plans already formulated. Business and election of officers will be a part of this meeting, and plans for the year's activities will be discussed.

Members of the class of 1931 and a delegation from the Harford County Unit will be guests.

Mr. Harry L. Caples, President of the state association, is scheduled as speaker of the afternoon, and Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, Field Worker of the organization, and other officers and members of the faculty are expected to be present.

MARY H. FIELD,
President, Cecil County Unit

▼ A Live Alumni Unit

HOW DO WE manage the work? It is hard work, for so many lack enthusiasm. Last July I was granted the privilege of putting a notice in the Calendar of Events sponsored by our Hagerstown Chamber of Commerce. This calendar appears every Monday in our local paper (the enclosed appeared this week). I visited our Educational department, and requested each of the Supervisors to announce the meeting at their grade meetings. I sent to each of our eight Hagerstown buildings a typed notice requesting the several principals to announce the meeting to the faculty. The Supervisors got in touch with the county Alumni and the principals with those members in town. Every time I saw one of our Alumni, I asked for her presence. What was the result? We had 24 present last Monday—the best attendance we have ever had at a business meeting. We simply talked over our affairs, discussed the time of our social affair next Spring, and had a general good time meeting with and talking to one another. The classes represented were from '17 to '31, the writer belonging to one of long ago—'88.

I wish you success for the TOWER LIGHT and would like the November number.

LAURA C. KING

▼ Miss Fahrney and Mr. Anderson Wed ANNOUNCEMENT OF MARRIAGE MADE AT PARTY ON WEDNESDAY

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Iris Gwendolyn Fahrney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Fahrney, 1113 Virginia avenue, to Robert Lee Anderson of Winchester, Va., was announced on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, at a party given for members of her bridge club.

Mrs. Anderson made the announcement in a very novel fashion,

using a wedding cake as the medium. The guests were invited to pull pink ribbons attached to tiny rosebuds which edged the cake, and after following directions found a tiny card attached to the end of the ribbon, bearing one word. When all the cards were received, they were put together and formed the following sentence: "Miss Iris Fahrney and Robert Lee Anderson Were Married On September 20".

Mrs. Anderson is a graduate of the Hagerstown High School of the class of 1927, and of the Maryland State Normal School, class of 1929, where she was president of the Delta Beta Delta Sorority, and was active in social and scholastic work. Since graduation she has been teaching at Antietam Street school, the fifth grade. Mr. Anderson is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Anderson, of Winchester, and is in business there.

ALUMNI ATTENTION

The Faculty of the Normal School have a 100% membership in the State Teacher's Association.



Washington County M. S. N. S. Alumni Unit

THE Washington County Unit of the Towson Alumni Association held its annual business meeting at the Y. M. C. A. in Hagerstown on October 19, 1931. Twenty-four members, representing the classes of '17, '19, '21, '25, '27, '28, '29, '30, and '31, were present.

After hearing reports of the passing year, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Chairman.....MISS LAURA C. KING

Secretary.....MISS TENY HORST

Treasurer.....MISS INNES BOYER

In preparation for the annual social meeting, the chairman, Miss King, appointed a general committee which she said would be subdivided for various phases of work during the year.

Chairman.....ISABEL BECKENBAUGH ('17)

Teny Horst ('28) Catherine Miller ('28)

Virginia Morin ('30) Lavinia Moore ('24)

Lucille Miller ('30) Alice Garver Hoffman ('25)

Innes Boyer ('17) Martha Seaman ('25)

Frances Grimes ('24) Jane Martin ('31)

Olive Myers ('28)

It was decided that the banquet this year be held some time during the month of April.

Respectfully submitted,
IRIS FAHRNEY ANDERSON

An Alumna Weds

MISS RUTH PARKER, former supervisor of Anne Arundel County, became the wife of Mr. Clarence Eason, on October 24, 1931. The beautiful fall wedding took place at 8 o'clock at the Methodist Protestant Church in Glen Burnie. Twenty-eight friends of the bride and groom made up the bridal party. The bridesmaids, matron of honor and maid of honor were dressed in gowns made of beautifully blended pastel shades of transparent velvet, while the bride was exquisitely gowned in white satin. The solos were sung by Mr. Robert Weidefeld, Baltimore's barytone. The church was crowded by the bride's many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Eason will be at home on Second Avenue, Glen Burnie, after December 1.

Publishing An Elementary School Newspaper

OUR PAPER, the "Parkway School News," is published the first of each month by the pupils of the Parkway Elementary School, Frederick, Md. It is printed by Prestocopy on white paper (10x14") and sells at three cents a copy or twenty-five cents per subscription of nine issues.

Last year, the pupils at Parkway had expressed a desire for a school newspaper, so, two trial issues, of four pages each, were printed in the spring.

This year, the sponsoring of the paper was given to me. First, I selected my staff. The head editors are from the A and B seventh grades. Their assistants are from the sixth grade. There is also a reporter from each room in the building. As we have departmental work, I am teaching English Composition to the sixth and seventh grades. So, all of my staff members are in my Composition classes, and a great amount of our paper work is done there.

At our first staff meeting, we decided to try to produce an eight page paper. In our next English classes, we examined daily newspapers and planned just what we wished to include in ours. The plan for our paper is:

Page 1—Important news

Page 2—Staff, editorials, and Sherlock's column

Page 3—Grade news

Page 4—Sports, attendance reports, jokes, and club news

Page 5—Stories and poems

Pages 6 and 7—Advertisements

Page 8—Continued material

In class we studied and wrote news articles, editorials, and stories. The best were chosen for the paper. Members of the staff found it necessary to rewrite several contributions of the grade reporters; so, this month they are planning to give a series of six lectures to the reporters. Their lecture material will be from English class notes.

Our business management obtained eighteen "ads" for our paper. "Ads" 2"x3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " are \$2.00 for nine issues, while "ads" 3"x3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " are \$2.50.

When the materials and "ads" had been collected, the Editor and Associates revised, rewrote, and planned headlines. Then, the material was typed on Prestocopy stencils, from which the production department printed three hundred copies.

Our business managers report that \$55 has been banked, from advertisements, subscriptions, and sale of copies.

We feel that the children are gaining invaluable experience in producing the paper. We believe it will be a real success.

VIRGINIA C. McCUALEY, '30

Greetings

IN THE throes of fall weather, beautiful trees, and gorgeous skies, one should get an inspiration to write, but there is the question of time, and with lack of time there is a decided lack of inspiration.

To really let you in on the alumni gossip, I can tell you only what I have casually heard. Of course, all of the teachers have been terribly excited over the prospects of a half-day holiday. If you think students appreciate a half-day, ask an honest teacher how she feels about it. Reams of teachers dressed in their best "bibs and tuckers" and went to the meetings of the State Teachers' Association. A great many "County people" came in and spent the morning giving the Baltimore City schools the "once-over".

I have wind of a general "Clamor" for "what they are doing" news. To begin with Baltimore City, I saw Sid Seidenberg looking studious and professional-minded at the Monday afternoon "demonstrations". To attend a "demonstration" is something that is generally done, especially among new teachers. It is like keeping up one's social prestige by belonging to a Social Service League. Winnie Weaver and Vernon Vavrina were there too. Sid Seidenberg is teaching in a Pre-Vocational and seems to like it. Winnie is going in for Hopkins in a big way, and says she really feels as though she is learning something. It must be an experience. Vavrina is holding his own at Orangeville and Aug Jansen, also at the "demonstration", is located near the Baltimore City Hospital but with his usual luck is only fifteen minutes from home and has a new room, fit for a practice center. Keel Silbert, our old joke editor, has carried his sense of humor to a school far down in Baltimore City. He says, "Opposite Riverside Park"—the location is vague but he is teaching departmental in science. Ralph Bargteil was also at demonstration and Lucy Smith, one of our Chi Alpha Sigma's. I also got a glimpse of some of the No. 30 girls but didn't find out much about them. The novelty of talking about themselves and their children is over.

Kitty Carroll has a third grade at 26th and St. Paul and no need to say, her room is typical of its owner,—a pedagogical dream. Vivian Wagner has a sixth grade at 26th and St. Paul too, and by way of a tip for units, she has some keen exhibits in the way of different types of wood in connection with a unit on trees. Little blocks of each kind, labeled and interesting looking. Elizabeth Hartje has the world's most unique in the way of teaching positions. She is teaching a half-day at Orangeville and in the afternoon she goes to Brehm's Lane. Hartje and her Chevy do a lot of running around.

To go rural, Mabel Comegys has migrated from the Eastern Shore and is teaching near Annapolis. She has four grades and is principal of her school but those who know Mabel may try to imagine it. Slater Bryant and Eleanor Peach are also in or near Annapolis. My rural news is rather vague but I hope to have something better for you the next time. We are doing a bit of "nosing" around in reference to "home-coming" week—which we hope will materialize—because to be quite frank, we certainly are anxious to get a bit of old Normal again.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE



Confessions of a Dust Cloth

*My life is ever fraught with woe
My lot is hard, where'er I go,
I take up dust, I gather dirt—
And I was once an honest shirt!
My path leads over dusty books
I wander down in darkened nooks.
Through musty drawers and ancient stands,
Ablutions at a Freshman's hands!
I have a right to feel quite hurt—
For I was once an honest shirt.*

ANNE SHEGOGUE



AND THIS IS WHAT SENIORS THINK ABOUT AFTER GRADUATION

1. How the school can get along without them.
2. How much the professors will miss their apple polishing and chewing gum.
3. How much the Assistant Dean will miss calling them to her office.
4. How they lived through student teaching.
5. And how they managed to get out of school with a diploma.

OVERHEARD ON A STREET CAR

"If I pay all my bills I won't have any mail on the first."



PLAY DAY AT NORMAL

Freshmen Win Play Day By Lop-Sided Score

CONTINUING A precedent started in 1930, the Maryland State Normal School held its second annual Play Day on Thursday, October 15. All former records were shattered by an almost unheard of occurrence—the Frosh were victorious by a score of 50-35. Everything went off according to schedule except the cheers which were called off due to rain.

At 2 P. M. the Senior and Freshmen classes were lined up on both sides of the Campus in front of Newell Hall. Headed by Miss Tall and the two class leaders Mr. Baer and Mr. Dugan, the groups joined and marched down the center of the field. After marching about the field to a few inspiring college songs, five large circles were formed, and "Looby Loo" and "Did You Ever See A Lassie" were played. The various teams then met and started the athletic program. It was indeed a thrilling sight to watch over five hundred individuals, properly clad, engaged in events in various parts of the entire field. When the majority of activities had been completed, the field was cleared and the Senior-Freshman hockey game was played. The Seniors proved victorious but the Freshmen fought hard to keep the game from being a runaway. The remaining event, the boys indoor game between the upper and lower classes, was played. Spectators soon vanished due to the downpour of rain, but the Seniors fought on, bringing victory to their class by a 1-0 score.

Not the least pleasing spectacle of the day was the participation of the faculty. Surely badminton would not have turned out so well if Miss Gross and Mrs. Brouwer had not been present with their good plays. Dr. Crabtree was good at the net, but lost out on the serve—more height next time.

All too soon this enjoyable day was done. Our Seniors can preserve it for reminiscences and our Freshmen merely look forward to other pleasures Normal has in store for them.

SELMA TYSER, *Freshman 1*



Seniors Win By One Run Margin

DEFENDING THEIR crown of superiority acquired by a previous tussle, the Senior nine defeated the Freshmen indoor team on Play Day, October 15, by a 1-0 score.

Proving himself quite a skillful pitcher, Baer kept the Freshmen from scoring during the whole game, while the Seniors gave Reuben a one run lead to work on in their initial trial at bat.

The second inning promised a more tense and exciting game although no further runs were made by either side. Pitcher Friedman, Freshman, was replaced by Tyler who did some neat tossing, but both Freshmen and Seniors were retired without score.

Strategic movements opened the third inning. Al Reubling stole two bases on a wild throw to catch him at first base, but the tension was cut short as Baer struck two men out to end the inning. Kulacki made a beautiful grandstand catch of Liberman's liner to the outfield in the third inning to retire the side.

Rain prevented the battle from continuing, and Mr. Minnegan umpire, called the game in the fourth inning, leaving the Seniors victorious.

RUTH OHEIM, Freshman 5



Senior Hockey Team Whitewash Freshmen 3-0

THE SENIORS proved victorious in the hockey game played on Play Day, October 15, when the Freshmen were trimmed to the tune of 3-0.

Although the Class of '34 suffered defeat by the Class of '32, they put up a good fight. The Freshies started in an auspicious manner by carrying the ball down the field into their opponents goal. A technical penalty called on one of the members of their team changed the action. The Seniors taking advantage of this opportunity swept right down the field for their first goal.

Immediately following the second "bully", the Seniors started a drive for their adversary's goal with hardly any interference. However the Frosh were favored at this junction with a 25-yard "bully", when the ball was hit out-of-bounds.

For some time the two teams struggled up and down the field, but to no avail. Several times the Frosh's offensive threatened the Seniors goal, but each time the ball was removed from the danger zone. Another penalty which resulted in a "corner" for the Seniors, gave the upperclassmen their second score.

The second half began with a frenzied hitting of the ball by both teams; the Seniors battling to score, while the Frosh were battling desperately to keep the game from becoming a riot. However, the Seniors did manage to put across their final tally as the game was on the wane, to make the final score 3-0.

ADELE PLITT, Freshman 5



The Chatter Box

By SYDNEY LAND, Junior 2

The mixed doubles tennis tournament which proved to be such a dismal fizzle last year is being attempted again this year, and at the time of writing is progressing marvelously. Almost all of the first-

round matches have been played, and two teams have already gone to the third round. Silver tennis balls will be given to the winning combination.

Basketball will be starting shortly, and with such material, Mr. Minnegan should be able to avenge a good many defeats from last season. Practice will begin some time in November—the exact date will be published as soon as it is known.

To the student body: PLEASE, turn out en masse for all athletic contests and stick to your team (NORMAL)—win, lose or draw. Above all, be a GOOD LOSER and a GRACIOUS WINNER!!!!

It was definitely decided at the last meeting of the Men Students not to have a football team or a lacrosse team, for the present—however, accidents do happen. Pray, you footballers, PRAY.

After the second Senior-Frosh indoor game, which the Seniors won 1-0, we wonder if the Freshmen are firmly convinced that they can't beat the Seniors at their own game—indoor.

The old adage, "You can't hit what you can't see", still holds good. My references are the two indoor baseball games which Mr. Baer pitched.

The girl's hockey game on Play Day between the Seniors and Frosh ended in a 4-0 victory for the Senior girls. The Class of '32 outplayed, outfought, and outpassed the Frosh team, and worked like a well-greased machine.

Did the Seniors take a beating on Play Day—well, we won't even mention the final score,—but one rousing cheer for the Frosh.

Tillman, second baseman on the Freshmen team, pulled a beautiful doubleplay in the second class-indoor game. With traffic on bases congested, and only one out, Haggerty grounded to second. Tillman fielded the ball, touched second and made a quick throw to first, which beat Haggerty to the initial hassock. Result: Double play, retiring side and nipping a budding Senior rally.

Seniors scored their only run in the first inning on a walk, stolen base and an infield hit.

To the dubious: As the indoor game was called in the fourth inning on account of rain, and the contest was originally scheduled for five innings, the game goes to the Seniors, for more than one-half of the game was played.

Now that Girls' Sports are getting into full swing, we promise to furnish as much information as we can.

The people who tried out for the Sports Staff were given the following test: Everyone trying out wrote an article, and that article was

judged as to its originality, content and style. Those receiving the highest grading were kept, while the others will get another tryout next year. And since I promised to announce the names of the survivors of the test, here goes: Adele Plitt, Selma Tyser, and Ruth Oheim—Girls Sports. Tom Johnson—Boys Sports.

Everyone is invited to attend the weekly meetings of the Sports Staff in Room 222, every Monday at 3 P. M. This invitation includes faculty members.

Despite all talk of football, the only football game which will be held at State Normal this year will be the Senior-Freshmen touch football game, on or about November 20th. Last year the game ended in a 7-7 tie. We wonder what the result will be this year?

The editor will now explain a few soccer rules and penalties: When the ball touches, accidentally or not, the hands of a player, the penalty is a free kick to the opposing team. When a player kicks, blocks, body-checks, trips or shoves an opposing player, the penalty is a free kick against the offending team.

These two penalties mentioned are the most frequent in a soccer game. More rules will follow. Yes, this is directly for the benefit of the feminine gender—indirectly for the masculine gender, so that the men will not be annoyed with a bombardment of annoying questions during an interesting game.



Towson Tops Normal 3-2

ON SEPTEMBER 30th, Normal's soccer team bowed in defeat to Towson High School, 3-2 on Normal's home grounds.

Normal, although waging a good fight, was clearly outplayed in the first half by the visiting team. However, our boys managed to put over a tally before the half ended. Missell booted a clever corner kick, and Reubling expertly headed the sphere between the uprights.

Towson came back to open the second half with a vengeance, scoring early in the third period on a penalty kick. Play then seesawed back and forth on the field and finally Reubling scored the final tally for Normal on a beautiful cross kick. Towson immediately spurted and in the closing minute of play, which was replete with thrills, Towson scored the winning just as the whistle blew, after checking Normal's last bid for the game. Even in defeat, the team looked great, and the return match may pan out differently.

RUSSELL DENISON, *Senior 8*

Franklin High Ekes Out One Goal Victory

THIE White and Gold colors of Normal were trailing in the dust today, as a result of the beating given them at the hands of the Franklin High School eleven on Tuesday, October 13. The final score was 2-1. The game was by far one of the best exhibitions Normal has ever given.

Franklin's first score came as a result of a penalty by Trunda, a forward. The second score of the fray was made by Tyler, who shot one by the Blue and Crimson's goalie, while the forward line of Normal had worked the ball up the field.

For the remainder of the first half, Normal kept battering the visitors' defense, but to no avail, and the half ended with the score at one-all.

The county high school boys broke the deadlock in the latter part of the third quarter, and again, Trunda was instrumental in registering the goal, although indirectly. After working the ball into Normal's defense, Trunda centered the ball to Sollus, Franklin wingman, who drove the ball into the netting.

In the closing minutes of the game, Normal made several strong bids, but could not penetrate the stone-wall defense of the schoolboys, and when the final whistle blew, the visitors were victorious.

TOM JOHNSON, Freshman 6

Green Terrors Prove Too Strong for Normal

DLAYING ON a field that resembled a rock pile, State Normal's soccer team went down to defeat to a superior eleven from Western Maryland College, 5-1, Friday, October 9.

The game started fast, and shortly after the opening whistle, the Terrors scored on a hard angle shot. Normal immediately rallied, and after giving a beautiful exhibition of passwork, worked the ball deep into their rivals' territory and tied the score on a hard driving shot by Joe Haggerty. Immediately after this onslaught, the Normal defense went to pieces, and the Terror forward line swarmed all over the field, and when the clouds had lifted, the half was over, and Normal was trailing by two goals.

Normal opened the second half in a fighting mood, and carried the attack to Western Maryland, but brilliant clearing of the ball by the Terrors backs prevented any scoring.

At the beginning of the fourth period, the Terrors made another rally which netted them two more goals, and for the rest of the game they played a defensive game at which they were very good.

A few of the Normal players were injured, and had to retire from the contest, but their injuries were not severe, and the whole squad is expected to be out for the next game which will be on the following Tuesday.

TOM JOHNSON, Freshman 6

Haggerty Stars As Normal Wins, 3-0

DISPLAYING A brand of booting that was not to be denied, Normal easily subdued the lads from Carroll County by the score of 3-0 on October 2.

Right from the start, it was evident that Normal was not going to experience much trouble from the opposition. In the opening minutes of the first period Normal broke through to register the first tally. The White and Gold was awarded a corner kick and Johnson put the ball into play. A beautiful pass to Reubling followed, and the latter scored a clean goal. The county boys retaliated by starting a drive of their own, but the clever defense work of our backs repulsed the threat. The first quarter ended without any further scoring.

Westminster High opened the second period with a rush, and worked the ball far down the field. However, brilliant playing on the part of Freeny, Normal goalie, stopped what appeared to be a certain score. Normal then opened up with a sterling attack which netted them two goals, Haggerty registering both.

In the second half, although Normal's passwork was of the highest order, they "blew" many scoring opportunities.

RUSSELL DENISON, Senior 8



Twenty Men Report for Initial Practice

THE LARGEST initial turnout that ever greeted Coach Minnegan for basketball practice, met in the auditorium October 26,—20 men strong.

With but two varsity veterans, Saltzman and Haggerty returning, plus two men from the junior varsity, Kremen and Land, Coach Minnegan will have his hands full for the next few weeks in rounding out a strong squad which will have to face such stern competition as Gallaudet, American U., Catholic U., Blue Ridge, Wilson Teachers College, and others. However, Duhan, Williams, Culley, Johnson, and Tillman have already had experience, and a formidable quint should represent Normal on the court this year which should turn in some victories.

Last year, the varsity and junior varsity did not fare so well and what success the quint will have this year, remains to be seen.

One important factor in the teams' success, both varsity and junior varsity, is the turning out of the student body to the games and rooting hard.

Basketball Schedule

November 23.....	Susquehannocks	Home
December 3.....	Elizabethtown College	Away
December 9.....	American University	Away
December 16.....	Catholic University	Away
January 8.....	Gallaudet College	Away
January 11.....	Wilson Teachers College.....	Home
January 18.....	Shepherdstown College	Home
January 22.....	Wilson Teachers College	Away
January 27.....	Blue Ridge College	Away
February 2.....	Shepherdstown College	Away
February 10.....	Blue Ridge College	Home
February 19.....	Gallaudet College	Home
February 26.....	Elizabethtown College	Home
February 29.....	Alumni	Home
March 7.....	Susquehannocks	Home

SYDNEY LAND, Junior 2

Let's Get Together

*Through our school's halls
Straight as its walls
Some proud "chesty" fellows walk;
You know best of whom I talk.*

*In and out of the rooms they dart
Books enough to fill a cart
Very much I'd like to ask,
"How much benefit from their task?"*

*Why between us should rivalry be
Seniors-Freshmen, you and me.
Together we could achieve a height,
For as you know, in union there is might.*

STANLEY MALESKI, Freshman 3.

A Chat With Sir Phillip Ben Greet

THE FACT that a book is famous is enough to frighten some people, who, if they had the courage to open the pages, would find there delight and profit." So it is with great people. Often we are afraid to approach them, afraid to converse with them when we know the greatness of their minds, the wonders of their accomplishments. But what lies within these people, when revealed, brings joy and inspiration.

So it was on the night when the Ben Greet Players were with us. Richmond Hall Parlor furnished a delightful setting for such greatness and yet such simplicity as is found in Sir Phillip Ben Greet. The room was dimly lighted by beams from candles and by a rosy glow radiating from the fire place. Sir Phillip was seated in a lovely, old arm chair with both of us by his side, the crackling fire acting as an accompaniment to our little chat. Sir Phillip seemed very interested in the change that had taken place in the gardens of Baltimore and here. He told us how barren our country had seemed to him when he had visited it sixteen years ago and how much more interested people seemed to be in gardens now than then. But still he kept saying that England's flower gardens are much prettier than our grass and shrubbery. When Miss Wheeler pinned a rose on him before going to dinner he asked her if it had been grown at Normal. Didn't he give us an idea then? Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we had horticulture here at school? This phase of the conversation shows us what an important part environment plays. We found that Sir Phillip had observed Charles Street and its many beauties, but let us not forget the English flower garden. It is something to look forward to when we go abroad.

Naturally we felt that Sir Phillip could give us a great deal of authentic material about the drama, so we asked him what part the drama played in the colleges and universities of England. He told us that a great many people thought that too much time was given to the drama in the colleges and universities. He mentioned the beauty derived from presenting dramas out-of-doors and he also said that all of the dramas given in England are classical. Sir Phillip told us how a great many people believed that a person should enact one type of drama all of the time in order to become proficient. We wonder if this isn't true?

This dear, old gentleman seemed very interested in our school and our life here and we were glad to find him so. He seemed so much a part of us even though he has done such wonderful things.

We gained much from talking with such a personage. It was like opening a great door and finding there something very wonderful and yet beautiful in its simplicity.

THE EDITORS.

Seen and Heard From the Tower

By this time the Freshmen have learned that there are many better places than the library to study. We refer to the reference room, which in one part adjoins the Men's room. Our ears are still burning!!!

Also, by this time we understand that the Frosh believe that the Glen is a place for the study of nature. And incidentally worms are not obtainable at all seasons.

Last year we were cursed by the continuous croonings of one "silver-voiced tenor of Junior 3". This year we have a prototype in the Freshmen 3 group. We suggest that this very disagreeable problem be brought before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"Primo Carsneera enters State Normal". (Headline in the Daily Bla.) After further investigation we find that he is masquerading under the alias of Jess Fisher.

(Point of Information) Did Mr. Minnegan say that he got a new car?

Regarding the recent induction of students into Parliamentary procedure, we suggest that students be provided with bumpers.

The Mummer's League always has the good fortune to be in the lime light. Their president (of course, we don't mention any names) has made himself conspicuous by his military carriage.

The recent rains have helped the crop of mustaches in a certain group of the men students. It seems that these students have forgotten the disastrous results of the previous year's experience.

Coming back to the President of the Mummer's League, what we really mistook for some dirt on the upper lip is really a mustache.

Congratulations are in order to a certain very overworked (????) Senior. The first birthday that has come to our attention is that of a certain J. M. B. formerly of Jr. 3.

After some deliberation on the question of how to select members of a staff, we have decided to follow in the steps of a certain department. Judging from the department, we are still trying to determine whether it is a beauty show or a department that takes care of the _____ of the school.

Will some one offer a few new adjectives to describe a certain blonde in the Freshmen class ?????

We don't think that the Juniors are conceited . . . much. We refer to the Play Day. As no one gave them a cheer, they promptly gave themselves one.

Persistency will often bring results. But in the case of the Freshmen Senior indoor game, this does not always work.

After playday we were both physically and mentally worn out by the tremendous strain of that very active game of Badminton.

If nothing else, we did achieve our ambition of going up to the third floor of the dormitories. All inquisitive men students may apply to the editor of this column for further information.

Mr. Paul Yaffe, who appeared at a theater performance, has taken to wearing octagonal rimless glasses. We presume that this is to lend dignity.

The Orientation English group are greatly indebted to the stage manager of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" for an interesting trip backstage. By the way, none of the members of this group stumbled over ropes.

We think that the calling of the children we are to teach, "block-heads", is a very serious matter, and should be brought to the attention of the proper authorities. We refer to the Senior Class Banner with the slogan: "BEFORE US LIES THE TIMBER. LET US BUILD".

▼ Freshman Four's Assembly

THE CONTRIBUTION of Freshman Section Four to the Freshman Assembly on Friday, October 2, was in the field of music. The stage was to represent a cotton field, with a background of trees. A considerable amount of work was spent on the scenery. Miss Neunsinger directed the group in the work during the art periods and after school. Those taking part in the performance were dressed either as negro boys or mammies. As the curtains parted, about fifteen negroes thus attired were seen lazily picking at the cotton or drowsing. Two of the mammies were singing "Nobody Knows What Trouble I've Seen". The rest of the group joined in on the chorus, singing both soprano and alto parts. As the group was singing the chorus to the second stanza the curtains were drawn slowly together and the music died away. Since Freshman Four has been studying folk music, including negro spirituals, our assembly was in harmony with our school work.

A. TOBER, *Freshman 4*

▼ The Rural Club Picnic

THE JOY of picnics under autumn skies! On October 1st the Rural Club gathered for its first social event of the year. The new members were introduced, and entertained us with delightful and varied performances. Mr. Haggerty offered his talents and gave us a very fine story of one of his nights at camp when a similar happening occurred to him again and again and again. Miss Brown and Miss Treut spoke a few words to us, and then we sang songs around the camp fire. With the singing of Alma Mater we reluctantly left the glen and all its beauties.

LOUISE BURNS

Happy Returns of the Day

I THINK all who attended the dormitory birthday party will agree that the fun they had was worth the extra year that was added to their age. In fact, I think that most of us forgot that we were really and truly grown up, and acted as though this was our fifth birthday instead of our "——th". But who will blame us? Were not the glen, the group and the food enough to make anyone forget all about everything else and enjoy the present moment?

And then, too, the amusements played a large part in the enjoyment of the occasion. They consisted of the well-known cage ball, charades, roasting marshmallows, and singing, —— and what singing!

And just for the benefit of those people who think perhaps we did not have as wonderful a time as we are pretending, and require more scientific proof, let me refer you to our favorite principle, "We learn by doing". So just wait until it's your turn to share in one of our birthday parties, —then—find out for yourself.

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10



Instrumental Music

THE ORCHESTRA played an arrangement by Maurice Baron of a composition by d'Orso at the special assembly on Friday, October 23.

Mr. Elwood Beam is playing the E flat saxophone with the Orchestra, and Mr. Harris Baer has been selected to play the drums.

The Orchestra is working hard to prepare for Freshmen Mothers' Week End. The program includes:

<i>Tres Jolie</i>	Waldteufel
<i>Janina</i>	Drumm
<i>Angel's Dream</i>	d'Orso-Baron
<i>Patriotic Song</i>	Grieg
<i>Chanson</i>	Friml
<i>Happiness</i>	Schad
<i>Theme from Invitation</i>	Weber
<i>To the Dance</i>	

Upon the invitation of the Glee Club the Orchestra joined in a picnic supper in the glen after rehearsal on Monday, October 12. We had such a delightful time that we were loath to leave the camp fire. The officers, who managed this affair, and their assistants are to be congratulated upon their efficiency.

Educational Leads from the Colonial Fair

THE COLONIAL FAIR which was held in the Normal Elementary School on October 16 served not only as a time for fun but has stimulated learning.

The Kindergarten has had splendid opportunities for oral expression in discussing the Fair. The First Grades have made up stories, then in turn used these stories for reading units. The Second Grade has been delighted with the receipt of balloon cards from Maine, Connecticut and New Jersey. These children have written letters to acknowledge receipt of these cards. Two examples of the letters are shown below. What a fine reason for teaching writing and language! Then, too, they have been interested in learning the location of the states to which their letters have been sent. The Third Grade was led into the study of Indians. The Fourth Grade children have written compositions which are to make up the news for their newspaper, "The Blazing Trail". The Fifth Grade has used the ideas of the Fair as an introduction to the study of Maryland. All through the grades are evidences of artistic expression stimulated by the Colonial Fair.

When the receipts of the Fair have been determined, they will be used for the purpose of buying books, art materials, etc., which will open still more opportunities for learning. Do you ask, "What was the good derived from the Colonial Fair"?

The following compositions were written by the Fourth Grade as an outcome of the Colonial Fair. They will be used in their paper, "The Blazing Trail".

THE BALLOON RACE

We had a balloon race at our Colonial Fair. Lots of people were in the Balloon race. We heard from one lady on Monday. She lived in Pennsylvania. A Balloon landed in her yard. She was kind enough to let us know where it landed. We are hoping to hear from some other people soon.

MARY KEENE

THE TRADING POST

At the Trading Post we sold cider, apples on sticks, grabs, candy, lemons with peppermint sticks in them. We had old time pistols, furs and skins at the Trading Post. Inside we had big papers painted like boards with pieces of pine tree around the wall. Outside we had a fence with a sign, it said, Buy at our Trading Post.

MARION QUINLIN

THE INDIAN CAMP

In the Indian Camp they had grabs on a tree and people shot at them. They sold peanuts and they had an Indian dance. The Third Grade had the Indian Camp.

WARREN STEWART

Dear Mrs. Grosscup

We thank you for sending our balloon card to us. Adrian's balloon traveled fourteen hours and a half.

The Second Grade

SALLY CRANE

Dear Mr. Ford

We thank you for sending our balloon card to us. We would like to know what time you found our balloon.

The Second Grade

BARBARA CHASE

MODERN EDUCATION

Modern education will soon do away with teachers. Children will be learning geography from a rumble seat, arithmetic from dial telephones and the alphabet from radio stations.

What about the boy that came home and said his teacher was dumb because on one day she made the statement that three and two were five, and the next day she stated that four and one were five.

A CRY FOR HELP

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Please save the women of this country.

Have a law passed, preferably a constitutional amendment, forbidding any woman to wear an Empress Eugenie hat.

We all look as though some one had hit us on the head with a hammer.

- No wonder the Second Empire failed; it was Eugenie's hat.
And there are no others. Help us!

JESSIE B. SHEIBLEY

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST THEORY IN DEDUCTION

"If 'Minnie' in Indian means water, what does 'Minnesota' mean?"

"Aw, don't be dumb all your life—soda water of course".—(Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.)

MEDITATION

Come to think of it, it is an injustice to accuse women of being back seat drivers.—Why, they drive from the library chair, the dinner place and from almost every other kind of a seat that there is!

AND TALK ABOUT LOGIC

"Wake up, quick, wake up!"

"Can't"

"Why not?"

"Ain't sleeping."

OUR PROFESSORS COULD DO SO

"Now boys," said the Scotch professor, "if you'll just put a few crazy answers in your examination I can sell them to a magazine for two hundred dollars each." Might develop into quite a trade according to some.

I'm a mighty good fighter, but my feet don't like to stand around and see my body abused!

Poise—that quality which enables you not to be upset about who catches you eating a hot dog.

THE DORMERS SHOULD LIKE THIS

"The perfect triple-threat man is our room-mate

He begs, borrows or steals neckties with equal ease."

A New Definition. Oblivion is getting married.

One Freshie came to a Senior and innocently inquired: "What is a unit". Whoops—my deah!

Would a kind Senior please inform her.

This was offered by a Freshie—One of those "More A Truth Than Poetry" Things:

THE AMERICANS ARE NOTED FOR THEIR ORGANIZATION

"It was stated that if three Americans fell out of a balloon, before they reached the ground they would have elected a president, vice-president and secretary; and besides they would have resolved themselves into a committee of the whole to decide what to do when they landed".

ISN'T IT SO

In the good old days the undertaker buried a man's tonsils and appendix with the rest of him.

By the way, how does a thermos bottle know whether to keep a liquid hot or cold?

Our idea of a high hat, is the man who eats *salted almonds* at a football game.

Casting too much bread on the water might stop up the kitchen sink.

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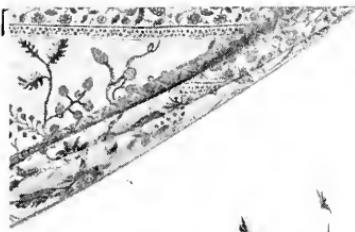


TOWER LIGHT



DECEMBER

1933



CHRISTMAS GOODIES

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

Towson, Md.

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Cover Designed by *Genevieve Shules*

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The Tower Light

VOL. V

DECEMBER 1931

No. 3

Christmas Feasting

IT WAS in Merrie Old England that Merrie Christmas took its firmest root. We hear of King Alfred in Anglo-Saxon days, holding such high revelry at this season, that the Danes, who had been threatening his land, were able to surprise him.

During this holiday season, hospitality was universal; barons and knights held open house, and all classes joined in a common celebration. For more than two weeks, all was devoted to revelry and feasting, for Christmas was not then a single day of celebration, but was a holiday that lasted from December 16 to January 6.

At day-break on Christmas morning the tenants and neighbors of a great lord thronged the hall. The ale was broached; black-jack and Cheshire cheese with toast and sugar and nutmeg went around plentifully. The Hachin, an enormous sausage, must be boiled at daybreak, and if it failed to be ready on time for the festivities, two young men, took the cook by the arm, and ran her around the market place, till they thought she was properly ashamed of her laziness.

The gentlemen went to early church service in the morning, and returned to a breakfast of brawn and mustard, and malmsey (a rich imported wine). Brawn, a dish of great antiquity, was made from the flesh of large, half-wild boars, which (when put to fatten), were strapped and belted tight around the body so as to make the flesh tense and brawny.

But the grand feast, given by the feudal lord, (or English country gentleman), to friends and retainers, took place with great pomp and ceremony later in the day. Among the dishes served up at this time, the boar's head was first and foremost on the board. Heralded by a jubilant flourish of trumpets, and accompanied by strains of merry minstrelsy, it was carried on a dish of gold or silver into the banqueting hall by the server, who as he advanced at the head of the stately procession of nobles, knights and ladies, sang,—

*The boar's head in hand bring I
With garlands gay with rosemary;
I pray you all sing merrily.
The boar's head, I understand,
Is the chief service in this land;
Took wherever it be found.*

*Be glad, both more and less
For this hath ordained our steward,
To cheer you all this Christmas—
The boar's head and mustard!*

The head was then placed upon the table with solemn gayety, befitting the dignity of such a noble dish.

Next in importance came the peacock, the preparation of which was a task entailing no little trouble. The skin was stripped off with the plumage adhering. The bird, stuffed with spices and sweet herbs, and basted with yolks of eggs was roasted. When it was done, and partially cool, it was sewed up in its feathers again, and with its beak gilded, was sent to the table. Sometimes the entire body was covered with leaf-gold, and a piece of cotton, saturated with spirits was placed in its beak to be lighted before the carver performed his operations. The privilege of serving this noble bird was not for ordinary hands, but was reserved for those lady guests most distinguished by birth and beauty. One lady carried it to the dining hall to the sounds of music; the others following in order of rank. The bearer set the dish before the master, or his most distinguished guest.

There were other meats served,—geese, capons, pheasants drenched with amber-grease, and pies of carps' tongues. There was, however, one national dish that was held indispensable. This was frumenty, concocted according to this ancient recipe. "Take clean wheat and bray it in mortar, that the hull be gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool. Then take clean fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine and temper it a little and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton."

Plum porridge was the progenitor of the pride and glory of an English Christmas. In the earliest days, plum porridge was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner. It was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth thickened with bran-bread. When it was half-boiled, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger were added, and when the "mess" had been thoroughly boiled, it was sent to the table with the best meats.

During the harvest days, fruits and nuts had been dried and stored away; now these were brought forth and served; so bringing the great Christmas feast to its end.

H. A. B.



Holiday Dishes

DURING the Christmas holidays when we are enjoying a respite from strenuous school duties it is a delight to some of us to try a hand in culinary efforts, to prepare a meal, or refreshments for a party of friends. Timely recipes may be welcome at this time.

As a rich dessert with noonday lunch or as a single dish for a party, I recommend

DATE PUDDING

1 lb. seeded dates cut fine
1/2 lb. English walnuts broken in pieces
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Mix nuts and dates, beat eggs with sugar until cream colored and stiff, add flour sifted with baking powder, then mix in the date meat mixture. Pour into a well oiled pan, set this in another pan of boiling water and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

Tortes with crushed fruit poured over them are served as dessert or with the addition of a hot drink for an evening party.

WHITE TORTE

6 egg whites
2 cups sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat eggs until very stiff; gradually sift in sugar, beating all the while; add vinegar, beat again vigorously, add vanilla. Bake in a hot oven for 7 minutes, then reduce heat and continue baking for 40 minutes longer.

If you have any tendencies toward cannibalism you will enjoy

FLAPPER SALAD

Arrange canned pears, rounded side up on a bed of lettuce leaves; use dried currants for eyes, cloves for noses and with red fruit color paint lips and cheeks, then pile stiff mayonnaise dressing in neat mounds for blonde hair.

For the rollicking after skating candy pull, use 4 cups granulated sugar

$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 Chopped hickory nuts

Boil the sugar, water and vinegar together until it reaches the "hard crack" stage; that is, when a small portion cooled in water cracks against the cup. Pour the mixture out in buttered plates over which the nuts have been sprinkled. Cool, then pull until white, form into ropes and break into pieces by striking with the back of a knife.

ICE BOX COOKIES

1 cup butter	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread flour
2 cups light brown sugar	$2\frac{3}{4}$ cups cake flour
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon salt	

Mix in afternoon. Cream butter, gradually add sugar and continue creaming until light and soft, add eggs, sift leavening and salt with flour, then add nuts to this. Combine two mixtures. Put into a bread pan to shape, let stand in ice box over night. Cut in very thin slices and bake in moderate oven 6 to 8 minutes.

SEVEN MINUTE ICING

This is a popular cake icing shown in many magazine advertisements, but given here for variations which have been proved.

1 egg white
 3 tablespoons water
 $\frac{7}{8}$ cup sugar
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix ingredients and place in top of double boiler, having water boiling vigorously in lower part. Beat with Dover egg beater 7 minutes by the clock. Add vanilla and spread.

Variations and Additions:

Yolk of egg may be used instead of white and lemon flavor instead of vanilla.

Cocoa may be added until desired flavor and color are produced.

A teaspoonful of salad oil added when taken from fire prevents too sudden hardening.

LOUESA J. KEYS

The Significance of Gifts

AT THIS Christmas season our thoughts turn to gifts and giving. We think of our friends and their personalities and buy gifts which are appropriate. We are very desirous not only of pleasing our friends, but also of gaining some satisfaction by sharing with others.

Christmas suggests to us the time when gifts first originated and what they meant then. The first real gift came from God, who sent His only Son to share the joys and the sorrows of the world. Especially during this season do we think of the sages of old. We are told in the Scriptures, Matthew 2:11 "And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him, and opening their treasures they offered unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh". Many beautiful stories about the Wise-men and their gifts have been retold through the ages.

The Wise-men came from the East, led by the stars, to worship and adore the Baby Jesus. They brought and laid at His feet the best they had to offer. The gifts these men gave foretold something of the life He was to lead. Gold was one of the best gifts they had to offer. That signified that He was to have a life which would be very wealthy and abundant in the sense of the blessings that were His. With the frankincense, the sages commemorated His coming, worshipping and praising Him. The oriental incense is very fragrant and very expensive, which again shows us that they were offering the best available. Myrrh with all its bitterness was prophetic of the deep sorrow to enter into His life. Although these gifts were most meaningful to Christ, they had a very deep meaning to the Wise-men. These men travelled far and made sacrifice to present these gifts. They were very thoughtful and prayerful as they bestowed the gifts, realizing what they meant to the Babe and themselves.

Have our gifts that we give and receive a true meaning for us and for others? Do we just give for the giving or do we really share with others? When we recall previous Christmas seasons, we think of those whom we remembered with gifts. It is true we have thought of these people in making selections for them. Let us not only think of this, but think of the joy we have in sharing with them at this season commemorating the time that the Wise-men came from the East.

Our gifts in these modern days are not as symbolical or as prophetic as those of yore, but the underlying purpose of giving and the thoughts of greeting should be similar. We should be just as real and sincere in giving as in the days of Christ.

It so happened that the gifts of the Wise-men were valuable, but it is not always the value that counts. Most all of us recall the story of the widow who brought her mite to the great temple, in comparison

with the gold that the great rulers bestowed. We know how she was commended and how greatly her offering was appreciated. Just so should we appreciate and acknowledge the gifts of today.

Christmas is not the only time for us to ponder over such thoughts. God has given us not only material gifts, but many talents or abilities which are hidden and which we alone can share with the world, by being kind one to another.

Whatever we may have to give either materially or spiritually, let the original meaning be manifest in such acts.

Lowell expresses this sentiment of sharing in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" when he says,

*"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare".*

MARGARET K. WALLACE, Senior 3



Old Christmas

*Then came the merry masquers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,*
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.*

*But, oh! what masquers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.*

So sang Sir Walter Scott of Old England's Christmas and so may we sing who shall see that gladdest, maddest, merriest celebration in our own old English Hall. The past is with us always, but not in such a spirit of reality and hilarity as on the 23rd of December. May the thought of it cheer even more than "half the year".

*If Sir Walter Scott had heard our Christmas music he would have revised this line.

HELEN C. STAPLETON

Mistletoe Associations

RUTH CAPLES

THE CUSTOM of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas is one that has survived from ancient times, but there are many other customs which are not connected with Christmas.

At Laucane, in Southern France, the peasantry still believe that mistletoe is an antidote for all poisons. They apply the plant to the stomach of the sufferer or give him an extract of mistletoe to drink.

In Sweden persons afflicted with the falling sickness think that they can ward off attacks by carrying about with them a knife with a handle made of oak mistletoe.

Swedish peasants also share the ancient Italian opinion that mistletoe extinguishes fire. They hang up bunches of oak mistletoe on the ceilings of their room as a protection against all harm, but especially against fire.

The modern Aino of Japan looks upon mistletoe as a medicine good for almost every disease. Many believe that it has the power of making the gardens bear plentifully, and they cut the leaves into fine pieces, pray over them, and sow them with millet and other seeds. Because their sacred tree is the willow, the mistletoe that grows upon the willow is thought to be especially good.

The Walos of Senegambia, black people in Africa, have much veneration for a species of mistletoe which they call "tob"; as a preservative against wounds they carry leaves of it on their persons when they go to war.

In Holstein, in North Germany, the mistletoe, especially that which grows upon an oak, is still regarded as a cure for green wounds and a sure charm to secure success in hunting.

In Austria a twig of mistletoe is laid on the threshold as a preventive of nightmare, for one of the most precious virtues of mistletoe is its protection against sorcery and witchcraft.

In the north of England the inhabitants believe that if one wishes one's dairy to thrive, one should give a bunch of mistletoe to the first cow that calves after New Year's Day.

In various parts of Europe today, it is laid down as a rule by peasants that mistletoe may not be cut in the ordinary way, but must be shot down or knocked down with stones from the tree on which it is growing.

Still another method of using mistletoe is practised in Sweden and in the Swiss canton of Aargau.

"When the sun is in Sagittarius and the moon is on the wane, on the first, third or fourth day before the new moon, one ought to shoot down with an arrow mistletoe that grows on the oak tree and to

catch it with the left hand as it falls". Such mistletoe is a remedy for every ailment of children.

How we should like to know the mysterious quality of this plant that accounts for such varied and such widely distributed superstitions!

Long ago the Druids, priests of the ancient Britons, regarded the mistletoe with great reverence when it grew upon an oak tree. They also believed it had wondrous curative powers. The oak was the favorite tree of their god Tutanes, or the sun. At the time of the winter solstice the Britons, accompanied by their priests, went forth and gathered mistletoe with great ceremony, cutting it with a golden sickle and catching it in a white cloth. Another source of the belief in the power of the mistletoe is in the Scandinavian myth, the Death of Balder. Balder, God of Light, is struck down with the only thing on earth that could harm him, a sprig of mistletoe, flung by the blind god Hoder, god of darkness.

It is believed that the superstitions surrounding mistletoe originated far, far back in the ancient religion of the Aryan race in Europe, in their worship of the sun.

In many countries prevails the custom of kissing under the mistletoe on Christmas Eve. This special custom is a relic of the days of Druidism, handed down through many centuries. The green was early abandoned in Christmas decking of churches, together with kissing at services, because both were found to set the young ladies and gentlemen "a-reading the marriage service". However, use of mistletoe flourished in servants' halls.

"In the Kitchen", says Brand, "it was hung up in great state, and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present had either a right or claimed one, of saluting her and plucking off a berry at each kiss". If a maid were not saluted, it indicated that she would not be married that year. Mistletoe soon invaded the drawing room, but this did not lessen its popularity in the kitchen. In England kissing under the mistletoe is a long established custom.

"In many old-fashioned houses the old gentleman . . . advances to the object of his attention and makes a low bow. The lady rises with a stately curtsy. Then the pair walk hand in hand beneath the mistletoe, where the old gentleman delivers a peck upon the withered cheek of his companion. Another bow and curtsy, and a third, and they retire".



Fortitude

I can afford to rejoice and be lifted with the golden surge of song.
I can let myself be cut into little splinters of ecstasy by the icyness
of a sharp-pointed star, and breathe in the quick frosted air of night.

I can peer into lighted windows, mingle joyously with crushing
crowds of shoppers, and bestow Christmas cheer and good will on poor
peoples' children—with joy, not pain, choking my heart.

Because I am young this Christmas, and I know not loneliness;
Because, my home and family are become as a temple, and as in-
cense rises and breathes from an altar,
Our joys and pain, at Christmas
Rise together in one rich flood of understanding.

If loneliness were mine,
If at Christmas I had no family,
Or no one I could rightly call mine, through friendship,
I would be afraid,—of finding beauty suddenly,—
In a strain of Christmas music,
Or the quiet falling of snow,
Or the eager upturned face of a child.
That would be too much pain—to find no song in my heart for
answer, but an aching greyness.
Oh you who are lonely and wistful
I see you, pretending to be matter-of-fact,
Let me give you part of me—
Let me love you very hard,—
This Christmas.

MARY ANN DOUGLAS.



Carol

While musing over yellow leaves of quaint old books
I learned the etymology of "carol"
A song, a dance, a circle, from the root word "move".
I read that versions differ and my heart with fullness swelled
For copyist's failing memories, misunderstanding minds,
Or purported novelty... I, disliking imitation.
I love the symbolism of angels and of speech in animals,
—The carolists did not bow to strict reality
To yield their fancies,—things most real in life.
So I liked this.

A Christmas Folk-Song

The little Jesus came to town
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would shield him from the cold?
Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The ox put forth a horned head;
"Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed".
Uprose the sheep were folded near;
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here".
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.
The little Jesus came to town
With ox and sheep He laid Him down
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed him from the cold!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

..... I read it several times.....
I closed the book, I closed my eyes, and thought.
And slowly, softly rose before my mind
A picture, limned throughout the years,—the scene
And setting for the oldest, simplest, grandest carol—,
You know of what I think,—no words can paint
That star still night, the blessed night
Which nursed the angel song
"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
goodwill toward men".

ORA BUSSARD, Freshman 9

Christmas Greens

EVEN WITHOUT other signs, Johnny would have known it was Christmas week by that spicy scent of evergreens around street corners and vacant lots. Then, too, there was a special "goodie-smell" about the kitchen at his house and over at Tom's house, too. Even the poor kiddies round on the side street looked expectant, and everybody laughed softly as if merry secrets could be told if one wished. Best of all, hadn't Louise and Daddy been sneaking in with queer, lumpy packages at all sorts of odd hours? Besides, they were very mysterious about answering such innocent questions as "What's that?" when they were putting things away in the big cupboard upstairs. And such berry-filled holly wreaths as were in the windows! Everywhere! Even a great big one loomed like a bass horn in the window of the Cloverlea Dairy.

Oh yes; it was Christmas all right; at least it would be soon.

Up in the locked room next to mother's there was that same pine-tree fragrance that Johnny had noticed on the corner where some "unemployed" ones who had run out of apples and shopping bags were busy with their new jobs of selling trees and wreaths.

Johnny's sister Louise had a "boy friend" named Robert. Johnny liked him, but he couldn't exactly see why any man should waste his time on a girl—even if the girl was Louise.

A night or two later Louise and Robert came swinging in trailing the clean, fresh smell of dry snow flakes and cold wind. They were laughing. Johnny laughed, too; so did Mother from the kitchen. And no wonder, for it was Christmas Eve!

Johnny was wise. He knew all about why Robert said, "Guess it will be getting time for little boys to go to bed soon. They were yearning to get at that hidden tree. Yes, Johnny was wise. They wanted to trim it by themselves. Mother was busy with a big bowl and a spoon—such a pleasant clatter in the kitchen! Everybody was doing something for Christmas except Johnny.

He thought awhile. Then out from his tin bank he forced with much difficulty (by a combination unknown even to Jimmy Valentine) four dimes, three pennies, and a couple of nickels. He wasn't supposed to touch that little bank, and he knew it. Down the street to the corner lot he ran. There was a new man on duty. He was dressed like Santa Claus, but he wasn't the real one for he wouldn't have time to be selling holly wreaths and trees. There were a few branches of mistletoe, too.

"That mistletoe isn't as pretty as that there holly", said Johnny with a shrewd air, "but we've already got some holly wreaths."

The jolly old chap laughed and said, "When you have lived as long as I have, you will know more about the happiness these little bunches of mistletoe bring".

He then told Johnny a legend of the mistletoe, and said if little sprigs were hung over doorways and under candelabras and such places, that those who loved each other would find it out when they stood underneath.

"How do you know?" asked Johnny.

"Oh, I'm Santa Claus. I know a lot", smiled the old salesman. Johnny bought all he could with his savings, and hurried home. This time he was "up to something".

Mother had gone upstairs for awhile, and he tacked a spray across the top of the kitchen door.

Then while Louise and Robert were having a drink of ginger-ale "on the house", he tied the little pieces under the droplight in the middle of the living room. He was doing his bit.

When father came home, Mother stood in the kitchen door about to enter the dining room. Father who was not given to displays of affection began kissing her suddenly, saying, "That's what happens when you stand under the mistletoe!" Mother blushed and announced that she hadn't known it was up there; that he must have hung it there himself. Dad said he hadn't seen any mistletoe for a year. "Guess it must have been Louise", said Mother.

"Gosh", said Johnny.

Presently Louise and Robert came in. "Thought you were in bed", said Louise to Johnny.

"Oh, yeah"? said he, pretending to read "Hawkeye, the Aeroplane Hobo".

Presently Louise's sharp eyes had discovered the spray of mistletoe under the drop-light. Johnny said to Mother afterwards that he saw her go and stand right under it on purpose.

Robert caught a wink from Johnny, and when he saw "what was up", he walked right over and kissed Louise just like Dad had kissed mother—only Louise blushed more and seemed astonished.

Then Robert said, "Johnny, old top, you are going to be my brother-in-law soon". Louise laughed, and Johnny said, "Oh, yeah?"

But he understood it all now. Everything about the mistletoe was true. . . . The old chap who had sold him that stuff must have been Santa Claus sure enough. MARGUERITE SIMMONS, Freshman 2



Mummers and Mumming

THE MUMMERS occupied a prominent place in the Christmas revels of the olden time, and, strange to say, although so many old customs have lost prestige, this custom is still kept up in several parts of Europe. The passion for masquerade is an inherent one in human nature and the "mumming" of the day was a means of satisfying that passion.

The Christmas *mumming* was in many respects a diversion, though it appears to have partaken less of the religious element and resembled more nearly those medieval pageants in which certain subjects and characters, taken from pagan mythology or popular legends, were represented. Frequently, it assumed the nature of a masquerade, when the sole object of the actors was to disguise themselves, and excite, alternately, laughter and admiration, by the splendid or ridiculous costumes in which they were arrayed.

The term *mummer* is synonymous with *masques*, and is derived from the Danish *mumme*, or Dutch *momme*. The custom of mumming at the present time prevails only during the Christmas season, and particularly Christmas Eve. Formerly, however, it seems to have been practised at other times. There is a story telling us that a conspiracy to murder the king was organized under the guise of a Twelfth-night mumming. The plot was discovered only a few hours before the time of putting it into execution. Henry VIII, who ruthlessly demolished so many ancient institutions, issued an ordinance against mumming, declaring all persons who went around arrayed in this fashion liable to be arrested as vagabonds, committed to jail for three months, and fined at the king's pleasure.

The following has been quoted in reference to the practice of mumming: "Then comes mumming or masquerading, when the squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds. Corks are burnt to black the faces of the fair, to make moustaches, and everyone in the family, except the squire himself, must be transformed.

The grand and special performance of the mummers from time immemorial has been the representation of a species of drama, which embodies the time-honoured legend of St. George and the dragon with witty speeches, giving the whole affair an aspect of 'very tragical mirth.' The actors, young lads, dressed in costumes proper to the allegorical characters which they represented, commenced their round of visits to the house of the 'devouring dragon.' A doctor was there with a long box of pills to cure the wounded. Drums and other music accompanied the procession."

The institution of the mummers, as already intimated, is one that has declined considerably, but it still flourishes in some of the remoter districts of England and Scotland, and our larger cities. The costumes are more fantastic, and the plays more artistic.

Why do we call ourselves the Mummers' League?

BEN KREMEN, *Junior 1*



Christmas Music

THE SUBJECT of Christmas music is limitless, so any list of songs with adaptations to the elementary school music program that may follow, will merely skirt the threshold that leads to a wide vista.

Perhaps at no other time during the school year are the children so emotionally aroused, so keenly aware of the aesthetic in music, so anxious to express good will and cheer to all mankind through song, as during the Yuletide. This is the time when the music of joy should ring in the hearts and voices of children.

There are many lovely Christmas hymns recording the Nativity which may enrich the life of the child; which should be a part of the child's heritage and Christmas experience; and which will give him much pleasure. The following songs are so grouped that the story of the Christ Child may be beautifully told or portrayed.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL,

(*Adeste Fideles*) From J. F. Ward's "Cantus Diversi" 1751

THE NATIVITY.....Leroy M. Rile

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT,

George F. Handel

O'ER BETHLEHEM'S HILLS (*Gloria*).....Irenee Berge

O HOLY NIGHT (*Cantique de Noel*).....Adolphe Charles Adam

THE HOLY MOTHER SINGS,

The melody from a Christmas Carol XIV Century

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE.....Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.

AWAY IN A MANGER.....Carl Muller

SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!.....Franz Gruber

JOY TO THE WORLD.....George F. Handel

All children through the first seven grades may be given an opportunity to participate in some of the songs chosen. Many other songs, commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ, which have come down through the ages, might be used. The Eastern and Western churches have their beautiful songs of the Nativity. Greece, Italy, France, Germany, England, Russia, America, and many other nations all have a wealth of traditional carols that through the years have brought gladness at Christmastime.

The festival type of carol or song is of much interest to the child, because of the interesting customs of various nations in connection with their carols. No festival of the year has been so prolific of interesting customs as Yuletide. To bring before the child's mind a picture of the situation in which the song was originally used gives meaning to the song. This the teacher can do.

In England, the first ceremony, after a proper decoration of the house with evergreens, including the pearly berries of mistletoe, is, or should be, the lighting of the Christmas block or Yule-log, a custom of very ancient date. According to some writers, the Yule-log was formerly

placed in the middle of the great hall, where each member of the family in turn sat upon it, singing a Yule song. With this introductory touch, the Yule-log song would be most inspiring and meaningful to children. Or take for example, the old-time custom, which never neglected so important a matter as the appetite. The first dish, the boar's head, was served with a song. How very fittingly boys and girls may live over again this fascinating custom through the singing of the Boar's Head Carol.

The Carol is, and always has been, a bright song used to express joyous emotions. It is full of expressions of material joys and good cheer, such as are found in Here We Come A-Wassailing, Deck the Hall, or in the Ukrainian fun song, Yuletide.

Perhaps one of the greatest values, that will come from a rich experience of Christmas music in our schools, will be the outburst of joy these songs will bring annually, when old and young join in singing The First Nowell, Good King Wenceslas, Hark! the Herald Angels Sing, It Came Upon the Midnight Clear, Good Christian Men, Rejoice, and other universal favorites.



HAZEL MACDONALD

The Evolution of the Christmas Card

EVERYONE of us sends and receives numerous Christmas cards year after year, but who has ever stopped to think that a Christmas card is really of comparatively recent origin? Just within the last nine decades has the observance of Christmas included the custom of exchanging greeting cards.

The world's first Christmas card was designed in 1846 by J. C. Horsley, a member of the English Royal Academy. It consisted of a design of trellis work divided into three panels. In the center was pictured a merry family party, including three generations, enjoying a Christmas feast. The side panels represented two of the acts of charity, "Feeding the Hungry and Clothing the Naked."

The card had no poetry on it, merely the inscription, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You." The original, of which one thousand copies were printed, was colored by hand and measured six by four inches.

Christmas cards did not come into general use, however, until 1862, when a London firm which had built up a staple industry by printing playing cards began to publish them.

Contests were held for original designs. They resulted in the discovery of many new artists, and occasioned some surprise when it was learned, after the first London exhibit, that the majority of the prize winners were women. Popular types appeared time and time again. Reproductions of appropriate sketches especially drawn for the cards by

artists of repute, classical or religious subjects, a spray of colored flowers pictured against a black background, and the folder cards, originated by George Clansen, about 1882, have all been popular types of Christmas cards. Finally, poetry appeared—the verse being limited to twelve lines. Poetry on Christmas cards was responsible for the increase in size to eleven by nine inches. However, this size died a natural death, since the cumbersome cards were badly mutilated in the mails.

As late as 1896 the religious type of card was in greater demand than any other. Since then the subjects of Christmas cards have been from the sublime to the ridiculous. All sorts of objects and views, no matter how remotely removed from Christmas, have been used. From religious to comic, every idea which could in any way be tied up with the holiday season, has been employed by those who desired to be original.

RUTH LYNCH, Senior 11



Christmas

*The old church chimes and candle-light
And balls on the Christmas tree,
The holly wreaths and white-wrapped gifts—
All are a part of me.
When I look out on the falling snow
And the stars gleaming high above,
I thrill to the warmth of Christmas cheer
And the spirit of Christmas love.*

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5



Christmas Thought

*I love Christmas!
I sit on the floor with paper and string—
And gifts all around me.
Some I wrap in red—some in white
With lots of Christmas seals.
A sprig of holly tied jauntily to each gift
And wrapped with each one
A bit of my heart—a lot of love!
Isn't it funny?—There's always enough love to go 'round—
At Christmas.*

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5

The Season in Poem and Story

10 CHRISTMAS POEMS

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS—C. C. Moore,	Houghton Mifflin Co.
A CHRISTMAS FOLK SONG—Lizette Woodward Reese,	Silver Pennies-MacMillan
CAROL—Kenneth Grahame.....	Poems of Youth-Ginn Co.
THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED—Theodosia Garrison,	Poems of Youth-Ginn Co.
A CHRISTMAS PARTY—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey,	<i>Stories & Rhymes for a Child</i> —Milton Bradley
BLESSED CHRISTMAS—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey,	<i>Stories & Rhymes for a Child</i> —Milton Bradley
CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS—Herrick.....	Golden Numbers—Wiggin
DECEMBER—Harriet Blodgett.....	Riverside Fourth Reader
OLD ENGLISH CAROL.....	Stevenson—Home Book of Verse
WHY DO BELLS FOR CHRISTMAS RING?—Eugene Field,	<i>Poetry Book I</i> —Huber, Bruner and Curry
10 CHRISTMAS STORIES	
FULFILLED—Bryant.. <i>How to Tell Stories to Children</i> —Wiggin & Smith	
LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER,	<i>Christmas in Legend and Story</i> —Smith & Hazeltine
THE NIGHT OF THE STAR—Grimes.....	Normal Instructor 1911
WHY THE CHIMES RANG—Alden,	<i>Children's Book of Christmas Stories</i> —Dickinson & Skinner
THE RAG DOLL'S CHRISTMAS—Bailey,	<i>Stories and Rhymes for a Child</i> —Bailey
THE LITTLE GREEN ELF'S CHRISTMAS—Bailey,	<i>Stories and Rhymes for a Child</i> —Bailey
THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE—Pumphrey.....	Stories of the Pilgrims
LITTLE HANNIBAL'S CHRISTMAS—Wickes.....	Happy Holidays
THE CHRISTMAS CAKE—Skinner,	<i>Little Folks' Christmas Stories and Plays</i>
CHRISTMAS AT HOLLOW TREE INN—Skinner,	<i>Little Folks' Christmas Stories and Plays</i>
10 CHRISTMAS BOOKS	
THIS WAY TO CHRISTMAS.....	Sawyer
TOMMY TROT'S VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS.....	Page
THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.....	Wiggin
THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.....	Pyle
THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN.....	Van Dyke
WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME TOO EARLY.....	Blodgett
WHEN FATHER CHRISTMAS WAS LATE.....	Dawson
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.....	Dickens
MISS MUFFET'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.....	Crothers
POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.....	Stockton

Compiled by E. H. Hill

Christmas Stories for Children

Alcott, L. M.—THE LOUISA ALCOTT READER
Alden, Raymond McDonald—WHY THE CHIMES RANG*
Anderson, Hans Christian—FAIRY TALES*
Austin, Mary—THE BASKET WOMAN
Bailey—Carolyn Sherwin—MERRY TALES FOR CHILDREN
Bailey, Temple—THE CRADLE IN THE FOREST
Bay, J. Christian—DANISH FAIRY TALES
Bolenius, Emma M.—THE EMPTY STOCKING
Brown—THEIR CITY CHRISTMAS
Bryant, S. C.—HOW TO TELL STORIES TO CHILDREN*
Crothers, Samuel McCord—THE CHILDREN OF DICKENS
Dickens, Charles—A CHRISTMAS CAROL
Dickinson, A. D., and Skinner, A. M.—CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CHRISTMAS STORIES
Faulkner, Georgene—STORY LADY'S CHRISTMAS BOOK
Jewett, S. O.—BETTY LEICESTER'S CHRISTMAS
Lindsay, Maule and Poulsson, Emilie—THE JOYOUS GUESTS
Miller, Harriet—KRISTY'S QUEER CHRISTMAS
Page, T. N.—A CAPTURED SANTA CLAUS
Potter, Miriam S. C.—“TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS”
Pyle, Katharine—CHRISTMAS ANGEL
Townsend, R. T.—AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS
Tyler, Anna C.—TWENTY-FOUR UNUSUAL STORIES
Van Dyke, Henry—FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE
THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN
THE SAD SHEPHERD

Christmas Plays for Children

Banta, N. Moore—SANTA CLAUS' CHRISTMAS BOOK
(A collection of plays, tableaux, dialogues, etc.)
Burgess, F. W.—WHAT SHALL WE PLAY
Carter, E. H.—PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Lane, Bertha P.—LAD AND OTHER PLAYS FOR CHILDREN*
Lord, Katherine—PLAYS FOR SCHOOL AND CAMP
Mackay, Constance—HOUSE OF THE HEART AND OTHER PLAYS*
Payne, F. Ursula—PLAYS FOR ANY CHILD
Rice, K. M.—GOOD KING WENCESLAS
Skinner, A. M.—CHRISTMAS STORIES AND PLAYS
Smith, Nora A.—ACTION POEMS AND PLAYS FOR CHILDREN
Thompson, Alta E.—PLAYS FOR CHILDREN
Wickes, Frances G.—CHILD'S BOOK OF HOLIDAY PLAYS
Wiggin, K. D.—BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

These represent titles of books all of which contain Christmas material. Those starred are particularly valuable.

Arranged by AUDREY DEPPENBROCH

Books for Christmas

THE SEASON approaches when many of our students are examining old sources for our traditions of Christmas. The following books are the most important ones in which to search first, for Christmas material.

Walsh—INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA

Chambers—BOOK OF DAYS

Miles—CHRISTMAS IN RITUAL AND TRADITION

Pringe—YULETIDE IN MANY LANDS

Schauffler—CHRISTMAS, IT'S ORIGIN, etc.

For carols, consult "Father Finn's Carol Books"; for poetry, "The Anthology of Poetry", collected by Carnegie Library School. It is one of the best. For customs connected with food, use "The English Medieval Feast", by Mead.

These are the first sources to consult, but in the library there is a wealth of additional material in story, poetry and song.

MARY OSBORN



Book Review

"*When Father Christmas Was Late*"—By Coningsby Dawson—1917

SI X WHIMSICAL, poignantly beautiful tales of times when the Christmas spirit was late in shedding its glory on the lonely of heart.

They are not so cleverly written; they do not tell of wonderful things. Yet somehow or other these simple little stories can move you like the hush of early church and carol singing on a snowy Christmas morning.

The Seventh Christmas in Nazareth and the Son of God is cold and hungry. Christmas and none to know that Mary's little son and the King of Heaven are one.

Christmas Eve for a lonely girl far from home, and a child's music box teaches her that "To love is to laugh".

Christmas Eve in Hamelin Town and no little ones to clap their hands as they dance about the tree. Christmas Eve and a mother's love triumphant over death.

Laughter, with tears close behind; loneliness and heartache—but always the spirit of Christmas hovers over all as the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill toward men".

V. STINCHCOMB, Senior 3

Tube Rose

I raise my eyes
From the Persian's lines
And scan my flowers
Seen for the first time
Since the larkspur hours.

What is it—I muse,
Heliotrope and dainty phlox?
Not my purple friends,
Never ageratum, monkshood,
I know so well
Their thin, sweet blends.

This scent I think
Does not at all become
A golden morning's languor
And a bed of lavender ladies
But yet not ill-befitting Omar.

And then I find
A graceful swaying figure,
A houri from the Sultan's hall,
All creamy-waxen sweetness,
With a jade shawl.

This brazen morn
Is not the time to drink deep
Of the heady tube rose wine.
But let us wait for a gray twilight
With a crescent's silvery tine.

Then we shall sit
Enfolded in perfume,
On the green bench,
And sense the rich flower soul
Not found in the bloom.

And you shall tell
Of nights beneath the Cross
With heavy, throbbing air.
Your past will be our future.
Your warm cheek will be against my hair.

ELEANOR L. BOWLING, '28

Editors' Note: It is with many apologies to the author that we acknowledge the omission of three stanzas of this poem in the November Tower Light. For this reason we are reprinting it correctly, we believe.

The Rivals

Maple shakes out her golden skirts;
Pats each yellow flounce in place,
Smoothes the edges trimmed with nut-brown lace,
Tosses her head and brazenly,
With the crisp breeze flirts.

Dogwood sighs for the wind's caress;
Bemoans her suit of dingy gray,
Envies her neighbor maple's rich display,
Wishes she had not donned so hastily
Her crimson dress.

ELEANORA L. BOWLING, 28



To a Leaf

Struggling, pushing, bursting upwards
Gripping footholds in the soil
Ever striving to grow skywards
Springtime for the leaf is toil

Growing, growing, ever working
Earth's elements are its for hire
Life blood through its veins go surging
Summer softness not its fire.

Proudly as a peacock strutting,
Shaming the rainbow with its hues
Seemingly suspended sitting,
Quietly Autumn gathers its dues.

When it reveals the lonesome trees,
Yet it strives to live again
Whirling, twirling, frisking upwards
Winter ushers in its end.

HENRY KITT, Freshman 3

The Tower Light

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

What Price Optimism?

TO THOSE students who spend a considerable portion of their time in the library in the capacity of assistants, there is afforded ample opportunity to observe human nature unembellished.

The result is deadly to the spirit of ethereal optimism which pervades our entire being upon our entrance into this stronghold of booklore and knowledge. In the course of our industrious toil, this spirit is gradually weakened by doubt, finally to be supplanted by dire cynicism.

If someone were to accuse Normal School students of not being familiar with the alphabet, he would be stoned by angry mobs from our verdant campus. Yet this lamentable situation seems actually to exist. Students will persist in taking books from the shelf, using them, and then returning them to the first convenient parking space, not troubling to observe either the number of the book or the letter of the author's name. We who toil in the library can and do realize the full

extent of this problem. Hours are spent putting the books back in their proper places which might be employed to better advantage in the broadening of our own minds through delving into the ancient and musty tomes in our library, or in the perusal of modern fiction and periodicals.

Do not get the idea that we are lazy and are merely trying to save ourselves labor. That supposition is far from the true situation. Any of the library heads will tell you that there is an abundance of work to be done, and a thorn in their flesh will be removed if you will only cooperate with them in this small matter.

Another cause of vexation and anguish to those in charge of the library is the manner in which books are strewn about in certain sections; music, art, and science, for example. These are not the only sections at fault, but they offer the outstanding examples. No matter how much time is spent in straightening out these sections, an hour's time will convert order into disorder, precision into chaos, proper alignment into pandemonium. Is it necessary to pounce on these books in order to obtain a copy? Books should not be suffered to endure such treatment; they were born to better fates. Bear this in mind when next you use the library.

If you are searching for a book on the geography of Sweden, and discover an epic or a fairy tale serenely nestling among books on the geography of the Scandinavian countries, you would, in all probability, utter sneering remarks concerning the judgment of the person who could not differentiate between the 910's and juvenile fiction.

Cooperate with us, then, and make this ridiculous situation impossible in the future. In doing so, you will help restore our lost optimism, truly a noble and a worthy cause.

W. SEEMAN, Senior 8
G. STOLBERG, Senior 8



Noise

IN A RECENT address to the student body, Dr. Tall launched what is to be called an "Anti Noise Campaign". For sometime after this we forgot the Noise campaign until it was brought back to us through the words of one of our teachers. In a discussion of the social habits of children, the teacher made the statement that the close association of the child with the grown up had a decided influence on the actions of the children in the grade. If you will stop for a moment and think what this can mean in a school like the Normal School you will gather the full importance of the problem. Here the children have just as much opportunity to observe our actions as we theirs. They can see us passing through the halls, working in our classes, and on the play field. Consider for yourself the effect on the child of a group of two

or three Normal School students running and laughing rather boisterously in the corridors of the elementary school, or perhaps a group at work in some of our classes who are all talking at once. You can well imagine a student teacher trying to impress on the children the fact that they are to work as quietly as possible during a work period. Disregarding the bad impression made on adults by our actions, although it is very important, remember the next time you are tempted to tell a friend, who is at the other end of the hall, some choice morsel of gossip, that *we* are constantly being reflected in a large group of eager eyes in the Campus school.

E. G.



Random Thoughts On Armistice Day

WONDER what kind of assembly it is going to be...bulletin board notice has Armistice Day...If I remember correctly last year's assembly was very touching...November 11, 1918...13 years ago...how time flies...that first Armistice Day...we were very young...marching...newspaper extras...crowds gone mad...rejoicing...windows with one, two, and three stars...What is that person saying...I am Belgium...I am Germany...I am France...I am Great Britain...the damage has been done, it is immaterial that France was a battle ground...Belgium was fought over...Germany lost her trade...what did that mother care...she thought only of her son who lay buried somewhere in France...she remembers...enlistment...training...sailing orders...“Keep the Home Fires Burning”...letters that try to be cheerful...then that wait...eager scanning of the papers under the heading “Reported Missing”...fearful waiting for the postman...night...a telegram from a boy who carries many others the same message...“We regret to inform you that your son died...Being brave has its place, but what does it mean to the young widow and her fatherless child...nothing...those that returned...many physically or mentally marked...nerves shattered...young men made old before their time...Our thoughts are interrupted...Will you rise...in a body we sing “My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty—let freedom ring...Wake all ye nations, a new song is ringing, with Hope's golden message ever ringing.”

E. G.



A Reading Demonstration Lesson

Stoneleigh School—Grade 1, Oct. 27, 1931

IN THE first grade, beginning reading must bridge the gap between the child's own world of concrete things and people, to the world of symbols and ideas. Hence this initial contact with reading must be through the avenue of his own experiences in the classroom and at home, expressed in terms of reading symbols. For this purpose chart reading is employed. The charts are experience charts, for the most part, composed by the children about mutual experiences. By the end of the sixth week of school, the children in the first grade at Stoneleigh were showing a readiness for entering the preprimer. What an event that would be for them, when they could actually hold a book in their hands and read from it!

A demonstration lesson came at the beginning of the seventh week. The children were still having a large amount of chart work accompanied by short periods of reading in "The Little Book", a preprimer by Marjorie Hardy. The lesson to be demonstrated was to be chart reading, a review of two old charts and the presentation of a new chart. My plan was as follows:

READING LESSON PLAN

I. MATERIAL

A. Review charts

FLYING THE KITE

*Here are Sally and Billy.
Sally has a kite.
It is a big red kite.
It has a long tail.
Billy is holding the string.*

OUR SNAIL

*We have a snail in our room.
Jimmy brought him to us.
He found the snail on the ground.
We named our snail Skeezix.
We keep him in a jar..*

B. New chart

SALLY'S JOKE

*Sally's mother raked a pile of leaves.
Sally hid in the leaves.
Her dog hid there too.
Sally's mother called and called.*

(This chart had been developed by Miss Ruby and the children on the previous day. The children sat in a semi-circle around Miss Ruby and they talked about the picture. One of the children suggested that they make up a story about it. The sentences were obtained by Miss Ruby's asking some leading questions about each; such as, "What did Sally's mother do first? What did Sally do? Free conversation about the picture was also encouraged. After the sentences had been written on the board, the children wanted a title for their story. There were several suggested, but the two general favorites were, "Sally's Joke on Mother", and "Sally's Joke". One of the children thought the first was too long, so the rest voted on "Sally's Joke".)

II. AIMS

- A. *To stimulate a keen interest in reading and a desire to read independently*
- B. *To enlarge the reading vocabulary*
- C. *Eye habits we wish to aid in developing reading*
 - 1. Reading from left to right and from the top to the bottom of the page
 - 2. Looking at the chart
 - 3. Matching accurately
 - 4. A wider perception span
- D. *Mechanics*
 - 1. Knowing where to begin and where to end (capital and period)
 - 2. Knowing the title as such

III. INTRODUCTION

- A. *Review Charts*
 - 1. "Flying the Kite" is one of our old charts. Reading an old story helps us to be better readers. Who can read it all the way through for us?
 - 2. Who can read "Our Snail"?
- B. *New Chart*
 - 1. Do you remember the picture you wrote a story about yesterday? Miss Ruby wrote our story on the board as you made it up, and today I have it printed for you. (See "Sally's Joke")

IV. PROCEDURE

- A. *Review charts*
 - 1. Have about two children read the whole of each chart
- B. *New chart*
 - 1. Read whole chart to them, telling key to each sentence

- a. This sentence tells what Sally's mother did. Sally's mother raked a pile of leaves
- b. This tells what Sally did. Sally hid in the leaves
- c. This tells who hid there too. Her dog hid there too
- d. This tells what Sally's mother did then. Sally's mother called and called.

2. Children read whole chart
 - a. Sentence by sentence in order. Give key thought when necessary
 - b. Sentence by sentence out of order. Who can find the sentence that tells—?
 - c. Call for about two volunteers to read the whole chart. Give assurance by telling them I will help them if they need it
 - d. Comment on how they have worked thus far during the lesson. Be encouraging as far as possible, telling specific habit well carried out
3. Matching and building in phrase holder or on floor
 - a. In order
 - b. Out of order
4. Phrases (all phrases are cut before the children)
 - a. Read the phrases of a sentence as a whole sentence
 - (1) Sally's mother raked a pile of leaves
 - (2) This tells who. I am going to cut it off. Have one child read it, match it, put it on chalk rail
 - (3) The rest of the sentence tells what she did. Have one child read it, match it, put it on tray.
**SALLY'S MOTHER RAKED A PILE
OF LEAVES** ...
 - b. Same procedure with phrases of each sentence
**SALLY HID
IN THE LEAVES
HER DOG
HID THERE, TOO
SALLY'S MOTHER
CALLED AND CALLED**
 - c. Build story in order in phrase holder with the cut strips
 - (1) Phrases on tray in order
 - (2) Children find phrases, match, read and build

- d. Build story out of order
 - (1) Phrases on tray are out of order
 - (2) Children find phrases, match, read, and build
- 5. Individual words and phrases common to primer
(Sally, Sally's mother)
 - a. We shall find these in our books, so we must learn to know them every time we see them.
They always look alike
 - b. Children read, match, and build

V. CONCLUSION

A. *Sum up lesson with standards, as:*

- 1. You read well today because—
 - a. You watched the chart
 - b. You started at the capital letter at the beginning of the sentence and read right through to the period at the end.
 - c. You matched your sentences and phrases well



COMMENTS ON LESSON

The children were very interested in reading and apparently were quite unconscious of the large number of observers. I was quite surprised at the ability of the majority of the class in reading this chart. Every child had an opportunity to read more than once. Practically every child was able to read when called upon.

A new child in the class needed extra help and attention in developing good eye habits and the demonstration lesson was no exception, but I found that his eye habits were improving. They had been improving gradually each day.

The demonstration lesson lasted forty-five minutes. In spite of the differentiation from the usual twenty-minute period, the children retained an interest and showed only slight fatigue. There was one little boy in particular who said, "Hot Dog!" very feelingly when I told him we would try reading the phrases separately.

The new chart used began with a familiar experience, was recorded by the teacher in the children's own words, and read first in sentence wholes a number of times (always emphasizing the context). Cutting the sentences led into a recognition of smaller units of thought, phrases and words.

The remarks made and the standards set up at the end of the period gave the children a feeling of satisfaction toward the work just completed and a readiness for the next day's work.

PHYLLIS SCHOFIELD, Senior 4

SCHOOL NOTES



Notes of Freshmen Mothers' Week-End

WHENEVER initiated the week-end at Normal for mothers of Freshmen should be congratulated on its success. Few, indeed, were the mothers who did not respond and arrive in time for some part of the program—a program which included a variety of experiences from Friday night, November 6, to Sunday afternoon, November 8.

Informal sing-song in the foyer Friday night after dinner lacked one thing—Miss Sperry. Anyway, we hope the strains of “her song” wandered down the hall and through the key hole or transom to her room and helped to make her well.

The trip to Loch Raven and Baltimore gave us “fond daughters” a little time to do some studying or attend to duties which otherwise would have been neglected. And didn’t the faculty “present arms” nicely all the afternoon and evening! Criticisms were flyin’—nice ones, of course—and from what I hear here and there, Miss Tall’s meeting proved very helpful to both teachers and parents. Later we dined by candle light and listened to music by the school orchestra stationed in the balcony. Miss Prickett conducted the group. You, I hope, noticed their program of music published in the November TOWER LIGHT.

The Glee Club, conducted by Miss Weyforth and costumed by Mrs. Brouwer, furnished the climax for the week-end. Read the program of their entertainment—with music, after this article. While the week-end was specially for our mothers—do you know some of our fathers came, too!

The parting of parents and daughters late Sunday was not like that first leavetaking, for they had had a genuine glimpse of the life, the surrounding and care which make up our days, and were quite content to say goodbye.

NATALIE RITTER



The Glee Club and Its Part In Freshmen Mother's Week-End

THE GLEE CLUB has eighty-one Freshmen members—sixty-four girls and seventeen men—in addition to its forty-one Senior and Junior members. The Freshmen Glee Club members made their bow, and a profound one, we think it was, on the occasion of the Freshmen Mothers' Week-end, when on the Saturday evening of this interesting time, after dinner, they provided entertainment for assembled parents, faculty members, and fellow-students.

The Freshmen are to be congratulated upon their musical talent, and upon their accomplishment at this early time of the year. They succeeded in delighting their audience, and incidentally had a good time themselves. There were solos, duets, quartets, choruses, in some of which all students participated, dramatizations of songs in costumes—but here is the complete program:

Chorus of Greeting.....	O Here's To All Our Mothers EVERYBODY
Chorus.....	Bells of Notre Dame—Klemm GLEE CLUB
Quartet	Sylvia—Speaks JEANNE MEESE, WINIFRED BOETTCHER, HERMAN MILLER, ARTHUR SHAPIRO
Solo.....	The Hills of Home—Fox HOWARD SEIDMAN
Solo.....	Home on the Range—Guion GERSON WOOLF
Solo with hummed accompaniment,	Song of India—Rimsky—Korsakoff Solo—SARA RUBINSTEIN
Humming—JEANNE MEESE, WINIFRED BOETTCHER, LOTTIE FRIEDLER, CATHERINE LURZ, GERSON WOOLF,	ROBERT NORRIS
Solo.....	Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride—O'Hara ROBERT NORRIS
Duet—Dramatization.....	O, No John—Old English JEANNE MEESE, SOLOMON LISS
Solo.....	Wind Song—Rogers MARGARET ASHLEY
Cumulative Song—Dramatization..	The House That Jack Built—Homer
Jack—Arthur Shapiro	The Cow—Violet Garren
The Malt—Ora Bussard	The Maiden—Elizabeth Barnwell
The Rat—Isabelle Eney	The Man—John Nichols
The Cat—Kathleen Haugh	The Priest—Solomon Liss
The Dog—Roger Williams	The Cook—Irene Disney
The Farmer—Elwood Beam	

Songs—

To Our Mothers
 To Miss Tall
 To Miss Sperry
 EVERYBODY

Double male quartet—dramatization,

Johnny Schmocker—Old German Student Song

—1st tenor	{ HOWARD SEIDMAN GERSON WOOLF
—2nd tenor	{ HERMAN MILLER HENRY KITT
—1st bass	{ HARRIS BAER ERNEST ILGINFRITZ
—2nd bass	{ ARTHUR SHAPIRO ROBERT NORRIS

Songs—

When I Was a Student
My Girl's a Hullabaloo
Students' Serenade—Romberg
 EVERYBODY
Golden Days—Romberg
 GERSON WOOLF AND CHORUS
Sweethearts—Herbert
 SARA RUBINSTEIN AND CHORUS
Night Song
Alma Mater



Glee Club

THE GLEE CLUB has two major activities in December—participation in the Govans Community Sing and in the Normal School Christmas program. The Govans Community Sing has been sponsored by the Govans Improvement Association and has been given each Christmas in the Normal School Auditorium for the past three years. The Glee Club will add special carols to those sung by the whole school in our school program.

The Glee Club plans to have the following in its Christmas repertory:

LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING.....	Praetorius
WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT, Praetorius	
BOOTS AND SADDLES.....	Saboly
MARCH OF THE KINGS.....	Traditional; harmonized by Bizet

Instrumental Music

ON SATURDAY, Nov. 14, the occasion of the annual Homecoming and Alumni Luncheon, held at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, the Normal School Orchestra played. The program was a repetition of that given by the Orchestra at the dinner for Freshmen Mothers, with the addition of a violin solo, "At the Brook", by Boisdeffre, played by Mr. Leonard Kulacki. Before their program, the members of the Orchestra were luncheon guests of the Alumni Association.

The Violin Quartet has begun rehearsing the Andante from the Fifth Symphony by Beethoven, arranged by Simonis.

Music for the Christmas festivities is under way. The Orchestra will play again some of the familiar carols,—God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen; Father Christmas, Deck the Halls, and the Sicilian Carol; also the little known, Unto Us a Son Is Born, which dates from 1582. Arrangements of one or two medieval carols which have never been played here will be added to the program.

American Education Week

AMERICAN EDUCATION WEEK officially opened Monday, November 9. The Maryland State Normal School, which celebrates American Education every week of its existence, officially welcomed it Tuesday morning by presenting Captain William J. Weaver, of the American Legion, and J. Fletcher Gorsuch at assembly. They spoke on the growth and significance of American Education Week.

Thursday Miss Lavinia Engel gave an interesting talk on backward children.

On Friday the development of physical education since World War days to the present day was portrayed by students of the Campus School and Mr. Minnigan's Physical Education classes.

As a very suitable terminus, Miss Frances Dearborn, of Johns Hopkins University, spoke on character in education.

We feel that an extreme of wealth was brought to us, which was truly a tribute and an incentive to the growing "American Education."

M. A. DOUGLAS

A Wish

Oh, wonderful if you can say
At time of setting sun,
With just a smile, today, I have,
Another friendship won.
But better spent, those hours, I think,
If you, at night can say,
I know that now, I'm dearer to
My friend of yesterday.

DOROTHY MUDD

Spooks!

THE OCTOBER birthday party for dormitory students was one of the most successful we have had this year. The entertainment was original. The food provided one of the high spots of the occasion. Then, too, the glen, the moon and the darkness proved to be an unusually striking background for the Halloween setting we desired, and hanging apples, pumpkin heads, and grinning jack-o-lanterns all added atmosphere to the celebration. I think it is safe to say that everyone who attended the party had a delightful time, for it was with reluctant hearts that the so-called "spooks," in obedience to the tower clock, wended their way to the dormitory.

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10



Little Fellow

*Little tiny fellow
With your yellow hair
Like a radiant snowdrop
As you're standing there.
May the dreams you're dreaming
In your tiny soul
Come out as your scheming
All complete and whole.
Little tiny fellow
Little laughing boy
Full of love and sunshine
Full of life and joy
Little radiant snowdrop
How I wish you'd stay
Just the tiny fellow
That you are today.
But I know that someday
The child will not be there.
A man will take the snowdrop's place
So this shall be my prayer—
"May the dreams you're dreaming
In your tiny soul
Come out as you're scheming
All complete and whole."*

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10

Seen and Heard from the Tower

THE REASONS for the fastidiousness in the dress of many of our Seniors has been explained. Pictures are now being taken for the Crystal.

We do hope that our photographer does not have very many complaints from some of our very handsome men students about not doing them justice.

We are worried, however, as to whether the camera can stand the strain.

According to all laws of fiction, the beautiful girl is always won by the captain of the team, while its members look on. Not to cast any reflections—the Captain of our Basketball team has been acting very queer lately.

We wonder how we shall ever manage without that very capable group of Senior 7 while student teaching.

We propose that Big Sisters and Big Brothers be appointed to welcome back our first-term student teachers.

Going to school must be tame compared to student teaching. Eh, what student teachers, or perhaps we should say ex-student teachers??

The Mummers have another trick up their sleeves. This time a play with a number of characters. We hear that Bob Norris is to have the lead.

A very kind-hearted person at the Halloween Dance endowed one of the statues with a black mask, which she continued to wear for several days following the affair. May we thank Mr. Harris, on the part of the statue.

According to a recent news article, all people who whistle are morons. Is it possible that the authorities have made a mistake. We say this, due to the recent outbreak of a whistler during an art lecture.

The first birthday party was a huge success, according to all present. An especially novel feature was the two palmists, but we do wish they would agree. We say this because of the fact we visited both booths. The first told us that a blonde was to enter our life, whom we would later marry. Upon entering the second booth, among other things she told us a brunette was to be our future partner. If this is to be true, we see but one conclusion, and that is, to be a bachelor. One woman is bad enough, but two....

Recently a small group of interested spectators were afforded a fine sampling of sports in a supposedly basketball game between Normal and the Oakley Club. The sports represented were football, wrestling, boxing, soccer, and, incidentally, a little basketball.

In order to preserve his vocal cords Mr. Saltzman recently pinned the following message to his injured shoulder: "I hurt my shoulder playing basketball".

Again we went back stage, but this time to the performance of

"As Husbands Go". Several of our Seniors are responsible for the many intelligent questions asked. We offer the following example: Senior (pointing to a switchboard): What is that? Ans.: That's a Switch.

The Junior 3 of last year was considered a very radical group. But in comparison to the Freshmen 3 of this year we, as a former member of Junior 3, acknowledge our slight impression made in comparison to the doings of this Freshmen group.

We wonder how many people have noticed that certain very pretty young lady who on some occasions wears a brown dress with a very large white bow tied around the neck. We cannot help but compare this effect to a certain person we used to know who could always tie a white ribbon about the neck of her pet.

You, too, can travel to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Drop in on an Orientation group sometimes. We understand this opportunity is open to all.

More rooters needed. This, a plea on the part of the teams. They are good; come out to root!

Heretofore whenever we were confronted with the statement that all men are conceited, we flatly denied it and advanced arguments to prove our point. But just recently we have come to the conclusion that if this statement were modified somewhat, it would perhaps be true. We say this because of the actions of a certain young man in the Freshman class. In this very deplorable case we say not all men can be judged by this one specimen. We are thankful that there are not many more like him.

The soccer team should receive special mention—Eight In a Row. If you don't believe we are good, just ask us.



To 1934

O learned ones beneath whose brows,
Wisdom great is kept,
The homage of a freshman girl
I pray thee do accept.
Before your august throne I bend,
In humble salutation,
By your dignity you merit now
My highest admiration.
For you a great respect I hold
You fill my soul with awe;
But when it comes to just plain love
Mine goes to '34.

DOROTHY MUDD

Alumni Notes

Alumni Luncheon and Card Party

ALUNCHEON and card party, held in honor of the Home Coming of the Class of 1931, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel on Saturday, November 14th, was quite a success. It was indeed gratifying to see the teachers of the latest graduating class come back to join with the old Alumni members. Immediately before the luncheon they met in conference with Miss Tall and the Normal Faculty, attending the luncheon afterward with other members of the Alumni. A spirit of good fellowship prevailed during the luncheon. It could be plainly seen that everyone was happy to be there.

After the luncheon, others came to join us in bridge and five hundred. The same feeling of good fellowship again prevailed. The success of the afternoon was due to the efforts of the committee and the support given it by the members of the Alumni Association. If you were not present at the Lord Baltimore Hotel on November 14th, you missed a very pleasant afternoon.

Investigate the "Calendar" recently mailed you, and make a special effort to be present at your Alma Mater's next event. If you would like to help us, come get to the front and set the pace. Your idea may be a good one. The officers and executive committee are glad to hear suggestions. Our Alumni Association would be more effective if we had your active support.

MYRTLE M. GROSHANS, Secretary

Another Homecoming Luncheon Report

THE 1931 conference and the Alumni homecoming luncheon and card party held November 14 at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, was a very delightful occasion. The invited guests at the luncheon were Miss Lida Lee Tall, Dr. David E. Weglein, Honorable J. Charles Linthicum, Mr. Clarence G. Cooper, Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough.

Mr. Harry L. Caples, the President of the Alumni Association, presided. Dr. Weglein spoke of the keen pleasure that he experienced in attending our Alumni luncheons and banquets, and stated that he was always glad to cooperate in any way that he could with our Association.

The next speaker, Hon. J. Charles Linthicum, spoke of the efficiency of the "little red school house" and warned educationalists against too much specialization.

Miss Tall spoke of the three-year plan, particularly of the World Today Courses. She outlined the plan of the Executive Committee for the erection of an Alumni Lodge to be used by the students of Normal.

Other speakers were Miss Crabtree, Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough and Miss Elizabeth Hartje.

RUTH CAPLES

The Alumni Dance

WELCOME! Doors open! The eye rests upon the glory of the white and gold! An atmosphere of warmth, gayety, contentment—a cordial word and handshake with our most esteemed Dr. Tall, and then the renewing of acquaintances to the strains of melodious tunes. Never in the history of the Normal School has there been such a return of Alumni to greet their Alma Mater. In the midst of a waltz—stillness, bliss, a land of fantasy—then a knock on the back—and awakening—a smiling hello—contentment and the dance is resumed. What a boost for dear old Normal when her faithful students to her hearth return, as children, with beaming smiles of happiness.

ARLENE GREENBAUM, Freshman 9

Guests at Our Home Coming Dance

CLASS OF 1931: M. C. Weber, M. Taylor, J. McLaughlin, M. Olias, J. Byers, E. Akehurst, A. Diering, E. Lawrence, M. Kerr, A. Trovato, M. Wachtel, V. White, A. C. Sauter, M. Blanchard, D. Jones, L. Parks, A. Reir, M. Diffendal, N. King, H. Gross, A. Jansen, P. Hyde, W. Woolston, D. Weaver, E. Pepper, B. Hitechew, M. Fisher, T. B. Fries, E. M. Davis, E. Hessenauer, A. Powers, L. Givens, F. Lanza, M. J. Moore, J. Roos, E. Byrd, V. Barclay, L. Cusick, D. Ehlers, E. L. Rittenhouse, K. Gwynn, K. C. Carroll, E. Murphy, L. Smith.

CLASS OF 1930: A. Kaiser, J. Meyer, W. Olson, J. Fischer, S. Acree, N. Swaine, E. Schaffer, C. Freeman, E. Rosenblum, A. Salzman, L. Cohen, A. Palees, G. Neumeister, Jr.

CLASS OF 1929: J. Barlow, J. Seamon, N. Zink, R. Stafford, H. Wilson, A. Hackman, K. Franklin, M. L. Hibline, M. Brown, M. Royston, E. Owings, W. Valentine, F. Grist, S. Goldberg, M. Kirby, H. Hoffman, R. Ulman.

CLASS OF 1928: H. Byer, E. J. Ferrens, S. Chernak, M. M. Merritt.

CLASS OF 1927: J. Raspe, M. Rigby, E. Hayes, G. Sieverts, W. Mahaney.

CLASS OF 1925: R. Harry, E. F. Amoss, C. Hesshan, M. Greenholtz, E. Imhof.

CLASS OF 1924: F. Gunderloy, J. W. Bolleinger.

CLASS OF 1921: M. B. Schmidt.

CLASS OF 1915: H. McGuigan.

Cecil County Unit Active

THE CECIL COUNTY ALUMNI UNIT met in Elkton on Saturday, November the seventh. Nineteen people were present. The president of the Unit, Mrs. Mary Field, spoke a few words of greeting and expressed her pleasure in having so many of our friends with us, especially those from Harford County and Baltimore. Mrs. Field said that our pleasure could not be judged by the number present, for each year the meetings prove more enjoyable than those of previous years, and that she considered it a privilege to be present.

The report of the treasurer showed a balance of sixty dollars in the bank. The election of officers followed. Mrs. Field was elected president; Miss Ethel Taylor, vice-president; and Miss Katherine M. Bratton, secretary-treasurer.

It has been the custom of the Cecil Unit to invite the Harford Unit to meet with us, and this year three members were able to be present—Mrs. Twining, President of the Unit; Miss Hattie Bagley, and Miss Mary Risteau, of the State Board. Each of the three spoke a word of greeting, and Miss Risteau told us how the members of the State Board carry on their work and how willing they are to cooperate with the teachers throughout the state in every possible way.

Miss Scarborough, whom the Cecil Unit regards as its "Guardian Angel," brought greetings and news from the school. Next followed Mr. Caples, President of the Alumni Association, who gave suggestions on how to improve our Unit and our duty to our Alma Mater. He also spoke of the TOWER LIGHT, and praised it for the high standard it has reached in a literary way.

After Mr. Caples' talk a social hour followed and refreshments were served. We were fortunate enough to have with us at this meeting: Mr. Caples, the Misses Scarborough, Chenoweth, Bagley, Risteau, Pippin, Taylor, Barnes, Cleaves, Bratton, White, and Katharine M. Bratton, Mrs. Groshans, Green, Lurning, Field, Gonce, and Levering.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne" the meeting adjourned, to meet next October on a date to be selected by the President.

KATHARINE M. BRATTON, *Secretary*



Furnishing the Library

ONE OF the many clubs organized at Parkway is the Library Club. Miss Stauffer, third grade teacher, has consented to take charge of this activity. Room 205 is being used for this purpose. Club members are making racks for books and for the faculty's magazines. The boys are making the bookcases, and the girls are painting them.

The object of this club is to make a place for our books, so that we may go there and read. It is expected to be a cozy, comfortable place, where we may get our knowledge.

At a meeting held October 1 officers were elected. Peggy Stauffer is the president. They are trying very hard to make this club a success.

GRACE BIDDLE, Chief Reporter
Parkway School News—Frederick



To My Dear

*The sun drops down behind the hills,
The twilight turns to night;
The little silver stars peep out,
The lamps the angels light;
Some for love,
And some for peace,
And some for happiness!*

*The frail and dainty moon-boat comes,
A sailing o'er the sea;
And the cargo of this tiny craft,
Is golden dreams for thee;
Some of love
And some of peace
And some of happiness!*

*The loneliness and silences,
Seem deeper in the dark;
May the night wind sing its song to thee,
And play its pine tree harp;
One of love
And one of peace
And one of happiness.*

*Of all the gifts of all the earth,
Or of eternity;
There are but three that I should wish,
The dear God grant to thee,
One is love
And one is peace,
And one is happiness!*

SUSINNE RUBY, Class 1915

SPORTS

Chatter-Box

By SYDNEY LAND—*Junior 2*

To the student body: Those of you who do not know or are in doubt as to the rules covering basketball, football, soccer and indoor baseball, should get Goldsmith's Official Rule Book, which is in the library annex.

The editor was asked to act as chairman of the Seniors, for the Football Rules Committee, along with Mike Saltzman, Ben Kremen and Russell Denison. The Freshmen have not as yet appointed their committee, but Oscar Culley has been made chairman.

The object of this committee is to draw up a set of rules to govern the coming Senior-Frosh football game.

The basketball team is rapidly rounding into shape, and it seems as if Normal will not only have a strong varsity team and squad, but also a junior varsity quint that may break into the win column this season.

The varsity schedule totals 18 games, while the manager of the J. V.'s is still arranging an attractive card. The J. V. schedule will be announced later.

It happened in a recent Normal-Towson High soccer game. Normal scored 6 goals, but lost, 4-2. The Normal backs will all receive major "T" 's for such meritorious work—but we wonder what they'll receive from Coach Minnegan. (Censored.)

At this time the tennis team is on its last legs, with one team already in the semi-finals, and the other six teams in the quarter-finals. Incidentally there have been no upsets and all the seeded teams are coming through as expected, but we wonder if the tournament this year will ever be completed. It is up to the participants to see that the tournament is played out and that the winners receive their just reward.

Believe it or not—Mr. Minnegan's soccer proteges performed a feat which should go down into the annals of State Normal. What did they do? Why, they won all of the games played the week of November 2, three in all, and extended their winning streak to eight straight.

Incidentally, Normal also trounced Poly, 2-0, to extend their winning streak to six consecutive wins and to hand the Engineers their first setback in the past three years. We offer you congratulations!!!!

Tom Johnson, outside left, was knocked out in this contest and is confined in the infirmary with back and knee injuries. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery, Tom.

The January issue of the TOWER LIGHT will be dedicated to sports, and will feature a cover designed by one of the members of the sports' staff. There will be—aw wait 'till it arrives.

We hope, now that the probation period is almost over, for the best. 'Twould be a shame to lose so many fine athletes, both boys and girls—but such is life. Probation exacted its toll last year, and Coach Minnegan added some gray hairs and aged considerably before the basketball season ended.

The 'varsity basketball's team first practice game ended in a 28-20 defeat, but Mr. Minnegan insists that the team looks promising, so we'll let it go at that.

With the opening games of the season the first week in December, and State Normal's quint just rounding into shape, Captain Mike Saltzman, who hurt an old shoulder injury in a practice game against the Oakley A. C., of the Baltimore Basketball League, on Monday, November 16, will be out for about one month. This calamity will be keenly felt when the varsity five plays their first major game.

The accident occurred in the third quarter of the Oakley game, when, in a wild scramble for the ball in mid-court, Mike was thrown on his shoulder and one of the Oakley's fell on him. Of course the event was purely accidental.

It has been suggested to the editor that a fee of five cents be charged to people who come to see our basketball games, other than students and faculty—and after seeing the conduct of some of the visitors who came to see the game, it would be worth while to have a committee to pass judgment on people coming in to see the games, as to decency.

For the benefit of non-participants, rules covering the Class football game were posted on the bulletin board by the TOWER LIGHT.

Incidentally, Mike Saltzman's shoulder injury will affect the Senior Class football team considerably. Mike was originally slated to hold down the position of quarterback, and with such a few players on the Senior section, the chances of coming through will be doubled.

Although the editor will be with the Senior team, the following lines are not being offered as an alibi, for this is just a forecast, which is being written on November 18. The Freshmen should outplay the Seniors and give the upperclassmen a sound trouncing. We venture to say that the final score will be about 20-7. The Seniors will be outweighed by about ten pounds a man and have but few substitutes. Of these substitutes, about one or two have a vague idea of what football is like—therefore, is there anyone who can see a Senior victory????

"Cats" Have Keen Competition At Normal

CURIOSITY is usually attributed to the makeup of cats, but it seems that an excess measure of this trait is present in the Normal boys.

Or is it that they are jealous of the girls' invasion of their soccer field for a game? If you had witnessed the diverting scene of six, supposedly males, engaged in a play of what some might call hockey, you would wonder, too.

It is hard for me to paint this amazing spectacle for you, but try to use your imagination and think of an extremely tall boy dribbling along the field with a midget hockey stick, and another ferocious being, of that sex, attacking him. Surely, the girls can appreciate this, and some of our men might even voice the opinion that they should have been there.

Considering the general aspect of such an event, it seems as though the boys have been watching the hockey players for quite a time now, and have finally given way to a long-suppressed desire. This recessive trait is bound to appear, so in the case of future incidents may we do one thing—increase the size of the hockey stick.

SELMA TYSER, *Freshmen 1*

Y. W. C. A. Pool Entices Normal Mermaids

IT HAS been made possible for Normal natators to participate in the strenuous sports of swimming, through the courtesy of the "Y" executives, who have offered us the use of their pool every Thursday afternoon between 4 and 5 P. M. Under the supervision of Miss Daniels, sidestroke, backstroke, crawl, backcrawl and diving will be taught, not to further competition, but to help beginners and to improve those who are already farther advanced.

In this sport, as in all others, points will be given for passing the following tests: Swimming the pool 25 times free style; 15 times crawl; 15 times backcrawl; one length of the pool doing the head carry; one length doing the chest carry; swimming the different strokes for form; doing three perfect dives from the side of the pool; three back dives, three front dives and three of one type of fancy type from the board; two surface dives, floating one minute, and treading water one minute. For passing these tests and any others that might be added as the season progresses, special awards, such as the fish and expert swimming emblems, will be given.

Last year much progress was made, although the class decreased to half its original size before the close of the second term. We have started with a large group this year, but instead of decreasing, let's try to double the size of the class, so that Normal will be able to boast of good swimmers.

SELMA TYSER, *Freshman 1*

Mixed Doubles Tourney Nearing Final Round

BEGINNING the week of September 21, enthusiastic attention was drawn toward the mixed-doubles tournament, both by participants and by followers of the sport.

We are quite fortunate in having some excellent material among the twenty-one teams entered in the tournament. Four of these teams have been seeded, although unofficially, as follows: Liberman and Newman, Kulacki and Crist, Land and Tyser, and Hardesty and Herold.

At present the quarter-finals are going on, and as soon as they are over, the semi-finals will take place. There are five rounds in all, but only two have been completed. The players are still in the third round, which ends soon.

The games of this quarter so far have been close and exciting. Saltzman and Chelf won from Hirschorn and Salchunas, 4-6, 8-6, 6-3; Land and Tyser won from Missell and Blaker, 3-6, 6-3, 6-2. Kulacki and Crist defeated Slade and Bussard, 6-0, 6-0.

Tennis fans can look forward to fast interesting sets in the finals, since Land and Tyser, Harris and Momberger, Kulacki and Crist, Saltzman and Chelf, and Liberman and Newman are the competitors for remaining honors.

RUTH OHEIM, *Freshman 5*



Calvert Hall Breaks Normal's Winning Streak

ONE GOAL was the total amount scored in the recent Normal-Calvert Hall soccer game, but that one tally was registered by Calvert Hall to defeat Normal 1-0, and to break a White and Gold winning streak of eight consecutive victories.

The game was nip-and-tuck all the way until the final whistle brought to a close a most spectacular grind, as darkness began to envelop the soccer field.

After Calvert Hall scored, in the early part of the fourth quarter, Normal launched two terrific drives, which just fell short, as the ever-alert Cardinal backs quickly booted the ball out of the danger zone.

For once, there was no individual star on either eleven, both teams showing signs of cooperation. The passwork of both forward lines and the stellar kicking of the backs was the feature of the contest.

SYDNEY LAND, *Junior 2*

Freshmen 5 Win Frosh Hockey Championship

As THE call for hockey candidates echoed throughout our halls at the beginning of October, 55 eager Seniors and 75 enthusiastic Freshmen answered in a way that started the cracking of sticks against the ball. The first few weeks of practice were devoted to the teaching and perfecting of the necessary fundamentals. Under the supervision of our ever-patient coach, Miss Roach, many learned to play hockey for the first time, while others strengthened their weak points and various plays, and before long several prospective players were playing hockey with the dash of recklessness which characterizes a very experienced player.

With fundamentals accomplished and section teams picked, the members of the Frosh class fell in line on November 3 for their first competitive games. The competition for claiming the Freshmen championship began with the playing of intersection games, with the following results:

Freshmen 5.....3,	vs.	Freshmen 7.....0
Freshmen 8.....2	vs.	Freshmen 6.....0
Freshmen 1.....1	vs.	Freshmen 4.....0
Freshmen 9.....1	vs.	Freshmen 2.....0

As the subdued teams left the field their conquerors fell into formation again for the semi-finals. This time the remaining teams fought harder than ever in order to compete in the finals, with these results:

Freshmen 5.....1	vs.	Freshmen 9.....0
Freshmen 8.....1	vs.	Freshmen 9.....0

On Thursday, November 5, Freshmen 8 met Freshmen 5 and were defeated in the finals by a score of 1-0. Section 8 fought valiantly and left the field quite worn and frayed, while their victors rejoiced over their third consecutive victory. Freshmen 5, as a certain writer says, "reached their prime and presented a bold front."

ADELE PLITT, *Freshman 5*



Thoughts

Humor is the antiseptic of life.

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The **TOWER** **LIGHT**

JANUARY 1932



Teachers Coll.

The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

Towson, Md.

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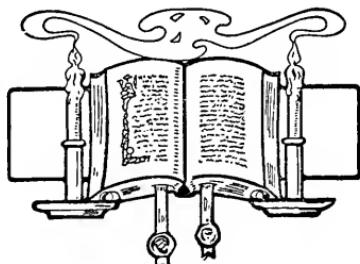
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A New Year's Message

A NEW YEAR begins. Let us take stock of our assets as well as our liabilities. The Towson Normal School has as its greatest asset the youth of its students. Youth is a period of high ideals, aspirations, and desires. We can capitalize this—at two percent—at four percent—at six percent. What are your ideals for this school? What are your ideals for yourself? The individual for the community and the community for its individuals—these two factors furnish much food for thinking.

Light your New Year's candle at a shrine; let the shrine be an aspiration and watch your candle burn. In the process, clear thinking and able conduct of your own life's purposes will come to you, and that in turn will reflect upon the school. A burning candle and its reflecting light! What beauty!

LIDA LEE TALL



Professional Training In Play

66 **L**ET ME try a place kick. Does a drop-kick count more than a goal? Show me how to punt a spiral. What was wrong with my corner kick? Why was I off side? That is an in-field fly. Use the double tap. I almost have my hand balance. Will you help me with my hand spring? How many times must I chin for the silver badge? Use the round arm shot. This league is almost over. Johnny is out."

The play holds an important place in the modern scheme of education. Child's play life is rich, complex, and varied. To the child, play is very serious and vital. The child spends several hours in play every day. His nature and behavior may be modified to a great extent through the play life. The child needs understanding adult guidance if the potential developmental values are to be gained from play.

The class room teacher is largely responsible for this necessary guidance. The play life of the child challenges the modern teacher with its problems and opportunities. How can this powerful drive be utilized and directed in order to secure educational values? What equipment should the prospective teacher have?

1. He should understand the needs, capacities, and interests of children in reference to play.
2. The teacher should have a working knowledge of how to play the main games and how to officiate them. Indoor baseball, soccer, dodgeball, fieldball, American ball, and volleyball might be included.
3. He should have an adequate stock of fundamental skills. He should be able to demonstrate how to throw in, how to shoot, how to dribble, etc.
4. He should have a favorable play attitude.
5. The teacher should know the chief aims of play (the potential contributions of play to education).
6. He should know the activities best suited for realization of these aims for a given group.

In general, the teacher should have a working knowledge of the relationships between the main factors in the teaching situation, e.g., the child, the activity, the aims, the leadership, the time, and the facilities.

How are these needs of the prospective teacher met at the Maryland State Normal School? These needs receive consideration from the very beginning of the student's Freshman year. The experiences of the students are definitely planned with professional training in view.

This article will point out illustrations showing how the general scheme is arranged for the men of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson.

A series of parallels between the Campus Elementary School physical education, and physical education for Freshman, serves to emphasize the professional needs of the students.

The Freshmen follow this plan:

In the Fall, team games are given the major portion of time. These games are played in league competition: Playground ball, soccer, touch-football, and American ball. The students receive special drill in the fundamental skills of these games. They also play games which are suitable for the playground. These include circle dodgeball, Black Tom, and similar games. The same activities on a different level, are played by the Campus School children.

During the Winter, the Freshmen classes play basketball, pinball, and dodgeball in league competition. Folk, and clog dances, tumbling, stunts, and combative activities complete the program.

In the Spring, indoor, dodgeball, and volleyball are played. Badge test preliminaries are also developed for all men. Track and field events are planned as follows: Classes of 80 pound events are used, then the 95 pound events are practiced by the group, and so on until a meet has been held in each of the weight classes. Tennis is emphasized also.

In this way, the plan of parallel activities is carried throughout the year. At any given time during the year, the Freshman men are participating in the same activities as the boys in the intermediate grades. The level, and emphasis of course is different but the plan brings the activities of the elementary school close to the Freshmen men.

The freshman course takes care of experiences in leadership. Every Freshman is assigned to act as squad leader. He must teach at least once during each term. He then receives a chance to officiate in team games at least once. Participation in the Campus School program is encouraged.

Physical education II is called "The Theory of Play". This course is designed primarily for professional training in play activities.

The students' experiences during the practice teaching period (Physical Education III) are guided through conferences, visits, and various follow-ups. Special problems and needs are met during this period which prepare the student for the field.

Physical Education courses I, II and III furnish opportunities for experience in guiding the play life of children. The need for training in this field is met by means of an integrated, professional conscious program. This program starts during the early part of the Freshman year and is continued throughout the student's Normal School life.

D. MINNEGAN



Chatter-Box

By SYDNEY LAND, *Junior 2*

At last, those of you who have followed this column, will see that the sports number we have promised you, has arrived—hope you like it. (With apologies to Ben Burnie.)

Ruth Oheim should be congratulated for doing the sports cover for this number, Mrs. Brouwer doing the supervising. The whole sports staff worked hard to make this number the outstanding one of the season, but we (the staff) would be glad to hear criticism—good or bad. Leave complaints or favorable criticisms in Miss Munn's office.

Incidentally, it was Ben Kremen who drew the new sports headline, getting his idea from another Normal School publication. Very sorry, but we can't mention the name of the paper, for we have forgotten it.

Well, the editor's football prediction was all wet. The Seniors did not score a point, while the Frosh could score but once—which all goes to prove, **WHAT????**

The Senior line held up courageously against a heavier and more experienced Frosh line, and with the exception of one blocked kick, the Seniors could register no complaints. Rachanow and Denison, Senior wingmen were a constant thorn in the Frosh's side, always smearing running plays, and hurrying the kickers and passers.

Incidentally, it would be interesting to note that the Seniors were outweighed between 10-15 pounds per man.

However, we must not overlook the Frosh's passing attack, which punched a score across in the third period. Cully to Kulacki—6 points—eventually—game.

Now that the soccer season is over, the editor guesses it is the correct procedure to give a brief account of the trials and tribulations of Mr. Minnegan's soccer proteges.

The "high spot" of the campaign was the winning streak of 8

straight, and defeating Poly, 2-0 to hand the Engineers their first setback in three years.—(Yea team)

The "low spot" was losing the first game to Towson, and then dominating Towson the second tilt.—(Yea team)

The men who bore the White and Gold on the soccer field for Normal, were: Captain Haggerty, Reubling, Missel, Tillman, Tyler, Williams, Maszeros, Kulacki, Johnson, Conroy, Freeny, Dugan, Duhan, Bean, Fisher, and John Milton Bergen, manager.

Lest we forget—the Frosh football victory evened inter-class games at 2-all.

We wonder if Miss Munn, faculty adviser of publications here at Normal, is a blood relation of a certain Mr. Munn who made the official All-American football team this year?????

Now that we have you guessing we'll tell you all about it in the next issue of the TOWER LIGHT.

We wish that a certain member of the varsity basketball team would stop "beefing" about the terrible breaks he gets, and about how good he is . . . instead, we wish he would demonstrate his prowess on the basketball court . . . remember, "actions speak louder than words."

After opening their basketball season in a very auspicious manner by defeating Franklin High, 23-18, Elizabethtown proved to be a Tartar, and we dropped the second game on the schedule, 34-33 . . . however, the team is still batting .500.

Of course the reason for our defeat was because Elizabethtown had their own referees and the Elizabethtown rooters trained machine guns on our quint, and threatened them with a lead supper if they won. This bit of information was compiled after hearing the alibis of various men on the team who made the trip. (Yea team)

After 4 months, the tennis tournament is liable to be over shortly. One team in the finals, one in the semi-finals, and two in the quarter-finals . . . which all means that if three more matches are played, the tourney will be over. (Hurrah)

Coming back to soccer—Those of you who read the *Evening Sun* sports section, may have noticed that Al Reubling was mentioned, by Johnny Neun, one of the best soccer authorities in the state of Maryland, to be the best center-halfback in the state. Yeah, he played on Normal's eleven. (This is a signal for people who like to brag about their school, to start something.)

And it was also said that Al plays better baseball than soccer. (What a man) Gee, Coach gets all the tough breaks.

Another victory chalked against our varsity quint. This time it was American U. by a margin of 20 points. Final score, 37-17. (Quick Watson, the needle!!) The editor now apologizes for the statement made

a few issues ago, that Normal will avenge some shellackings of last year.

Well, the Frosh girls did it—woe to the Senior girls when they have to say “the Freshmen beat us at hockey, 2-0” But that’s what really happened.

However, the Senior second team won a “moral” victory—their contest with the Frosh ended in a 1-1 tie. (Yea Senior—itas.)

Incidentally when Normal had their practice game with the Susquehannocks, our “ole” friend, August Jansen, better known as “Augie” helped in his Alma Mater’s downfall. (Yea Jansen)

We wonder what kind of a team Gallaudet will have this year. Last year they had a squad of about 12 six-footers who never dribbled the ball, but seemed to pass the ball right through the basket. As we said before, we wonder . . . And incidentally, Normal has a scheduled game with Gallaudet this season.

Did you know that a man on the faculty staff who teaches geography in Room 217, was once a football player at Cincinnati University? Incidentally, he teaches Geography Orientation and the first initial of his last name begins with “W” and that he shares his office with Mr. Mangan. This man played tackle, end, and quarterback on his Alma Mammy’s eleven. Guess who it is, and send your solutions to the TOWER LIGHT office.

Just to show how closely matched the two A hockey teams were,—in the three games played, the Frosh scored 4 goals, while the Seniors registered 3. In the B team series, the story was a little different. 16 goals were scored in all with the Seniors victorious after being held to a 3-3 deadlock in the first tilt.

May we take this opportunity to congratulate the feminine gender of our school for putting over their hockey tournament so successfully, in spite of adverse conditions.



Summary of the Soccer Season

DRAW UP A chair Professor, and we'll compile the statistics on one of the best soccer seasons the future teachers have ever enjoyed, Reading from left to left, top to top or what have you, let's go.

State opened its schedule auspiciously by taking Sparks into camp, at Normal, by the score of 8-0. This game uncovered future dribbling stars in Johnson, Reubling, Freeny, and Missel. September 30, Towson came to Normal and after a fast and furious encounter, walked off with the laurels 2-1. This was a disappointing contest in view of the fine play in the opening tilt with Sparks. October 2, Westminster High hove into port, with an "ole" friend, Pete Bowers, in tow. Our old grad did not seem to be enough inspiration for the county lads, and they were forced to accept a coat of whitewash for their pains, 3-0. Normal dropped the next four games in a row, the laurels going to Western Maryland, at Westminster, Franklin High, Williamsport A. C. and again to Towson.

There was mutiny in the hearts of the Normal booters after these defeats, and then came the uprising. Starting with a 3-2 victory over the Forest Park High School at Normal, October 21, the White and Gold combine swept aside Philadelphia Road High, Sparrows Point High, Catonsville, Blue Ridge College, Polytechnic, and again Blue Ridge College. This long winning streak saw a rejuvenated team, working like a well-oiled machine, tally goals and put up a defense that was well-nigh impregnable. The victories over Poly and Sparrows Point High placed our boys in a super-champion class. Victory over the latter gave the spectators a real kick. It was one of the finest games played on the local sod this season. Not satisfied with playing the regular time, the boys were forced to go two extra periods to down their foe by the score of 2-1. Incidentally, Sparrows Point are the champions of Baltimore County, and made a great showing in the recent State Championships.

Normal celebrated Armistice Day by defeating the Orange and Blue squad from Poly by the score of 2-0. The Engineers, cocky and confident over a long string of victories, uninterrupted in three seasons, and, also, because of their standing as champions of the Maryland Scholastic League, felt that this game would be a nice workout. But, it did not "work out" as they thought; our boys played them off their feet and copped the verdict.

The embryo professors closed the season on November 20, losing the last two games to Calvert Hall and Western Maryland College. The Cathedral Streeters snatched a 1-0 victory, while the Green Terrors romped away with an easy 6-1 decision.

And now Professor, we'll pack up with the promise that we'll see what we can do for you in other seasonal sports in later issues of the TOWER LIGHT.

RUSSELL DENISON. Senior 8

Forward Passing Attack Beats Seniors, 9-0

WAGING A COURAGEOUS, but futile battle against a heavier and more organized eleven, the Senior Class football team dropped a hard fought contest to the Freshmen, 6-0. A pass, early in the third period, Cully to Kulacki, was responsible for the only tally in the game. Tillman's place-kick for the extra point was bad.

In the first half, the Seniors kept the Freshmen in "hot water" by working the ball down the field and kicking offside inside the Freshmen's 15-yard line. However, the Seniors did not carry enough scoring punch to put across a tally. In the closing minutes of the first quarter, Denison, Senior left end, dropped back to the Freshmen's 30-yard line and attempted a field goal which was just a trifle wide of the crossbars. This was the Seniors' only serious threat all during the game.

The Frosh had a great opportunity to score in the closing minutes of the 2nd quarter when Duhan blocked Haggerty's kick, and Fisher recovered on the Seniors' 18-yard line. On the next play, Denison tackled Kulacki, and the Seniors were penalized 15 yards to the 3-yard line. On an attempted wide sweep around right end, Rachanow broke through the interference and spilled Nichols for a 10-yard loss. Then Cully was caught behind the line, as he attempted to pass, by Maszaros and Seeman. A long forward pass, Cully to Kulacki fell over the goal line, and as the Seniors lined up for the next play, the whistle blew, ending the half, with no score.

The Frosh opened the third quarter with a passing attack which carried them from their own 45-yard line across the goal line on five plays. The Seniors then opened their offensive drive after receiving the kickoff, and carried the ball from their own 25-yard stripe to the Freshmen's 40-yard line by a penalty, and end runs. The Seniors' offensive stalled at this point, and from then on, passes filled the ozone until the final whistle blew ending the game, with the Frosh in possession of the ball on the Seniors' 25-yard line.

Incidentally, only two major penalties were inflicted, one against the Frosh for unnecessary roughness, and one penalty against the Seniors for illegal use of the hands on the offensive.

Clean, hard ball was played throughout the game, and the better team won.

S. LAND, *Junior 2*

Freshmen Victors in Hockey Series

WINNING THEIR three game series with the Seniors' A team, the Freshmen A team took a firm grip on school hockey honors after winning the last two games; while the Frosh B team bowed to a better Senior B eleven.

The teams met each other for their initial joust on November 23 with the A teams combat resulting in a Frosh defeat by a score of 3-1. The members of the B teams were evenly matched as the score remained tied, 3-3, at the end of an extra period of play.

On December 1st, the elevens again fell in line for the second match. The tables were reversed for the A teams, as the Frosh eked out a one goal victory over the upperclassmen.

At first, the A teams' match seemed to be nothing more than a frenzied hitting of the ball, until the Frosh received a free-hit, and swept down the field with Miriam Levin ramming home the score.

The Senior B eleven saved the day from being an utter rout by running away with the Frosh in the second half after the half had ended in a tie score, 1-1. Four goals scored in the second half showed how the Seniors dominated play in that session.

A week later, December 7th, although the wind was sharp and the weather cold and biting the last meeting of the two teams was held. The Frosh A team proved to be entirely too strong for the Seniors, and when the game had ended, the Frosh were victorious by a 2-0 score.

The Senior B team, however, upheld the honor of the upperclassmen and trounced the Frosh B, 3-1.

ADELE PLITT



Freshman Girls' Basketball

THAT BASKETBALL is very popular with the girls of the freshman class was evidenced by the large turnout for electives last week. The number of enthusiasts certainly is not diminishing. Since the gym course for this term does not include basketball, those fond of the sport needed no coaxing to try out for electives. The girls practice on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons until about five o'clock, but they would stay 'til midnight if they could induce the coach to continue to referee. Somehow once you get back again on the floor and in the midst of the fight you just never want to leave. And do the freshman girls have pep and spirit as well as possibilities! What I say is, "Look out, Seniors!"

A. TOBER, Freshman 4

Last Half Rally Futile As Normal Loses

NORMAL'S BASKETBALL lost a hard, fast game on December 16 at the Catholic University gym, by a 40-26 score.

A game, that apparently was to be a rout, turned into a thrilling contest after Normal's cause seemed to be lost in the first half of play. The University boys started in a very auspicious manner and soon had a comfortable lead before many minutes of play had elapsed. Their offensive clicked with regularity and the White and Gold fives' defense could not find themselves. The Cardinals ran up a 17 point lead at the end of the half, the score at that time being 23-6.

Overconfidence at this point almost spelled disaster to the C. U. boys in the second half. By the end of the third period, Duhan had brought the score to 23-18. "Duke" scored twenty points, every point scored by Normal, in the second half, and was the star of the contest. He accounted for 23 of Normal's 26 points and was the largest individual scorer against the Cardinal quint in the past five years.

The last few minutes of play found the University boys rolling up the score, and the play ended with Normal on the short end of a 40-26 score.

TOM JOHNSON, *Freshman 6*

Tennis Tournament

THE FINAL round of the mixed doubles tournament has been holding the attention of tennis enthusiasts for the last couple of weeks, and some interesting sets have been played.

Land and Tyser have done considerable strenuous and admirable fighting during this time. They have played three stiff sets, leaving scores of 4-6, 10-8, default, and have reached the finals of the upper bracket. Incidentally their second set was played with well matched opponents for it took two hours of tedious plodding for completion. This victory leaves them in the finals of the upper bracket, and they will play the winners of the lower bracket for the honors of the tournament.

It now remains for Kulacki and Christ to play their match with Harris and Momberger. Fans may expect this encounter to be close and exciting for it will be the factor deciding which team will play Liberman and Newman for first place in the finals of the lower bracket. The winning team will meet Land and Tyser in the last set of the tournament.

Either gold or silver balls will be given to the members of the victorious team as prizes. Such a reward should be an incentive to those who are lucky enough to remain participants. These last games will be well worth watching, and although there has been no definite time set, don't miss the finals.

RUTH OHEIM, *Freshman 5*

The Crawl Stroke

YOU CAN TAKE a huge fire cracker, filled with the most effective powder, with a very ignitable thread running through it, and—what will be the outcome? Nothing, until a small spark is applied to set this noise machine into action. So may we think of swimming. You may have a smooth "back stroke," an easily gliding "breast stroke," a powerful "side stroke," and a regular "trudgeon". You will be an effective swimmer if you can count these among your resources, but not as competent as with the "crawl stroke," the powerful speed demon of modern perfection in swimming.

By knowing something of the evolution of swimming, you may better realize the importance of the "crawl". Many years ago when people thought of swimming, they thought of their one important stroke, the "side stroke". This was a very restful stroke, but could not gain much speed nor combat against rough waters. An important step was then taken with the introduction of the "single over arm." This stroke still used the scissor kick of the "side stroke" and the person rested on the side for the glide, but although the under arm still remained in the water the upper arm reached out of the water and far forward. Before most of the work had been done with the legs while now more power was had with the arms.

In 1873, J. Trudgeon introduced the "trudgeon stroke" after he had acquired the knowledge of it in South America. In this stroke both arms alternately reach forward, the head is out of the water, and a scissors kick and three flutter kicks are used. Of course, there are variations to this stroke, but you can get a general idea of it with this style. Trudgeon's speed was so great that many swimmers copied his style for a while and then set about improving it. It was found less laborious and faster to keep the head in the water and to use a double overarm stroke.

Thus an important step had been taken toward the development of the "crawl", when in 1902 Richard Cavill came to the English championships and was found using the "crawl stroke". This was an adaptation from the natives of the South Sea Islands among whom it was said to be common. C. M. Daniels, an American amateur of the period, made an excellent study of the stroke so as to increase his pace and win the English championships in 1907. He beat the world's record for 100 yards and introduced better methods in the stroke. This "crawl stroke", with the various improvements that have been added in the past years, is distinct from any other stroke used.

The stroke is done with the legs straight and relaxed, the power coming from the hips, the knees, and the ankles. The kick is done rhythmically, alternating the legs with an upward and downward motion in the water, the distance of the motion should be about twelve inches between the heels, and the toes are pointed slightly inward. The arms which are limber and bent slightly at the elbows, are dipped in the

water alternately above the head, and are drawn smartly back through the water, coming out at the hips. When one arm is propelling the body through the water, the other is recovered through the air for the next stroke. The head is in the water just to the eye level and is turned to the side with every other arm movement for breathing. In breathing, the air is taken in through the mouth and let out in the water through the nose. The kick is counted to the stroke taken by the two arms with the speed adjusted to the requirements of the individual.

In schools where the work is well done, land drill is used. I shall try to give you a few methods you may use to get an idea of this and to help your stroke in the water. To practice the leg movement you can hold on to some object and swing your leg backward and forward keeping it very relaxed. For the arm movement you can stand before a mirror and using the arms alternately, stretch one forward, pull it down to the hip, then raise the other keeping the hand close to your body. While doing this, remember to keep the arm slightly bent on the reach movement and then straight for the pull. You may practice breathing by turning your head to the side, opening your mouth for air, and then turning it forward and slightly downward to let the air out through your nose.

To show you how with the introduction and improvement of the "crawl" swimming has advanced, I want to give you some records of the 100-yard dash.

1878—the trudgeon was used—the record was 1 min. $16\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

1888—the improved trudgeon was used—the record was 1 min. $6\frac{1}{4}$ sec.

1907—the crawl was introduced—the record was 1 minute.

1925—Weismuller used the improved crawl—the record was 52 seconds.

1927—Weismuller broke his own record and set the new world record—this record was 51 seconds.

Surely you realize the great part the "crawl stroke" has played in swimming. If you do not care for the advance in speed, you must admire the beauty of its form. This stroke with its relaxed movement and exercise of the entire body has made it possible for doctors to say, "Natation is one of the most useful of physical requirements of man."

SELMA TYSER, Freshman 1



Activities

EVERY NORMAL child has the healthy, natural desire to make things; and his mind is never so active as when his hands are doing a piece of construction work that interests him,"—Satis Coleman.

"Learning by doing," "purposeful activities," "activities that lead on," "simultaneous learnings"—all, shades of Introduction to Teaching. We sat, listened and then questioned, "Can you work out activities in a classroom when you have forty or more individuals?" Many of us wondered, and some remarked, "Perhaps at Normal School, but not at one of the Public Schools." Others, less skeptical, said, "If we carry on activities, where are we going to get time to teach the fundamentals as required by the Courses of Study?" We thought of the question, debating it among ourselves throughout the year, hoping that Student Teaching would offer a solution to the problem for we knew that learning would come by doing.

In Miss Holtschneider's 6B Practice Class at School No. 98, the class carried on an activity that fulfilled the principal aims of activity work—namely, to give physical, mental, social and emotional experiences.

In the beginning of the year, the class decided to make a play, called "Reflections through the Mirror," in which they were going to take all the important events in history and dramatize them. The history topics for the first part of the year, in the sixth grade, are "How the U. S. gained respect at home and abroad," and "How the U. S. grew." The class felt that two of the most important events that took place and helped to gain respect for the small country were the meeting of the First Continental Congress and the Declaration of Independence. They proceeded to dramatize these. They used English periods to dramatize, activity periods to make scenery and costumes for the play and reading and history periods to get information. The costumes were very simple to make, but because of the variety of things,—buckles, hats, jabots, etc.—needed, they decided to form groups—each group making some one thing. The sewing group made cuffs and jabots of cheesecloth; the hat and buckle group made these things out of tag board, lacquering the former black, and the latter silver. The group making the background tried to copy the background in a picture of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. A trip to Carroll Mansion helped to further interest, for here the boys and girls saw antiques, furnitures, costumes, documents.

After the study of the Barbary pirates was completed, the class made a scene that would dramatize this. The boys and girls divided into groups, some sewing sashes for the pirates, some painting skull and bones on the black hats used in the Declaration of Independence scene, and others making a boat.

When the students came to the study of the War of 1812, they could not think of a suitable scene except dramatizing the writing of the "Star-Spangled Banner." They felt that this would not be as difficult to make as the previous scenes, because they had the boat from the pirate scene and the costume from the Declaration of Independence scene. A trip to Fort McHenry was taken. When portraying this scene, some one asked what would be done about a flag, "for they didn't have 48 stars in the flag." Certainly, 48 stars were not in the flag and the result—a flag with 15 stars and stripes was made. (This flag was copied from a picture of the original Star-Spangled Banner.)

In the meantime, the new unit, Westward Expansion, had been begun. The class made several means of transportation—a flatboat and a covered wagon. Here, more than ever before, consideration for the group was necessary, for each child made some part and the parts were put together. To illustrate—many people worked on the covered wagon, four people made wheels, three sewed on the cover, two worked on the body, and one worked on the axles, and when all the parts were completed, the covered wagon was put together.

The next scene was the Louisiana Purchase. Here the class used the scenery and costumes from the Declaration of Independence scene.

From reading the above account one gets the idea that one scene was completed, dramatized, scenery, costumes, before another was begun. If we had done this, we would not have finished the history work, for, with so few activity periods, very little could be accomplished. The boys and girls were so interested that many remained after school to work while others did some of the sewing at home—worthy use of leisure. Although one scene was carried on after another was started, it was finished with the same keen interest throughout.

We tried to tie up everything that was taught in the Center with the activity. The interest was so great that the activity contributed to all subjects. Some of these contributions were: reading, to learn about the life in the early west, to find out how to make some things such as the covered wagon; arithmetic, measurement of scenery where it was necessary to use table of length and fractions, and making of wheels where it was necessary to use a compass and get spacing exactly correct; spelling, words such as pioneer, frontiersman, etc.; literature, appreciation of poetry about the west; oral and written composition, telling about the making of the different things needed in the activity and telling interesting happenings in the settlement of the west, writing of prologues, and plays; handwriting, the writing of invitations and programs. But in contrast with the subject matter contributions, was the outstanding experience of being a helpful member of a social group, for these boys and girls had had very little experience in working with each other.

From this experience in Student Teaching, we might well agree with Edward Yeoman when he says, "We are beginning to believe that

the main business of an elementary school is handwork, that upon that as a core you may properly wrap your 'windings,' reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and get a character much more integral and strong, better nerves, better judgment, better poise."

RUTH MILLER



True Love

*They sat upon the garden bench
With lovelight in their eyes;
Each mind was tingling with the thought
The other was a prize.
They snuggled close; his shoulder made
A pillow for her head
And then the damsel's mouth did ope
And feelingly she said:*

*"Oh, darling, will you love me when
My rouge is worn away;
When belladonna drops no more
Make eyes look bright and gay?
Oh, sweetheart, will you love me when
My marcel wave is straight?
Oh, when I have no lipstick, will
Devotion turn to hate?*

*The lad but gazed more fondly then
And cried, "Oh, precious one,
Though eyebrows you have plucked grew back
I'd think you still divine!"
"Ah, constant one," the maid exclaimed,
How greatly I am blest;
No love can fade and fizzle out
That stands so great a test!"*

A. TOBER, Freshman 4

"Much Ado About Nothing"

WINTER IS very much with us now. I'm sure of this because—I am become accustomed to arguing with myself about seven thirty every morning, as to whether M. A. D. will heroically get up and close the windows, or remain in a guilty state of semi-sleep, in a never-so-comfortably warm bed till the last moment. I generally win, and remain in bed; thus there follows another moral struggle—should I go breakfastless, and of necessity keep the ears well covered with my raven tresses, carefully, during the day? . . . or snatch a tid-bit?

Winter is treated in a variety of charming ways. Some folks gaily transfer the goldfish to the bathtub for the winter months, and ceremoniously sew up Ichabod and Lily in their red woolies. Think, with what glee Ichabod surveys the helpless fish that is doomed to many weeks of bath tub. But then, maybe Fishie has the last laugh, not being sewed in red woolies. Besides, he could scratch all he pleased, with no one to tell him to stop.

To be sure, there are other ways of utilizing the bath tub. Most people keep the coal handy there, and one extremely clever family I know, raise potted plants therein. In fact, Mr. Muggelty has some fine radishes and cabbages coming along. Some people just are knacky that way. I've some rather good ideas myself on the subject, but just as soon as I have some extraordinary project well started, some member of my family who is always following a foolish fad, decides to take a bath. (in midwinter, too!)

Some of the seniors who have made units on Eskimos, and therefore *know*, informed me that Eskimos to bathe their children, roll them in snow. It sounds highly impractical and foolish to me. I'm not surprised, though, people who eat fishes' eyes would do most anything. Which reminds me—

*I sing of the polar bear, fearless and bold
He never feels hot and he never feels cold
Because where he lives, summer never occurs,
And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs.*

*The crocodile lives in the tropical belt.
And neither the heat nor the cold ever felt
Because in the winter, his summers begin
And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin.*

*Now we poor unfortunates live in a clime
That calls for at least three fall suits at a time
A thick one, a thin one for days cold and hot.
And a medium one for the days that are not.*

Away with nonsense. Avaunt ye imps of Satan! I am done with jest. My true message is this, and I am quite certain the Health Education Department will bear me out. *Never under any circumstances take a bath!* It is foolish, unwise, and totally unnecessary. It might grow into a habit. Heed my words, for I am earnest. *Nice people, don't—*

M. A. DOUGLAS

▼

WITH HUMBLE APOLOGIES

An insurance company wrote out a \$1,000 life policy in the name of one Samuel Johnson. Premiums were paid promptly for a few years, but suddenly stopped. After sending a few delinquent notices, the company received this reply:

"Dear Sirs: Please excuse us as we can't pay any more premiums on Sam. He died last May. Yours truly, Mrs. S. Johnson."

ADVANCED GRADE

"And has your baby learned to talk yet?"

"Oh, my, yes. We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD

Anxious Mother: "And is my boy really trying?"

Teacher: "Very."

SAFE ON MOTHER EARTH

A young man fell into a state of coma, but recovered before his friends had buried him. One of them asked what it felt like to be dead.

"Dead," he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead, and I knew I wasn't dead, because my feet were cold, and I was hungry."

"But how did that make you sure?"

"Well, I knew that if I were in heaven I shouldn't be hungry, and if I were in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

Student: "Can a person be punished for anything he hasn't done?"

Teacher: "Of course not."

Student: "Well, I haven't done my English theme."

Teacher: "Willie, if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and I stopped him, what virtue should I be showing?"

Willie: "Brotherly love."

Teacher: "How is sawdust made?"

Molly: "With saw and—"

Teacher: "Come, come, use your head."

First Student (in the cafeteria): "Why are you swiping those spoons?"

Second Student: "The doctor told me to take 2 teaspoons after each meal."

The Problem of Neckties--A Collaboration

CAN YOU imagine the boys of today in the velvet and lace cravat of yore? The origin of ties goes back to about the sixteenth century when gold and silver lace ruffles were the favorites for men's neckwear. In the seventeenth century, men wore "falling bands" which were made of lawn or lace. They resembled, somewhat, the jabot of our modern feminine fashions. The men merely threw one end over the other and tied a bow of ribbon around their necks to hold the ties on. In the latter part of the century cravats became longer and had great tasseled ends. In the early seventeenth century the "steinkirk" appeared with long ends loosely twisted and caught through a button hole or held in place by a brooch. After this mode, we have a gathered frill of lace to garnish the front of the shirt. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, "solitaires" or long black ribbons attached to the tie of the wig and run loosely around the neck with ends tied in a bow under the chin, were fashionable. This is probably the origin of our so-called modern bow ties. About 1780 men wore their necks wrapped, in some mysterious fashion, resembling a sore throat. Then came the muslin neckerchief which also tied in a bow. George Washington was a notable example of this style. Benjamin Franklin in his day, wore black ties tied in an enormous bow like those girls wear to gym.

Of course, you know what a problem modern neckties are. One would have a rather hard time giving a very definite style for them now. Every other boy ties his in an entirely different way, and some don't even attempt to tie them. I really mean that. Some boys just throw one end over the other and let it go at that. Every now and then, while coming down the corridor, you may notice a boy who likes his "falling band", as it were, tied in a very tight knot so that it stands out straight from his neck. Then again there are others who prefer loose knots which are about nine-tenths as wide as the tie. Oh! don't let us forget the bow ties. Haven't you noticed boys wearing these who looked just about half choked. Beads are bad enough, but I can't imagine going around all day with a tight rubber stretched around my neck.

Now let us consider the colors. The variety and cheapness of ties today is such that boys should be able to have them match something that they have on. I recently saw a boy who wore an oxford gray suit, a blue shirt, green socks, and an orange tie. The conglomeration isn't anything unusual, but one doesn't often find exactly the same color scheme. The most prevalent weakness seems to be spotted ties—black ones with huge white spots and blue ones with red spots about the size of a half dollar. By the way, have you noticed a certain member of our freshman class who wears a bright green bow tie on special occasions—a basketball game for instance? Do you remember the red ones you saw during Freshmen-week? I guess this was a good chance to get rid of the tie that still remained from last year's Christmas collection. I

think boys get almost as many ties for presents as we do handkerchiefs. Boys are such funny things they never seem to need anything else, and besides it saves a lot of unnecessary thought. If there is a boy on the gift list, simply buy him a tie, and that is settled, seems to be the attitude of most girls.

In all the species where color and decoration are in order the male is more ornate than the female. Consider the fish. Where there is a chance for color, the male always is the lucky one. The same thing happens with birds and snakes. The lion is adorned by a beautiful mane, the lioness struggles along as best as she can without such adornment. There is a purpose in this. The male strives to make himself as attractive as possible in order to get and hold his mate. There is one exception to this rule. Here the female is the decorative one. Are we brave enough to face the reason? I guess I'll risk it even though the boys will probably read this article. The female is more decorative because she pursues the male. It is she who blazes forth in clothes of glorious color and texture and who wears jewels and other ornaments. Poor man has been so squelched by convention that now he has only one means of expressing himself. That means is his neckties. But, alas, it looks as if he will not be able to keep this privilege very long, because it seems that conventional dark blue, black or white are looming on the horizon as the colors that the well dressed man will wear. We know with how much derision a man who wears a bright tie is greeted. I tell you this must stop. If the condition is not soon improved, we shall have machine-like men, all looking the same, all dressed the same, all hungering for color. If we intend to allay such disastrous results, we must hasten to take steps to prevent them. Let us use women's weapons. The most powerful one is flattery. Let us go to the men we know and tactfully suggest that light blue would emphasize the color of their eyes, or that green would bring out the rosiness of their complexions, or that red or yellow would be becoming to their dark hair. This should work like a charm. If a man is particularly obtuse, tell him how much you admire Mr. Brown's taste. Refer to his beautiful neckties, and openly admire Mr. Brown. If this does not work, do not despair. Buy him neckties for gifts and insist that he wear them. If he refuses, resort to tears. If, after all these efforts, the man does not comply with your wishes, he is hopeless and probably never had or never will have any individuality. He must fight to preserve this last vestige of masculine adornment at all costs. We must not let men notice that man is the exception to the rule. They should not know that we are adorning ourselves for their approval, and that we are pursuing them. Therefore, I say, give us better and brighter neckties for our own and for our men's self-respect.

DOROTHY BOTHE, Freshman 1
HAZEL SCHWARTZ, Freshman 1

Winter

*Christmas carols and lights are gone,
Winter's coldest coat is on.
Sleet and snow vie with each other,
Cheerless, cloudy, days together.*

*Slippery, slushy, sidewalks stare,
While careless feet go up in air.
Shorter and shorter bides the sun,
Hurrying feet call forth the dawn.*

*Yipping youngsters rend the chill,
Contagious laughter makes you thrill.
Ca-lank ca-lank ca-lank ca-lank!
Stealthily traffic its cautious way goes.*

*Haggard lads the deep snows trudge
Goodies for the rich to smudge,
While round their fires laughter roars—
Ragged beggars in holes do board.*

*Unceasingly, silent, snowflakes fall
Slowly settling, covering all
Nature's sculptor begins again
Lightly, softly, sh-sh-sh.*

HENRY KITT, Freshman 3



Winter Fantasy

*I have loved the snow-flakes
I have loved the star-dust
I have loved a pine tree
'Gainst a wintry sky.*

*I have held communion
With a stranger being
In the purple twilight
'Gainst a wintry sky.*

*I shall go at evening
I shall go at twilight
I shall find a pine tree
'Gainst a wintry sky.*

*I shall see strange visions—
I shall bear strange stories—
Pine trees and the stardust
And a wintry sky.*

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5

Snow Scene

*Swirls of star dust
Crowded in a velvet carpet for our feet.
Ghosts of trees
Nodding benevolently
And smiling softly as we pass.
A playful breeze
Gently carrying fragile gems
Bedecks us like king and queen
With white, iridescent loveliness.
Slowly our eyes shut,
We smile,
And laughingly shake the jewels from our hair.
We are extravagant.*

DOROTHY BOTHE, Freshman 1

Festival

Struthers Burt

Publ: Charles Scribner's Sons—1931.

AS AN INTRODUCTION to the book, there is printed a tiny quotation: "A man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do what he likes".—Huxley.

Struthers Burt has exposed in this book, the souls of people with too much leisure time, with no definite purpose in life, other than to try to make life pleasant. On the other hand two of his characters have very definite purposes in life and lose themselves to humanity in the accomplishing of their purposes. There is an unusual and very frank character study of Dorn Griffiths, a banker, and his very attractive and fine daughter, Delice, who married an Italian prince. In this way a very interesting side of foreign life is brought to us. One sees the futility of life without a purpose and the vices produced by idleness.

Festival is by no means intended to tender a lesson in morals—at least one isn't conscious of it in reading the book but it is a very frank outlook on life, as seen by men and women who are thrown on their own resources, who unfortunately have none, other than money.

The book is well written, easily read, and rather absorbing, leaving one with an after-thought that bears weighing, mentally. Every type of reader meets, in this book, a person who stimulates him to questioning life in its making.

Taking all things into consideration, the book takes its stand with the typical modern book, though it is distinctive for its unusual character study, and rather fine plot.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE '31

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Tower Light Staff Changes

ANY ORGANIZATION is more effective if all parts of the business are familiar to each member of the executive staff. The second term student teaching has made vacancies in every department. Ruth Caples has been chosen co-editor with Mary Ann Douglas. Sydney Land is cooperating with them for the January number. Harry Greenberg has charge of the Advertising and Circulation. Incidentally he is looking for competent prospects among the freshman class as possibilities for next year. Virginia Stinchcum is handling the humor and Genevieve Waters social activities.

Our Mater

LIFE SEEMS queer when one wishes for love and beauty and seeks for it everywhere save in his environment and when he departs, finds that he has left it where he had not thought to look for it. An old, although young friend on leaving the school remarked that he now knew how boys felt on leaving. He thought before that they were kidding. He could not feel as they felt. I watched him. He had found himself. It was Revelation. It came at the end of his life at Normal. His friends are here. Friends he had loved without knowing. Thoughts. Overwhelming thoughts. Scenes that grew to be a part of him. Now left behind. It was a hard thought. His philosophy came to the rescue. He will make new friends. He will meet old friends. His interests will change but he will leave part of himself behind. He cannot help it. Before, he thought it was foolish. Now it is real. Love is around you. Beauty is around you. One sees it when he comes. One loses it through association. One realizes it when he leaves. Life is queer.

H.

What, Why, and How!

INTRODUCTION: One of our guest speakers noted in the field of dramatics, related an incident in which she asked a little girl why she was so interested in acting. She received this reply, "I get so tired of being myself all the time that I want to see how someone else feels".

WHAT WE WANT TO FIND OUT: Why can't we be ourselves all the time?

WHAT WE HAVE: Individuals each with a different background, environment, and training. Individuals each with his personality, talents and abilities, likes and dislikes, temperaments and sentiments.

HOW WE ARE GOING TO ANSWER THE QUESTION:

We hear over and over again that nature took infinite pains to make each one different; therefore in teaching little children, we should respect and foster individuality and let the individual express himself freely. But what about our own individuality? Must we sacrifice ours to maintain someone else's?

Sometimes it seems we are afraid to be individual—or ourselves—to speak and say and do as our inner self suggests; afraid of ridicule, silly laughter, sneering, envious voices. Yet those very ones who are hurt, join the great army against the many other individuals.

If we are not afraid to be ourselves—to express ourselves, there must be another hindering factor. Perhaps it is for the simple reason that we have nothing to express. Can this be because

we were repressed by some thoughtless individual or through fault of our own in not taking advantage of the values and beauties in the life around us?

Are you being yourself when you "sugar coat" your thoughts—when you say one thing and mean another? You would probably need more than your ten fingers to count such occasions during one day. Why can't we learn to give the truth sincerely and to take the truth beneficially. Is that too difficult a task?

Think! Are you yourself, or are you just acting in the capacity in which you feel you would be most acceptable at that time and adding to the "quacks" on our great stage?

MOLLIE HIRSH, Senior 2

A Dream

I have a dream of wind-tossed seas,
Of pirates daring and bold
Of many loots and sunken ships
On seas of blue and gold.
Of Spanish coins that clinked in chests
When carved ships tossed and rolled
With men in tattered silks and rags
And wine kegs in the hold.
Of coarse, cruel, boisterous laughter
And seamen's slandering songs
Of wenches who had been their own
In times that long had gone.
Of islands dense with waving palms
And coc'nut trees on the land
Of whirlwind storms and treacherous calms
And treasure chests buried in sand
Of slinking men to a darkened ship
Under cover of star clad night
A hoist of sails to a stiffening breeze
As they pass out of dream—out of sight.

R. B. BONNERT

Biography of the Growth of My Taste in Literature

IF I SHOULD make a biography of my taste in literature as it has grown and developed—or has it?—from my first “Mother Goose Rhymes” to my present intense loathing for anything except harsh, stark realism and cynicism (I understand all adolescents go through the same stage), that biography would fall into four entirely separate, yet somehow connected, divisions. My first reading was based purely and simply on parental choice and fond relatives’ gifts. Somehow or other I always got the type of book that is printed on cloth—warranted to be indestructible. There wasn’t such a wide range—“The Mother Goose Rhymes”, “Adventures of Peter Rabbit”, “The Three Bears”—and the other famous classics of childhood, then working up through the whole “Bobbsey Twins” series, the “Curlytops” and the “Five Little Peppers” to Louisa Alcott’s “Little Women” and “Little Men”. Nothing radical so far, was there? Then, just as I was developing nicely along traditional lines of reading for a “little lady”, someone in a moment of delirium presented me with “Elsie Dinsmore”. I read it once and was never the same again. I began to display deplorable tendencies toward becoming one of those more-to-be-pitied-than-censured creatures—a tomboy. To weep was one of the seven deadly sins, and I strove—with far too much success—to be hard and aggressive. Meekness and mildness meant only one thing—Elsie, and rather than seem like that pusillanimous Niobe, I went to the other extreme and was “known by my deeds.”

Just at this time Big Brother began to peruse dime novels in the secrecy of his room or in the cellar (a touching sight, to find him crouched in the coal-bin devouring “Daredevil Dick or the Missing Mail” and others of the same ilk), and so I fell heir to a truly splendid collection of Tom Swift and his inventions; of Tom Brown and his everlasting college episodes; and numerous of Alger’s brain children. All of this was just another push along my self-chosen path leading away from Elsie. So I grew up through the grades—boasting of the numerous boys’ books I read, and in privacy reading and re-reading “The Blue, Red and Green Fairy Tale” books, and Hawthorne’s “Tanglewood Tales”. Thus the second stage.

Then I went to Junior High School. Away with such childish stuff! I had graduated to the so-called romances. I worshipped at the shrine of Temple Bailey, Ethel M. Dell, Margaret Pedler, Zane Grey and the rest of the “love-peddlers.” I even—though I blush to admit it now—fell victim to “True Confessions” and “Love Magazine”. My world was thronged with tall, dark heroes and laughing heroines who always got tangled up with the wrong man. I still had my secret tastes though—tastes I did not disclose in the lockerroom discussions so popular among us girls. Now they centered on “Popular Magazine” and “Weird Tales”, and for many a day the incense went up before Edgar Rice Burroughs

and his "Warlord of Mars". In school I was stuffed—and I say stuffed quite literally—with the classics, and it was in self defense that my poor overworked brain turned for relief to such froth. At least, I hope this was the reason: the alternative is certainly not flattering. So far my reading neither placed any great strain on my mental powers, nor added any to my experience. The only thing it did was ruin my eyes and develop in me a habit of skimming through a book, just hitting the high spots.

At this time Big Brother—having graduated from Yale (*mirabile dictu*)—settled down on the family hearth, bringing with him a really good collection of books he had amassed at Alma Mater. I had exhausted my "love peddlers" and not feeling equal to rereading any of them, I turned with misgivings to this deep stuff. Attracted by the cover I started blithely to skim through B. L. Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex", only to find before the close of the first chapter that Strachey's Elizabeth is not to be skimmed through. Disgusted, I would have laid the book aside, had not Big Brother been moved to chaff me concerning my "incapacity for mature literature". Grinding my molars, I vowed to wade through the thing and took it up once more, to find that neither did Strachey's Elizabeth have to be waded through. It was an agreeable surprise to say the least. After "Call of the Desert", "Blue Window" and the rest of such stuff, "Elizabeth and Essex" was a "thing of beauty and a joy forever." Nothing stopped me after that. I went through the book case like a starving man at a charity banquet. I showed no partiality—"The Immortal Marriage" by Atherton, and "Henry VIII" by Hackett—both were just so much grist in the mill. For awhile Big Brother's tastes were mine. Whatever books he had had at college were invested with a certain absolutism—they were Alpha and Omega. Beyond them was nothing; between their covers, everything. Oh, to have back that first "fine frenzy" of unquestioning acceptance! At that time my personal tastes just weren't. Only one series I balked at—"Shakespeare's Complete Works" and George Eliot's "Silas Marner". Perhaps it was the result of poor teaching in the grades—the monotonous picking to pieces and criticism of each in its turn, or perhaps simply lack of appreciation on my part of really good literature. But try as I might, I found—and still find, though to a lesser extent—that it is impossible to wring any depth of enjoyment or beauty either from Shakespeare or George Eliot. I enjoyed—and still enjoy—Poe, and find Dickens readable; but beyond these, I seldom venture even now without a feeling of distaste. Even in poetry I lean strongly towards modern verse. Although I can readily understand why Shelley and Milton or a very few of the other "singing souls" are considered truly great, I still prefer Walt Whitman and his crew or even Hilda Conkling. But this is digressing. At that time I had no definite tastes of my own, just a vague dislike for the works of these men. Then one day I stumbled across Louis Bromfield's "A Good Woman" and formed my still existing taste for character

delineation—especially the brick-in-the-bouquet type. I also have—though the source is a mystery to me—a passion for these crude, elemental novels in which the author indulges some suppressed desire by letting himself go, unrestrained by any conventions or decencies. You know the type—the kind the reviewer calls a “frank human story, vibrant with life and its passions”—damning praise to say the least.

Yet another taste is for humor—whether the hyperbole of Leacock, the flippancy of Faith Baldwin’s “Skyscraper” or the delightful whimsicality of Reitel’s “Let’s Go Fishing” or Wetjen’s “Fiddlers Green.” As for Walter Winchell—whether his gossipy scribblings are good literature or not, I thoroughly enjoy them. I even read Weare Holbrook in the Sunday Sun and howl at his woes with a glee I’m afraid Shakespeare and his comedies will never provoke.

But it is Edna St. Vincent Millay who is my patron saint. I knew her cynicisms by heart long before I ever realized the true beauty of some of her other poetry. It’s a far cry from “My candle burns at both ends” to “Oh world, I cannot hold thee close enough!” Yet somehow or other there is no jarring, discordant note; the transfer is made from cynicism to humility so easily and naturally. You feel that her sophistication, her flippancy, is just a cloak flung over a soul that shrinks from revealing itself too openly. She jeers at life when she mockingly says

“Safe upon the solid rock the ugly houses stand,
Come and see my shining palace built upon the sand.”

But her very being cringes before Infinity in her “Recessional”. And after all, what is cynicism but a secret fear of revealing a too sentimental, too self conscious soul to a world that feels it has done with such things? To me that is the spirit of her poetry, and because of it I have placed her “a little lower than the angels.”

My other “major prophet” is Kipling—I vacillate between the two impartially. There are others—Pearl Buck and Mark Twain perhaps, or Erskine. But to me, the best of them are Millay and Kipling.

It’s quite a jump from Louisa Alcott to Edna St. Vincent Millay. I wonder when and what the next change in taste will be? They say “school marms” have one all their own. Who knows—two or three years from now I may be reading—and enjoying—Einstein’s “Theory of Relativity”. At present it’s rather heavy reading—a taste for which I have yet to acquire.

VIRGINIA STINCHCUM



An Oral Composition

SONYA CHASSELL; five and a half years old, in the First Grade, came to school Monday morning bubbling over with joy. In her hand she held a cup of wild honey. When asked how she got the honey, she very enthusiastically reported:

We went in the woods.
There wasn't a path either.
I got all prickers on my overalls.
The bushes were sharp. Some were rose bushes.
When we got to the woods the men were chopping down the tree
They had three axes and two saws.
When the tree fell I was frightened and jumped off the log.
The bees buzzed around and one stung me. The men got stung too.
The tree was hollow and the bees had a home there.
We took some honey from the tree. We had two dish-pans full.

SONYA CHASSELL, *First Grade,*
Normal Elementary School



Autumn Thoughts

*When I watch the purple asters
Blooming in the sun
It makes me think of the violet haze that comes
When day is done
And as the withered golden rod
Drops its dress of gold
It makes me think of the setting sun
When the day is old.*

VIRGINIA SMITH, Montebello

SCHOOL NEWS

The Christmas Assembly

THE CHRISTMAS assembly was full of the reverent and beautiful spirit of the season. The Orchestra opened the assembly by playing Handel's "He Shall Feed His Flocks." Part of the Bible story of Christmas was read by Mr. Norris. The reading was followed by carol-singing, and the entire audience joined in under the direction of Miss Weyforth.

One of the most interesting numbers given by the children was "Away in a Manger". The kindergarten and the first, second, and third grades sang this piece. (The visitors in the balcony seemed to like this song particularly. I wonder why?)

The Glee Club sang its selections well. "Boots and Saddles" contained six solo parts which were sung by our students. Mr. Norris and a boy from the elementary school were king and page respectively in "Good King Wenceslaus."

Miss Margaret Spehnkoch read the poem "He Came All So Still." Mr. Hardesty finished the Bible reading of the Christmas story, and Miss Beach read "There's a Song in the Air." This served to balance the program nicely.

"Hail Ye Time of Holie Days" and "A Day of Joyful Singing" concluded an interesting and impressive assembly. The elementary school is certainly to be congratulated on its part in the assembly.

M. S.

Christmas Is Coming

*"The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
And visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."*

HERE IN THE dormitory every year, just about two weeks before Christmas we faithfully adhere to the old English custom or tradition of stirring wishes into the Christmas pudding. So this year, the "merry jesters" brought around the pudding and in it the wishes were stirred, and afterwards the sugar plums distributed. We slept with them under our heads, because, you see, that is the only way of making sure that the wishes we wished will come true.

GENE WATERS, Senior 9

The December Birthday Party

THE DINNER table December the eighth presented a lovely sight with its pleasing contrast of red candles and green pine against white linen and china. The display was for those whose birthday fell in December. After the dinner, which as we were afterward told, consisted of food which would make the heart of any mortal beat a little faster with keen anticipation, the "Decemberites" hied themselves to the Student Officers' Room where interesting entertainment was offered. Here also, cake and coffee were served. The birthday cake was all pink and green and white (similar in coloring, I imagine to the portion of the church Miss McComas showed us the other day.) Ah, lucky are the people who were born in December.

With Chief Friday

IT WAS with "fear and trepidation" that I awaited the arrival of Chief Friday. Would he live up to my idea of a *real* Indian chief? Would he have red cheeks, wear a feather headdress and solemnly raise his right hand in salutation? Alas, there walked out on the stage with Dr. Tall and Mr. Little—a man of medium stocky build, brown as a nut, and dressed in a conventional blue serge suit! Gone were my cherished dreams of Indians . . . but soon I found that I liked this stocky brown man more than my imaginary chief.

Mr. Little told us that Chief Friday had been brought from the northern woods of Canada, had lived in a birchbark wigwam, and had seen no white man until he was over fourteen.

Chief Friday himself then spoke to us. With an Indian accent tripping up his English, he told us about the woods of Canada where his people hunt and trap many fur-bearing animals, such as the beaver, otter, and bear.

I like elephants, so I couldn't quite appreciate the Indian name for them—"overgrown pigs"! But when I heard the names for other animals I felt comforted.

Chief Friday counted from one to five in his language, and we repeated after him. I have a confused memory of odd-sounding words with plenty of s's and c's.

He was at his best when he told his little story of hunting the moose. With him I crept fearfully through the "verdant forest among tall timbers", and raised a trembling empty gun at a large moose whose horns protruded from the willow trees. I heard the sound of the moose and lived the entire story.

Chief Friday understands and loves the woods. I envy him his memories of silent white valleys which become rich with blossoms in the Spring.

M. SIMMONS, *Freshman 2*

Seen and Heard From the Tower

ACCORDING TO complaints received from the Freshman 3 section, ye editor is all wrong. Freshman 3 is a very fine group of up-standing, righteous young men.

According to announcements made in assembly, the discussion groups have begun to function again. We hear that these informal discussions proved to be very interesting last year.

A certain Frosh has earned for himself the name of "horse". We do acknowledge that horses in some instances are very ungainly creatures.

In connection with a course in the theory of Physical Ed., games are explained and participated in by members of the group. Can you imagine the President of the Mummers' League, the Captain of the Basketball team, and one or two editors of the TOWER LIGHT participating in a very interesting game of "Old Lady Witch"?

It has come to our attention that a couple of girls have written what they term a "Collaboration on neckties". Of course, the girls noticing the Men's clothing has nothing on the men. If there were enough ambition left in ye editor perhaps he could sit down and write a lengthy harangue on the very weighty subject of "Girls' Dress". But, ye editor being a very unambitious creature wishes to write but a few lines in connection with the dresses worn by some people we know. The first dress to catch our attention was of a red, white, and black stripe, arranged in such a manner that one could very easily mistake the individual for one of the current modernistic drawings which are on display in our art galleries. Then again we have noticed—but why bore you, you may notice it for yourself merely keep your eyes open for something that may resemble an artist's palette, you'll see them. As a concluding plea to the girls, ye editor is sorely tempted and has sworn a very solemn oath that the next time a girl with some silver and red modernistically arranged dress frequents our corridors, he will attire himself with a pair of blenders and two sharp pencils. You ask why blenders and pencils? Well the blenders in order to subdue the very violent coloring effects and the two sharp pencils in order to start a thesis on the subject of "The Dress of Modern Girls and Its Effect on the Neurasthenic."

One thing we can honestly attribute to the Freshman class is the inauguration of dancing after lunch in one of the large rooms. Free instruction is offered in everything from the Virginia Reel to the Virginia Beach.

We do not know the opinions of the girls, of a person who sings in their ears while dancing, but we do have our own opinion.

Recently we were told of a very interesting spectacle. It happens that Mr. Fisher was waiting for a street car, (believe it or not) when some kind hearted person driving by in an Austin slowed down and offered to pick him up. We are told Mr. Fisher accepted the invitation, but we say, "Seeing is Believing."

Does it always run true to form that geniuses never comb their hair. Then what must one do to become a genius?

We wonder how many have had the experience to find just what they wanted for the previous day's assignment and then not have been able to locate the day's assignment.

While on the subject of campaigns, we have in mind another campaign which we would like to propose. We wish to propose that some of the statues in the halls be given a bath. The dust is very noticeable on the shoulders of the Venus de Milo, which stands to the right of the right door to the assembly. We also propose that Winged Victory be dusted occasionally. And for those that haven't noticed it there is a bust of atop the door of the Men's room that adjoins Miss Weyforth's room.

Did you know that the pulpit from which we hear so many of our speakers was given to the school by the Class of 1919?

Due to the efforts of Miss Blood and a group of energetic students our assembly hall was suddenly transformed for the Christmas celebration. We believe Miss Blood should be congratulated for the fine work done both in and out of the assembly.

While on a recent trip to Catholic University with the Basketball team, we decided to visit some of the buildings. The only two that were open were the Gymnasium and the Library. While on a visit to the library, a building which seemed to be made up of marble steps, tall Ionic columns and very large rooms each containing comparatively few books, due to the fact that they could be stretched very comfortably through the use of all the rooms, we came upon a very appropriate and lovely gift of one of the classes. This gift was a large, electric, grandfather clock which stood at the head of the first flight of stairs. This clock would chime very melodiously every quarter hour, in just the right tone. We mean by this, it would chime loud enough for one to tell the time and yet in such a manner that it was not disturbing.

(Here is a tip) Watch the Mummers' League. They are working too hard just to hold meetings. We suspect a surprise.

JOB FOR THE GOAT

It's nothing much to think of—
But every now and then,
I wonder where M. Gandhi
Carries his fountain pen.

Here's To Our Bus Driver!

Mac's a wonder!
Mac's a whizz!!
Yessiree!
Indeed he is!!
Drives that bus throughout the day
In just the safest kind o' way—
Just as careful out o' town
As when he's drivin' past Miss Brown.
No matter with what speed he goes
Thought and care he always shows
For truck or child or man or beast.
Mac a "road-hog"? Not in the least!!
He always keeps to the right side,—
And schedule—That's his next-best pride!
Please never make him late, for fear
His long-held record won't be clear.
The Best Bus Driver in the Land—
Come on, folks—Give Mac a Hand!

(STUDENT TEACHERS)

O. K. ALL BUT

It was kit inspection, and the soldiers had their things laid out on their beds. The orderly walked into the room and approached Private Brown.

"Three shirts, Brown?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. One on, one in the wash, and one in the box," replied the private.

"Two pairs of boots?"

"Yes, sir; one pair on and one pair in the box."

"Two pairs of socks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir; one pair on and one pair in the box."

"Good! Now, where's the box?"

"Dunno, sir; I've lost it."

Golfer (who has just gone around in 112): "Well, how do you like my game?"

Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."



DEAD GAME SPORT

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?" Instantly a voice from the back row said, "Tails."

BIRTH OF AN ALIBI

Lawyer: "It would be better if you could prove an alibi. Did anybody see you at the time of the crime?"

Client: "Fortunately, no."

Teacher: Johnny, you should think more!

Johnny (a half hour later): Teacher!

Johnny: If we fed the cow soap would it give shaving cream?

Teacher: Yes, Johnny.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, OF STUDENT TEACHING

Freshman: Why do you call that student teacher who just left your center "Castoria"?

New Student Teacher: Because one of the pupils cried for her.

CAN YOU BEAT THESE?

Two philanthropic summer school students at Columbia University dug deep into their pockets and together gave two cents to the University for the advancement of the study of music, philosophy, history and religion.

NOTE TO ALL BUS RIDERS

The best seat in the bus is on the left-hand side, center section.

TO ALL RURAL S. T.'S

Do you appreciate the reduced conference appointments?

We have all heard of "S. T. 37," put up by Sharpe and Dohme; we may in time to come hear as frequently of "S. T. 31, 32, 33," (etc.), put out by M. S. N. S. every nine (or is it eighteen?) weeks.

"A great many animals laugh," says a scientist. Well, you can't blame them when you consider some humans.

She (fearlessly): "Why are you sharpening that razor?"

He: "I'm gonna shave if there isn't a man in those shoes under your bed."

"What big eyes you have, grandmother!"

"And that, my dear, is how I caught your grandfather."

We are thinking of asking our loyal sport editor to print the standing of our teams upside down on account of local pride.

Widow (to only son): "Stop biting your fingernails, Walt! You are all I have left."

A word of advice: Don't give it.

For the dentists we suggest the slogan: "Be true to your teeth, or they'll be false to you."

INSPIRED BY THE "WORLD TODAY IN SCIENCE"

Teacher: "William, can you give me a sentence using the word hybridize?"

William: "Oh, mother! Don't look at me that way with those hybridize."

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"The cemeteries are filled with people who thought the world couldn't get along without them."

"The pathetic part of it is that some of the final exams are."

"A kindergarten teacher has to know how to make little things count."

"Nothing grieves a student more than to study the wrong lesson and learn something he wasn't required to know."

"When better books are suppressed more people will read them."

"The average man thinks he isn't."

College Professor: "Tell me, what causes the heat in this room?"

Bright Freshman: "The stupidity in the atmosphere."

Teacher: "Robert, give me a sentence using 'Satiate'."

Bobby: "I took Mammie Jones to a picnic last summer, and I'll satiate quite a lot."

Teacher: "John, why is your examination paper covered with quotation marks?"

John: "Out of courtesy to Percival on my right."

Alumni Notes

By Way of a New Start

WITH THE ending of the old year and the beginning of the new, it is a hard matter to get anything from anybody by way of money, work, or even news. The new teachers, most of them having passed their probation, are settled school marms and masters, whose lives consist of sleeping, eating, and teaching.

However, having just received the December TOWER LIGHT—it is a real inspiration and is something to "write home about". The cover is perfectly "ripping" and may I congratulate the artist and the staff. The TOWER LIGHT staff is indeed building on the belief that the depression is on the decrease. The December issue is the finest one I have seen in three years. With the Christmas notes and poems, an alumnus realizes a tug at the heart-strings.

With the installation of the three-year course, I am completely bewildered as to the "whys and wherefores" of Towson Normal. Schedules are now mediums to a student's Utopia—the courses sound very, very exciting—and the programs of music are easily placed in the category of "heavenly". I have rumors of some good "men's" voices. Time, patience, and perseverance have done things to Normal.

It was good to get back to the Alumni Dance. The new, green teachers are gradually acquiring that dignified air of a veteran but despite their age and sophistication everyone seemed to enjoy the dance.

The TOWER LIGHT, with its splendid Christmas issue, brought the year of 1931 to a close with a Grand Finale. May Alma Mater, in the whole, begin the New Year with a grand Overture, and continue with a theme song "Success."

A Happy and Successful New Year, Normal!

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE '31

Harford Unit Making Plans for Luncheon to Be Given in June in Honor of Harford's Graduates in Class of 1932

THE LUNCHEON given by the Harford Unit in honor of the county's graduates in the class of 1931 proved such an enjoyable affair that already the officers are planning for a similar one at the close of the present school year.

The luncheon plans were executed by Miss Anne De Ran, chairman, and her committee of helpers. The delightful affair was held the Saturday after the Normal School commencement in the Domestic Science Room of the Bel Air High School.

In this cool room, notwithstanding the stifling heat outside, a cafeteria luncheon of the spring's delicacies was enjoyed by a substantial number of Harford's alumni and the 1931 class and the visiting speakers of the association.

Miss Lida Lee Tall, Principal of the Towson Normal, Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, Field Secretary of the Association, Mr. H. L. Caples, President of the Association and Miss Mary Risteau, Member of the State Board of Education, all gave interesting and instructive talks concerning the Educational problems of the present day.

Mrs. Mary Twining was elected the Chairman for the ensuing year and Miss Mary Risteau, Secretary and Treasurer.

MARY W. TWINING, *Chairman*

▼ Frederick County Unit

THE FREDERICK County Unit of the M. S. N. S. had a very interesting meeting at the Church Street School, Friday evening, November 30, 1931. Miss Scarborough, field worker of the Alumni Association entertained us, with the "News Bag" after which Mrs. Grosmans and Mrs. Eason told of the activities of the units in other counties. Mr. Harry L. Caples the speaker of the evening gave a very inspiring talk. A committee was appointed to look into the advisability of having a social in the early spring. A social hour followed at which time refreshments were served.

CHARLES L. BLENTHINGER, *Chairman*

▼ Allegany County Alumni Unit Meets

THE ALLEGANY County Alumni of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson attended a luncheon at Gar-Cross Inn in Cumberland in honor of Miss Scarborough, Mathematics Instructor, and field worker of the Alumni Association and Miss Van Bibber, a member of the History Department.

Miss Scarborough gave an interesting talk on "The Value of the Alumni Association and How We Can Better It." She pointed out that it is the best means of keeping in touch with the Normal School and of informing us about the work that is being done there. The demand for better educational equipment has lead to our three year normal course which began in September of this year.

In our counties the Alumni have units which have helped in keeping the constantly changing roll correct and stimulated entertainments and scholarships for the Normal.

Miss Van Bibber gave a description of "Normal School Today." Most boys and girls are bewildered by professional studies. Their outlook on life has been suddenly changed from that of learning to teaching. The school is offering orientation courses known as World Today Courses, which attempt to bridge the gap, dealing, as they do, with the world's view in relation to Social Studies, Art, Music, Literature, and Science.

A short business session was held to elect officers and make plans for the year. Mrs. John L. Dunkle of Frostburg, the retiring chairman, presided. Miss Lillian Compton was elected chairman and Miss Helen L. Albright secretary-treasurer. The annual meeting of the unit will be held in October of every year. The classes represented ranged from 1891 to 1930.

The following were present: Misses Scarborough, Van Bibber, Lillian Compton, Anna Gray, Birmingham, Inskeep, Mary Apple, Ruth Rice, Mower, Anna Kate Roelke, and Helen Albright, Mrs. John L. Dunkle, Margaret Upham, George Zilch, Walter Hillegass, William Walsh, and Knotts.

The Alumni of Allegany County wish to express their appreciation to Miss Scarborough and Miss Van Bibber for the pleasure and stimulus of their visit.

HELEN L. ALBRIGHT, *Secretary*

▼ What Shall We Play?

66 **W**HAT SHALL WE play?" If you were asked that question, could you answer it to the satisfaction of the children?

It would necessarily involve a great many considerations, but for the sake of convenience, shall we limit it to the average children in school from the ages of six to twelve?

Teachers must be able to answer adequately the questions of their group and this matter of "what shall we play?" will come to every teacher from time to time. Play is the most vital activity in the life of every normal child. It is his work, his recreation, his main occupation. Education as a process can not afford to neglect this powerful drive in children, and to direct them wisely in their play, is a matter well worth consideration.

Students of physical education have recently been spending a great amount of effort on trying to learn which activities taught in school

gymnasium classes have the most satisfactory degree of "carry-over" into after school play activities. The games of high organization including—baseball, dodgeball, basketball, volleyball, soccer, and endball with many other team games do not provide material for after-school games. This fact may be due to a great many reasons, the most important of which are: lack of space; cost of equipment; and not a sufficient number of children to play the games.

You will perhaps see many "sand-lot" baseball, dodgeball, football and soccer games, but the vast majority of children play games of a more individual nature. This observation is exerting a great influence upon the most recent course of study in physical education. Group and individual games suitable to sidewalks, door-steps, and back-yards are being taught in the elementary grades. Children show a keen interest in hop-scotch, jackstones, marbles, rope jumping, stunts, tag and chasing games, small rubber ball games, and those activities which require few players with a large amount of individual participation.

Team games are not losing their place in the program, for they have a socializing value which cannot be denied, and every child needs the experience of working in a group for the good of the team. We need to stress the opportunity for sportsmanship and cooperation which team activities afford. The well balanced program for play will include a rich selection of both kinds of material. It is not advisable to allow children to develop a one-sided preference for any activity. Their days should be well-rounded with experiences which are most valuable and most useful in the life of those particular children.

The purpose of education, according to Merriam, should be "to help boys and girls do better in all wholesome activities in which they would normally engage. This statement of the purpose of education includes a whole sphere of interests and makes teaching a most inclusive and comprehensive profession. Since play is so paramount in the development of children, this is a suggestion for all teachers who are asked the question—"what shall we play", to be well prepared to guide boys and girls so that they may play wisely and happily out of school as well as on the playground or in the gymnasium.

ETHEL E. MASON JONES, Class '23



RIGHTEOUS WRATH

Woman (in city department store): I was to have met my husband here two hours ago. Have you seen him?

Floorwalker: Possibly, madam. Anything distinctive about him?

Woman: Yes, I imagine he's purple by this time.

Schools for Boulder City

Boulder City, Nevada, six miles from the Hoover Dam site on the Colorado, may be called our second Federal City. Washington, in a district originally ten miles square, is our first Federal City, and Boulder, on a government reservation, also ten miles square, is a new National City, now nearing completion.

The estimated future population of Boulder City is three to four thousand. Like Washington, it was carefully planned, by a modern L'Enfant, in advance of construction, providing for workers' homes, dormitories for single men, business, recreation, churches and a school. Workers have four hundred thirty-four children now attending the schools of Las Vegas, twenty-three miles away, and there are three private classes in Boulder, yet the City has no public school.

An elementary school building is planned and Federal officials have ruled that the Hoover Dam appropriations may be drawn upon for its construction, but no funds are available for operation of schools on the Boulder reservation. The State of Nevada is willing to operate schools, if it can collect taxes on the reservation.

In this conflict of authority lies the cause of delay in providing school facilities.

The District of Columbia was ceded to the Federal Government, but Nevada ceded no sovereignty over the Boulder territory; the reservation was established under the general laws of Congress, and no State taxes can be collected on *Federal* property, but Nevada claims the right to tax *private* property within the reservation, most of which belongs to Six Companies, Inc., the Dam construction contractors. A test case is now pending in the Federal Court at Carson City, by which the Six Companies seek to enjoin the State from collecting taxes on its property here. Upon the decision of the Federal Courts depends the future operation of schools in Boulder City. Shall they be State or Federal?

CHARLES E. HOYE, Class of '96
Boulder City, Nevada, Dec. 15, 1931.



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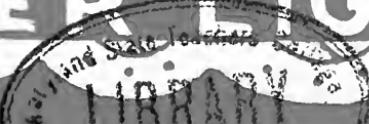
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FEBRUARY

1932

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The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
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The Tower Light

VOL. V

FEBRUARY, 1932

No. 5

Choice Valentines

*"Lovely fair one! For thee my harp is strung;
Undying notes escape my trembling touch!
Could ev'ry tone denote the heart tho'st wrung
You'd bear a thrill would pain thy heart too much."*

CAN YOU picture a supposedly very grown-up person of today sending this verse on a satiny and much embroidered valentine to another grown-up of today? Admitting that supposedly grown-ups are often childish, the picture is still far-fetched. However, the practice of sending such painfully tender verses was quite popular in 1851, and for several years before that, as well as after.

The girls of that day had one great advantage over us. Such romantic things do satisfy some inner urge. (Don't ask me which; I get my inner urges all mixed up.) Compare a verse that I received last year with the one above. This comic valentine had a very goggly woman ornamenting it. She looked the way one looks in a mirror with a concave (or is it convex?) surface. This was written below her.

*"You're dumb and you're dumpy,
You always look frumpy,
With pencils cocked over both ears;
With your disposition
You have my permission
To stay a schoolmarm for years."*

What did I do with it? Wrapped it with loving care, put it between scented lavender, wrote on it, from D. L., 1930, and laid it tenderly in my bureau drawer; all according to the Victorian tradition.

Another old valentine which was sent about 1851 had church spires strewn about with doves billing and cooing in the empty space, and this juicy bit of sentiment:

*"If thus unseen I dare to woo,
Doubt not my honor nor intent:
But let this thought remembered be
True love is always diffident."*

This valentine, modernized, would go like this:

*"If thus unseen I dare to woo,
And you, mistaking my intent,
Desire a further proof or two,
You'll find another gent."*

There were all types of valentines in those Victorian days. Wouldn't you get palpitations if you had received, on February the thirteenth, a lovely mirror surrounded with laurel leaves, with this below it?

*"Reflected in this mirror see
All that's beautiful to me."*

Another ancient valentine, with deep lace edges, birds, flowers, and love knots, had a bird bearing in its beak an actual ring, large enough to slip on the finger.

Gilt doors that opened to reveal doves and a nestful of speckled eggs were the features of other valentines.

Then there was a feminist group in which the lady "boldly leads a red-tuniced Cupid to shoot, with curved bow and unerring arrow, at a slender pensive gentleman who wears tight pink trousers and reclines on a yellow sofa.

Do you remember when you made valentines and used the verse,
"Roses are red," etc.?

In 1783 Miss Pamela Wainwright received a valentine with the same verse:

*"The rose is red,
The violet is blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."*

And below it a further sentiment,

"Hopping you will be mine." (It was hopping.)

I cannot leave out this verse. It was written on a lovely satin valentine with roses and temples and love birds embroidered upon it.

"ADVERTISEMENT"

*"Wanted, a wife of amazing perfection,
Of astonishing wit and docile affection,
Of original mind and of great cultivation,
With a proper respect for the lords of creation."*

*"She must have a sweet temper, for mine is not even,
Her eyes must be blue as the azure of heaven,
With rose-tinted cheeks and a smile full of sweetness,
And in dress she must pay great attention to neatness."*

"She must understand cooking in various branches,
From a la mode beef down to venison haunches,
Must be swift with her needle, a skilful musician,
An artist, a linguist, a mathematician."

"I'm crooked and gouty, I'm old and I'm ugly,
My name's not romantic, Melchisidec Pugley,
But I'm worth half a million; with such an attraction,
I yet may set girls at the verge of distraction.

It is rumored that girls are going old-fashioned. Is that a sign that they are hungering for Victorian Valentines, gentlemen with pink trousers reclining on yellow sofas, and dripping sentiment? We think not. But neither do we like comic valentines. You will have to admit that there is something catching about a very pretty valentine, with a very pretty verse. Here is one which was composed by the sender, on a prized antique valentine called a "Bundle Handkerchief Valentine."

"On February the thirteenth day
My Valentine I drew,
When everyone did choose his love
My choice it fell on you.

As sure as grapes grow on the vine
I drew thee for my Valentine,
The Lotts were cast and then I drew,
And fortune granted it be you.

As compliments I ne'er could use
Since that my offer you refuse
Pray for my boldness me Excuse.

Therefore if you do me respect
My valentine you will accept.
But if that you do me disdain,
Return my Valentine again."

Another verse, written about 1783, must have been hard to resist. It is quite serious.

"All I seek of Life to give
Thus to love thee, thus to live
No other heav'n I'd seek than thine,
My charming, blooming Valentine."

And, personally, I should succumb at once if I received this, which was written in 1805:

"I'm a jolly Jack Tar, just come from afar,
And cruising about for a wife;
I'm young and I'm able, so let us join Cable,
And swim through the Ocean of Life.
Then say, sweet girl, will you be mine?
My charming, lovely valentine?"

The art of sending sentimental valentines among adults went out with chaperones. It is now but a childish pastime. Whether their passing is viewed with sorrow or relief is a debatable question. If girls going old-fashioned is a sign that they like such things as old-fashioned valentines, flowery speeches, and kissing of fingertips, might not they have a secret longing, too, for men that wear tight pink trousers and pensively recline on yellow sofas?

RUTH CAPLES



On Love

Just in honor of Valentine's Day and Cupid are these poetic fragments, some of which are of ancient and some are of modern vintage.

My love
Is like the grasses
Hidden in the deep mountains;
Though its abundance increases,
There is none that knows.

ONO NO YUSHIKI (Japanese)
Each curling lock of thy luxuriant hair
Breaks into barbed hooks to catch my heart.

From an ode by HAFIZ (Persian mystic)

Why so pale and wan, fair lover,
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when speaking well can't move her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move,
This cannot take her,
If of herself, she will not love
Nothing will make her.
The Devil take her!

SIR J. SUCKLING (English)

And from our modern writers;

Night Song at Amalfi

I asked the heaven of stars
What I should give my love—
It answered me with silence,
Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
Down where the fishermen go.
It answered me with silence.
Silence, below.

Oh, I would give him weeping.
Oh, I would give him song.
But how could I give him silence
My whole life long?

SARA TEASDALE

The Modern Woman to her Lover

I shall not lie to you any more
Flatter or fawn, to attain my end—
I am what never has been before,
Woman.—and Friend.

I shall be strong as a man is strong.
I shall be fair as man is fair.
Hand locked in hand we shall pass along
To a purer air.

I shall not drag at your bridal-rein,
Knee pressed to knee we shall ride the hill;
I shall not lie to you ever again—
(Will you love me still?)

MARGARET WIDDEMER

This is a small part of a poem written to a girl—a younger sister.

*But on a day whereof I think,
One shall dip his hand to drink
In that still water of thy soul,
And its imaged tremors race,
Over thy joy-troubled face.—*

“Sister Songs” by FRANCIS THOMPSON (English)

M. A. DOUGLAS



When All the World Was Young

WHEN I WAS sweet sixteen, my first beau invited me to go to see “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”, given by a stock company in the nearest town. We were duly impressed by Little Eva and her golden curls, but lost our desire to see the death of Uncle Tom, and departed before the show was over.

Our conveyance was very smart for that period: a rubber tired run-about drawn by a fiery little black horse named Nell. Nell’s chief fault was an intense desire to get home rapidly, so that her driver had to keep the reins wrapped tightly about both hands to hold her in from bolting all the way home. This was a little drawback to polite conversation and any tenderer advances.

The next time he came, he drove old white Sam, the favorite choice at the livery stable for moonlight evening driving. Sam jogged along peacefully whether driven with one hand or two, or even if the reins were laid at rest over the dashboard. I preferred Nell to Sam, so my beau left me for a damsel dark.

My next beau took me to sailing parties and basketball games. He was a good pal, but my attention was then centered on the handsome brown-eyed, pink-cheeked lad who sat next me in high school, and with whom I read Latin.

After high school days were over and we were separated, my next beau came to take me riding in a real automobile, an old Pope-Toledo model, with a seat that opened in the back like a bus, to let passengers ascend into the tonneau. When I clambered into the front seat of the big red car, with a new gray suit, a mushroom hat, and four yards of veil streaming out in the breeze, I felt as “grand as Cuffy”.

But alas! My heart was hard towards the owner of the car. The bait of a California honeymoon was refused. I was much more interested in the tall young Yale Senior who had held my hand under the table the last summer when we had read German and French together.

The Yale Senior went to California for a time, and I went away to school and later to New York. These were the times of real romance, with war work going on, and one's best friends going to France. Why don't I write about them? As the historians say, I am waiting to develop a sense of perspective. When the Middle Ages have become Ancient History, then I shall mirthfully relate their legends. Until then, as Kipling says, that is another story.

FROM THE DAILY RECORDS OF MARY THE SNOOPER

Aha! Romance lurks within the portals of our Alma Mater! This time, I refer not to the fair maiden-students, but worse—far worse, to the Faculty! Sh!—Here are we, carefully nurtured on Professional Attitudes, whilst our gay and giddy instructors (bold of me, isn't it?) well,—read for yourself this note received by one of those who is here to guide and instruct us—Judge for yourself. O woe,—that it should come to this! (I'm wringing my hands—my countenance has a mournful cast.)

5 South Park Avenue,
Bay Shore, New York-Apt.-F-1
October 26, 1931

Miss Nellie Birdsong,
Maryland State Normal Elem. School,
Towson, Maryland.

DEAR MADAM:

I suppose you will be quite surprised to receive this letter together with what's left of your balloon.

Yesterday being Sunday I was taking my weekly hike through the woods two miles north of this village and it was there that I found your balloon clinging to a patch of blackberry thickets. I immediately made up my mind that I would, by all means, return it to you and tell you just where it landed.

At the instant, I cannot tell you just how far Maryland is from here, but I found the balloon in this town, Bay Shore, Long Island. Bay Shore is exactly 45 miles from New York, east of N. Y. C. Evidently your balloon had a long trip. I think I'll get into the habit of sending them too. I think it is great sport.

Although this isn't a case similar to the girl who wrote her name and address together with her age on an egg some years ago, the finder of your balloon is 23, single, white, 5.7½; dark black curly hair and grey eyes. He weighs 150 lbs. and his occupation is a stenographer and book-keeper; writing Gregg for a living. I work for the Frigidaire Sales Corporation of America.

I do hope that this reaches you pronto,
Very truly yours,

p.s. (Nevermind)

That's not all—ask Miss Munn about the two handsome gentlemen who called for her in two shiny cars, all in one afternoon. I warn you, though, she will probably deny all, and meanwhile, deftly inveigle a contribution or subscription from you, to cover things up.

It has been called to my attention that the occupants of 213 make so much commotion and uproar, giggling, gossiping and jumping up and down, that the poor students in the vicinity are obliged to scream to one another in order to be heard. (Note—an excellent excuse for our shrieking in the future.) If one indignantly strides over the threshold to admonish these instructors, some of them whisk under desks or pop quickly into wastebaskets. One of the smallest ones, even went so far once as to crawl under a term paper on her desk, just to avoid a scolding. Can you imagine my feelings when I found Miss —— hanging from the light overhead by her toes, and Miss —— in the pencil sharpener? Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!

Students we must take matters into our own hands. Act now!

M. A. DOUGLAS

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is suggested that the above article be taken with many grains of salt.



Abdication

As sinks the sun behind the dark'ning hills
Just so my spirit sinks, if I am told
To write a sonnet like some bard of old,
When not a rhyme my fruitless mem'ry thrills.
I wonder if the poets had like ills
Or if their rhymes and meters quickly took
To feet and ran to place on page or book!
I wish I knew a few just such with wills
To do my bidding and skip here or there.
But they don't seem to know my voice. They run
And hide, refusing to come out or dare
Obey my call, and let me have the fun
Of setting them in lines. Ah, well my share
Of fame shall grace another's crown. I'm done.

Written in desperation after a night of sincere labor in attempting to write a sonnet for a college English lesson.

By A FACULTY MEMBER

Manners In 213 and Suburbs Observed and Related by the Red Dog

FROM MY vantage point in 213 I am able to hear and see much. Because of my highly colored and romantic nature I hesitate to interpret these observations. I shall merely state the truth and ask you to draw your own conclusions.

THE CHIEF CUSTODIAN OF THE WHOLE CHILD:

"In searching for a man these days one must use modern methods. I achieved success by means of a balloon."

TH E MOTHER OF THE MUMMERS (Telephoning) "Dr. Abercrombie, please tell me how to get a man—" I could listen no longer—Is anyone less qualified than she to make such a request?

AN ECHO FROM NEWELL HALL:

For romance I recommend Bermuda!

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT:

The question was: "What do you think of the male of the Species?" The answers were: "Very interesting" and "Very necessary."

M. H. S. JUST BEFORE FOUNDER'S DAY:

"I must have his picture but I hesitate to ask his wife for it."

LEADER OF LEAGUE:

At one time in her early teaching career she wrote a letter to her superintendent addressing him as "Dearest Boy." She explained it in this manner. "I was much concerned over the news that a young nephew of mine was planning to leave boarding school. I wrote to him immediately explaining the value of education. At the same time I mailed a letter to my superintendent. Later when I saw my superintendent I discovered that he had received the nephew's letter and attributed it to some flip child."

READING IN THE STAFF OF LIFE:

A Christmas vacation in South Dakota is a rare event—it has peculiar effects. The vacationer returned happy beyond words and signing her name "Crystal." It's too much for me, but I'll keep an eye on her.

STUDENT OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS:

"My hosts, and such charming hosts," she said as she exhibited a photograph of two handsome Germans. There was a note on the back in German, one word was "Hertzlickstein." My best translation of *Hertz* is *heart*. It looks serious I think, don't you?

A Romantic Island

WHY DO people go to Bermuda? The trip takes two days each way, involves considerable expense, and will most likely give the travellers a thorough-going shaking-up for their trouble. Why then do people insist on making the trip? One guess is as good as another, and my guess is—the quest for Romance.

Immediately you are going to jump to the conclusion that this is because of the bridal-trippers. This would be the obvious interpretation for without doubt honey-mooners in large numbers make Bermuda their goal. In fact, they fairly clutter up the landscape. From start to finish moon-struck couples, to the consternation of sane travellers, occupy the centre of the stage.

As you embark obstreperous rice-slingers all but knock your feet from under you, and make the last moments of departure hideous with shrieks and frantically yelled good wishes. From the first moment escape for you is impossible. Do you go to table? They sit opposite you, clasping hands under the table cloth and taking your appetite with sugary leers at one another. Do you walk the deck, play deck games, try to snatch a moment's repose in your deck chair? Can you ever escape? Ah no, the eternal brides and grooms are beside you immediately. On shore it is almost as bad, so that presently you find yourself indulging in vindictive thoughts at their expense. You secretly side with the driver who charges the oblivious lovers exorbitant rates; you enjoy seeing the weary looking young groom's dismay at being required to carry the bride's heavy fur coat over his arm as they walk through the broiling midday streets of Hamilton. But best of all, you find keen amusement in the sad plight of the youthful pair whose generous and affectionate relatives—that is, the parents and two sisters of the bride—have come along to Bermuda to see that "Sophie and Roy" did not get lonely.

But the Romance of Bermuda, that is quite a different matter. Here is a charm both insistent and subtle that grips your heart from the first moment. It is this romance that lures and holds the weary, the bored, the disillusioned, the sad, and that keeps them there, or that sends them back into the turmoil of modern life refreshed and restored. This intangible, this gentle charm is one of a kindly and lovely nature combined with the mellow culture brought many years ago to the island from eighteenth century England, and never quite superseded by the hurly-burly of a machine-made civilization that has turned the rest of the world mad.

The romance of this coral isle is one of sheer, dainty beauty, of remoteness from sordid things, of quiet and repose. You feel it before you set foot on shore, but with every day of your stay there the hold on you grows and strengthens. The water is so heavenly blue, such a

different turquoise blue; the sands such a rosy pink in the sun; the foliage, so richly variegated; the houses colored so daintily—white, pink, yellow; the very fish so variously and brightly hued, the flowers so abundant and gay on trees and shrubs and vines. It is an abode fit for the fairies.

And everywhere one finds the people gentle and kindly. At the hotel they will tell you, "You need have no fear of going wherever you please on the island, even after dark. You are perfectly safe here." The little children who greet you with a courteous request for a "penny" smile as sweetly as ever when you disregard their request. Everywhere you feel at home. Indeed the charm has taken effect ere you are aware and it is with reluctance and effort that you drag your feet to the dock and sigh a farewell to Romance.

Tracing Washington's Trips Through Maryland

THE MARYLAND COMMISSION for the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George Washington has collected from state and county archives, private collections, and the letters and diaries of Washington, evidence concerning 127 trips that he made into Maryland.

There is no house in America that Washington visited more than that of William Digges, at Warburton Manor, in Prince George's county, just across from Mount Vernon. Fort Washington now stands on this site. Washington on one of his trips stopped at Queen Anne, a village of five or six houses in Prince George's county, at the Patuxent river. Two of these old houses have all the earmarks of having been built before 1770.

Records of various counties were most helpful in determining just where the homes and taverns stood in Washington's time. Van Horne's Tavern is a case in point. The Harford county records show that when van Horne sold his tavern at Havre de Grace he called himself "Gabriel Paterson van Horne, of Prince George's county, Maryland". So the search shifted to the Prince George's records at Upper Marlboro. These records showed that van Horne bought from William Willett "117 acres of land and two horses with a stage wagon". This tract he laid out in lots around his tavern, and called it "Vansville". This was "Van Horne's Tavern", at which Washington stopped many times on his trips back and forth between Mount Vernon and Philadelphia, in 1795 and afterward.

Baltimore was visited by Washington on thirty-six different occasions, Annapolis on twenty and Cumberland on nineteen. Visits also are recorded at Havre de Grace, Elkton, Charlestown, North East, Elkhridge, Upper Marlboro, Bladensburg, Port Tobacco, Rock Hall, Chestertown, Georgetown (on the Sassafras), Warwick (Cecil county), Rock-

ville, Frederick, New Midway, Taneytown, Williamsport, Hagerstown, Hancock, Old Town, Frostburg, Grantsville, Oakland, and a number of intermediate points.

The United States George Washington Bi-centennial Committee in Washington will advise and aid all celebrations, which will extend from February 22 to November 24, Thanksgiving Day. The Maryland Commission's most beneficent work will be the awakening of Maryland to its possessions and, through the medium of the newly founded Society for the Preservation of Maryland Antiquities, preserving them for the inspiration of future generations.

RUTH CRAWFORD, *Freshman* 2



Public Opinion and the Washington Bicentennial

PERHAPS YOU'VE already heard that this year is being commemorated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. Newspapers, magazines, and radio speakers are doing their best to let you know about it. And there's plenty of really interesting information circulating around about our old friend, George. While we're talking about that why is it that people always go to extremes? Formerly you never read or heard one thing about Washington unless it were lauding him. To say anything not to his credit was considered unpatriotic. I know the modern tendency is to belittle anyone before the public eye. Respect, much less admiration for public officials, seems to be a thing of the past. But why not give Washington credit for his admirable qualities and accomplishments and forget those that were not so admirable? We should at least retain some respect for the first president of the United States. Maybe Washington did have false teeth, a large rather unsightly, red nose, and a figure that looked best well covered and gracefully draped over a horse's back. He may not have been a tee-totaler but those were the days when prohibition was unheard of and women didn't go around preaching total abstinence.

Not long ago I read of an act of Washington's which does him credit. During his campaign with the Indians in the French and Indian war, he was hurrying several days' journey ahead of his men to report to Governor Dinwiddie. Passing through the beautiful rolling country in the West he and his friend met an Indian whom they suspected as hostile. The redskin, however, seemed very friendly and offered to guide them on their way. Both men saw clearly that he was trying to steer them away from their destination and it was not long before the Indian knew that his deception was meeting with no success. Thwarted in his purpose, he became sullen. In an open meadow he suddenly wheeled and at fifteen paces fired at Washington. Luckily, he missed. In a moment

Washington and his friend were upon the Indian with their guns. The friend suggested they kill the culprit on the spot, but Washington would not have it. Rather than kill him they ordered him to make a fire and in his tent prepare some food for them while they pretended to go to sleep. Instead they stealthily left the place as quickly as possible and reached their destination the next day. Washington preferred to march all night and risk his own life rather than slay the Indian who had so recently, without qualm, sought to assassinate him.

Quotations from Washington's diary and private correspondence prove that he had no illusions as to his abilities. When in 1775 he was elected commander-in-chief of all the forces raised or to be raised by the United colonies, he wrote this to his wife: "I assure you in the most solemn manner that so far from seeking the appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avert it, from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity."

After all there are ever so many examples which prove to us that Washington was a man worthy of our respect. In celebrating his bicentennial let's not forget it.

A. TOBER, Freshman IV



Life

*Life, I caught a glimpse of you.
Fleet-footed and laughing you raced the silver-winged wind
Down a long white road.
And then you hesitated—paused a moment—disappeared.*

*I saw you again.
As midst the silence of a starry winter's night
You passed through the woods—
The trees stirred restlessly and sighed—
Knowing too well how gay and brief you are.*

*O, sweet mad life!
I have heard so many tales about you
I should turn and run away.
I have heard that you are harsh and cruel—
That you are merciless, unrelenting.
You whose light blue eyes are flecked with sunlight!
You whose dancing feet will not stand still!*

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, Freshman II

Suggestions For A Washington Appreciation Course—The Man and His Times

NOTE: The Washington Bi-Centennial Commission will be glad to give any information desirable on the topic of George Washington. Address all inquiries to Washington Bi-Centennial Commission, Washington Building, Washington, D. C. More weight will be attached to your inquiry if it goes through your supervisor or superintendent. First obtain the material which has been sent to your supervisor's office and then ask for additional information and material through his office. It will take a few days longer, but you will be sure of obtaining the desired information.

MANY OF THE following suggestions may be used to advantage in either primary or intermediate grades—adaptations should be made to fit the grade. Decision on topics rests with the teacher: her knowledge of her children, their experiences, their capabilities, will determine whether or not a topic is too difficult to be worked out.

1. Make a collection of relics of Washington's time, 1732-1799.
2. Make a map of the trips Washington made through Maryland.
3. Make a picture of, a visit to, the places Washington visited in Baltimore, Annapolis and other parts of Maryland and Virginia. Visit or study exhibits of Washington relics.
4. Study costumes of the late colonial period.
5. Study homes of the period using Carroll Mansion and Mt. Vernon if possible, as models.
6. Visit the Washington print room and the costume case in the Maryland Historical Society.
7. Try to meet people who are able to tell stories told them from Revolutionary Days.
8. Make a library on Washington (a child's loan library) and a reading list that children can use.
9. Make a picture collection of various portraits of Washington.
10. Make a picture collection of places associated with Washington in Maryland and Virginia.
11. Make a collection of the stamps with Washington's portraits that are being put out by the U. S. Bureau of Lithography.
12. Work out in art by making a study of paintings, sculpture, landscapes, architecture associated with Washington and his life.
13. Relate to music through a study of songs, dances, chamber and concert music and instruments of this period. Also study the patriotic songs and their backgrounds.

14. Make a study of the literature by and of George Washington—poems, stories, novels.
15. Write letters, as they were written during colonial days, using salutations and language that was used during this time, and fold the letters as they were folded.
16. Make a study of the contributions of George Washington to civilization. George Washington as a
 1. Business man
 2. Farmer
 3. Moral leader
 4. National guide
 5. Patriot
17. Have children make exhibits of their own of reproductions of furniture, costume, etc., of Washington's time.
18. Dramatize authentic events in the life of Washington. (The following are examples of events.)
 1. Early life of George Washington (His boyhood—Surveying on Lord Fairfax's Estate)
 2. Political life (His inauguration)
 3. Family life (Washington's relation to his wife, to his nieces, nephews, to Nellie Custis)
 4. Social life (Reception and party given in honor of Washington following his resignation as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Social events held at Mt. Vernon.)
 5. Home life after presidency (Washington's interest in his estate—his relation to his slaves.)
19. Make silhouettes of Washington and scenes associated with him.
20. Make a study of the flag.
21. Make a study of the boyhood of Washington, bringing in a study of costume, food, home and transportation of colonial days.

REFERENCES

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

1. "*Finding a Forefather for Washington*"—The Baltimore Sunday Sun, May 19, 1929.
Contains some fine information on the ancestry of Washington.
2. "*Family Relationships of George Washington*"—Pamphlet issued by the U. S. Bi-Centennial Commission.
Gives accounts of ancestry and relatives.
3. "*The Mother of George Washington*"—Pamphlet issued by the U. S. Bi-Centennial Commission.
4. "*George Washington's Mother*"—The National Republican, February 14, 1925.
5. "*Personality, Character and Achievement of George Washington in Twelve Programs*"—Pamphlet issued by Bi-Centennial Commission.

Program 4—Mother of George Washington

Program 1—Family Relationships of George Washington

CHARACTER

Poetry

1. "Washington the Servant" from *The Walls of America* (House of Uncle Sam)
2. "Like George Washington"—The Sunbeam Poem bringing out some of the characteristics of Washington
3. "Ode for Washington's Birthday" Oliver Wendell Holmes
4. "A Star in the West" Eliza Cook
5. "Washington" Robert Bridges from *Days and Deeds* by Stevenson
6. "George Washington" James Russell Lowell from *Poems of American Patriots*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.

MILITARY LIFE

Accounts

1. "Washington's Journey—1775"
National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.
This booklet tells of the journey of General Washington to take command of the American army. It contains a facsimile of his oath of office when he became Commander-in-Chief of Army.
2. "Personality, Character and Achievements of George Washington in Twelve Programs"
Program 6—George Washington—The Man of Action in Military and Civil Life.
 - a. Soldier in the French and Indian War
 - b. Commander-in-Chief
3. "The Military Career of George Washington" from Enoch Pratt folder. Gives a dramatic and interesting account of Washington as a soldier.
"George Washington Pageants and Plays" published by George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission.
"Handbook of the George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission."
This handbook contains good source-material as well as an excellent bibliography.

"Music from the Days of George Washington" published by George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission.

This booklet contains samples of patriotic and military music that dates from Revolutionary and Post-Revolutionary periods. The variety offered by the pieces contained in the small collection should suffice for purposes of furnishing incidental music to patriotic pageants and plays, or of providing material for historical programs.

"George Washington Activities for 4-H Clubs" published by George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission.

This booklet reveals George Washington as a farm boy and as a farmer.

"George Washington Play and Pageant Costume Book" published by Bi-Centennial Commission.

Part I contains pictures of costumes of the time of George Washington.

Part II contains pictures of military costumes and stage properties.

A good glossary is contained in the booklet. Reference is made to authorities on colonial dress and a good bibliography is given.

"Mount Vernon" Paul Wilstach-Doubleday, Page & Co. Garden City, N. Y., 1925.

"The Seven Ages of Washington"—Owen Wister—MacMillan Co., N. Y., 1926.

"Washington", Lucy Foster Madison—Penn Publishing Co., Phila., 1905.

This is a story of Washington's life for children.

"How to Celebrate Washington's Birthday" published by Playground and Recreational Association of America, Community Service, 315 4th Ave., New York City—price 25c.

This pamphlet contains plans for a Washington Birthday Party, a play for eleven girls, *The General Goes Home*, a minuet, music suggestions, titles of poems, plays suitable for younger groups, and a bibliography.

The above is a very brief account of the enormous amount of data that may be obtained on this topic.

S. KAMAROFF, P. LOWITZ, R. MILLER, S. PERSKY

Prayer

*A*LL SUBLIME emotion is prayer. A poem, a painting, a great essay, a beautiful face, the wreathing of a vine around a window, all exalt generating wonder, amazement and thankfulness. Man prays when he least knows it. The normal evolution of prayer is from lip to the deed, from bare utterance to strong action.

All rational pleasure is prayer; all sincere work and effort are prayers; all exaltation in the presence of beauty is prayer; all aspiration is prayer; all strength that tends to elevate and glorify man is prayer. There are other modes of praying than with the lips. Galileo prayed with a telescope. Columbus prayed with a ship. Franklin prayed with a lightning rod."

Lincoln As Seen By Three Modern Poets

LINCOLN WILL ever be a popular theme for the poet, and with the reader as well. His dramatic career, his greatness of soul, and his depth of tenderness make him a compelling character to be admired, loved and revered.

It is interesting to note the different conceptions of Lincoln given by Edwin A. Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, and John Gould Fletcher, as pointed out by Amy Lowell, herself a modern poet of the Imagist school.

Robinson, in a sense, ushers in the "New Movement" of modern poetry. To quote Miss Lowell he is "a highly developed, highly sensitized and intellectual product of the old plain-living and high-thinking generation, throwing off the shackles of a superstition and an environment grown too narrow." He represents the beginning of the revolt against sentimentality which we note in our modern poets.

Robinson's picture of Lincoln is part symbolic, part man, though a little remote and cold—

"A presence to be loved and feared."

And again:

"Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?"

How patiently he bore the cruel misunderstanding of his people!

*"The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings."*

To Edgar Lee Masters, made famous by his "Spoon River Anthology," Lincoln is all man.

*"This is the year
you sit in a little office there in Springfield,
Feet on the desk and brood."*

Yet what a man!

*"The sunlight of your mind quivers about
The darkness every thinking soul must know,
And lights up hidden things behind the door,
And in dark corners. You have fathomed much,
Weighed life and men."*

During his presidential campaign with the "dramatic sense which is American" railsplitting became a campaign slogan and Lincoln was addressed as "Honest Abe"

"when in truth no man
Had ever been your intimate, ever slapped you
With brisk familiarity, or called you
Anything but Mr. Lincoln, never
Abe or Abraham, and never used
The Hello Bill of salutation to you—
O great patrician, therefore fit to be
Great democrat as well!"

To Mr. Fletcher Lincoln is a national legend. His poem is the most beautiful and the whole well worth reading. Here are a few excerpts:

"Like a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

"Ungainly, labouring, huge,
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its
branches;
Yet in the heat of midsummer days, when thunder clouds
ring the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade."

Miss Lowell says this is the finest poem on Lincoln ever written. It was published in 1916 on the eve of our entrance into the World War and something of the anxiety and strain of those times is woven into the poem.

"Over the uproar of cities,
Over the million intricate threads of life weaving and crossing,
In the midst of problems we know not, tangling, perplexing, en-
snaring,
Rises one white tomb alone."

E. E. B., Junior

The Meaning of Success

HE HAS achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

Rhyme and Jingle

For The

FRESHMAN MORON

(By the only one of that class)

"Freshman Mary, quite contrary,

How does your literature go?"

"With Mythic allusion,

Ages' trends in profusion,

I'm not very certain I know."

Freshman Horner read in a corner

With Darwin the object of eye—

He ruffled his hair

(For scientific air)

And sighed, "What lineage have I!"

Hey diddle diddle,—I don't know a fiddle

From clarinet, flute or bassoon;

The overtone gets me,

A fugue simply frets me,

I even confuse chords with tune.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet

Thinking of commerce and price,

Of nebular theory

Her brain was quite weary,—

Of trade routes, Semitics and gneiss.

Sing a song of structure,

Of volume, "notan," line,

Of broken color, unity,

Of art exquisite, fine,

Of bi-symmetric balances,

Of gravings on the steel,

Of various stories and effects

The works of art reveal.

If you've never seen a lassie

Trip this way and that,

If you've never seen a lassie

Perform on a mat,—

Then drop in, I pray you,

To watch, and assay, too,

Each green-garbed sweet lassie

Essay acrobat.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
Just why it is easy to see—
Disposition's causation
Is of threefold foundation,
Solution is A, B, and C.

Little Boy Blue, what's happened to you!
You've cut and you've broken your arm quite in two!
S. T. 37 and a bandage or trey
With the splints in position will make you O. K.

ANN ONAMUSS

From the Balcony

Like a tree in fall, the students all;
Are dressed in colors bright.
There's red and green, and in between
Are dots of dark and light.
But unlike leaves that die and fall
These leaves grow full in color
And all the time you'll find, these leaves
Will gaily flutter.
It's the Assembly Hall, so dear to all,
That makes this lasting tree of fall.

MURRAY ANDREWS, Freshman 6

My Impression of a Senior

Haughty air and manly strut,
Freshmen think he's off his nut,
Turned up nose on campus walks
Dictionary words in talks.

Tells you do's and don'ts galore,
Heaps on worries by the score,
Shows you what to do and not;
Freshmen say, "He's not so hot!"

Monitor of all the halls
Places billboards on the walls.
Laughs at all the jokes he tells
So that's a senior—well—well—well!

JAMES E. TYLER, Freshmen 6

A new year.—Crowds stand silent a few minutes before midnight, waiting for the first peal of the bell which marks the second the hands meet at twelve. Some remain silent as at the dawning of a gray day; others become hilarious, vibrant, as at the dawning of a colorful day. People, here, too, become quiet or gay as the look into the future colors the hour.

And a new life—Whether one is looking at a straight bright green shoot in early spring, or whether one is seeing the much longed-for first born son, one may have the same feelings as at dawning or at the beginning of the new year. One may be silent; one may be buoyant. The physical aspect, the shoot itself, the boy himself, are truly beautiful. But one does not see just the physical. One reads into the stem, into the body, the hopes, the dreams, the plans, the possibilities for this new life. What may it become? Where is it going?

This year brings to the school many beginnings, many dawnings. Some of us stand awed by the magnitude of the task; others are buoyant, stimulated by the challenge to go forward, to try new plans, to conquer new worlds, to dare big things. Both groups see the beauty, the strivings, the plans, some see possibilities; but the second group see these in the right relation, in the right perspective. It looks into the future with hope, with faith, with courage. It believes in creation. It has some understanding of the meaning of "In the beginning God created—"

PAULINE RUTLEDGE



To the Freshmen

YOU HAVE been with us for six months now. Six months! Why it can't be as long as that since that September day when you first came to our Maryland State Normal School, to register. To us, you were an unorganized group of human beings, without personality, or any point of contact. We did not know how to begin knowing you. You, too, were at a loss. You were like a plant torn from its native earth and thrust abruptly into a new place, a different place. Could you adapt yourself? Was there room for you? Could your roots take a firm grip in the new soil, finding there as rich a sustenance as from the earth they left? After your roots took hold, did new, brave tendrils grow from you into the light?

Now, most of you have "found yourselves" in our community. You have found us, and we have come to know you. You have taken your talents, and personality and idiosyncracies, (all those things that make you, *you*) and found a place. The greatest problem that has ever confronted an individual is that of finding a niche in the world of people, where he can find it good to help along the great caravan of mankind.

*"Long, long ago when the Earth was young
And time was not yet old,*

*Ere all the stars in the sky was hung,
Or the silver moon grown cold.
When the clouds that sailed between the worlds
Were fanned with fluttering wings,
And over all the land there curled
The fronds of living things—
Then in the early morn of Time,
Called from the formless clod,
Came man to start the weary climb
From wild beast up to God."*

There are so many ways we can help. Consciously, we strive for good scholarship, we place ourselves into groups, according to our talents and interests, to give some part of ourselves to making better the field of dramatics, athletics, art, or music. Unconsciously, our personalities and appearances make impressions, and in some degree change every individual with whom we come in contact. There are those who are not particularly adept in any field, and who can give of themselves to those about them, just the gladness of being—the pleasure of a happy nature; that is a great deal to give—it helps a lot. One can find beauty in the commonplaceness of labor, in long waiting—in pain—in the blinding clarity of noon-tide, and in the weary dying of a day; and sweeter yet because of its rarity and freshness, is the beauty and the joy of early morning—of blossoms opening to the sun, and a glad world stretching itself, dancing and singing merrily in the brief moment before the "coming of the common light of the day."

You who are in the ecstasy of morning, give without knowing what you give. There is no greater, sweeter, rarer and more to be treasured beauty than the beauty of youth that is happy. It is your heritage. Be happy! Seek beauty as you live—it lies about you everywhere, and is part of you. Remember:

*"Long, long ago when the Earth was young
And time was not yet old,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.
Life has loveliness to sell
Music like the curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night."*

SARA TEASDALE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Katherine Cornell

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players"*

JIS IT NOT natural that most of us love the theatre? Even the most rigid non-conformist, uses such phrases as "Do your part", "Play up" and the like, and certainly everyone admires those who do.

Each of us is a potential actor. Are we not playing a part, when we say in a sweet voice, "Now, wouldn't it be fine to practice our number facts, so that we shall know them tomorrow?" Teachers should play the part of an enthusiastic participant every day of their lives. Would a course in dramatic expression save some from going on the rocks in their first teaching? Perhaps it would!

What is it that makes one a good actor or actress? I have often wondered about it in my own mind and one day I put the question to a professional. She said, "An actress tries to create for her audience an illusion; the illusion that each one is living the experience which he is watching."

To her the art of acting is just this power to create an illusion—You know by the number of times you have completely forgotten yourself during a performance, how many actors can successfully create this illusion—really very few it seems to me.

There is of course a certain technique of acting that comes through much practice. This is a training of voice and muscle, facial, and body muscles, to make them express any, of all the gamut of the emotions—Florence Reed in the O'Neill Trilogy shows marvelous facial control.

Such training comes usually through a long experience in stock companies. In amateur work we miss this technique and that is why the casting of the parts is the most important element in all amateur productions. People must be picked to "act themselves" and they usually succeed only in so far as the part they are playing is themselves. Is it not foolish for a person to think he could make a success on the stage, just because he has made a first success in an amateur performance? How can one hope to find parts in which he can always "act himself"?

The Theatre Guild Magazine of January, 1930, reports the answers of eight of the best known New York Critics to the question, "Who of our American actors and actresses have really mastered the technique of acting?" The names of only two people were found in all eight lists. These were Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne. Four names appeared in at least four lists. These were Eva Le Gallienne, Helen Hayes, Dudley Diggs, and Katherine Cornell. It is evident to those who know these six people, that each has had a long training in acting. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have been with the Theatre Guild for a number of years, doing two and sometimes three different plays a season.

Eva Le Gallienne has her own repertory Theatre in New York. Dudley Diggs is also with the Theatre Guild and I am going to tell you something of the technical training and experience of Katherine Cornell, whom I have known since she was a little girl when she used to take the leading parts in her own school plays.

Katherine's father, Dr. Peter Cornell, gave up the practice of medicine to become manager of his own theatre in Buffalo and Katherine spent many hours behind the scenes in her father's theatre. After her graduation from Rosemary, she became the director of dramatics at her alma mater and her productions were noticed by such outstanding professional producers as Daniel Frohman and David Belasco.

Her own career as an actress commenced when she signed a contract, which covered three years' work in Jessie Bonstell's stock company. This gave her tremendous opportunity for developing technique, but was most terrific work—playing a new part each week and usually spending Sunday getting to the next city, for Jessie Bonstell's was a troup ing stock company. Her first real part was that of Joe in "Little Women". Katherine tells a delightful story of how she happened to get this part. It was a London production and the director was having a desperate time trying to find the right "Joe". One afternoon, while taking tea with two charming little old ladies of Kensington, he happened to mention his difficulty. Both little old ladies excitedly declared that they had seen just the person in a stock company in the United States. They were so enthusiastic, that their director friend cabled immediately to Katherine Cornell. She looked the part of Joe and perhaps her success in it was due to the fact that she was really playing "herself".

The part of "Sidney" in "A Bill of Divorcement"—her first Broadway success, suited her admirably.—The youth, grace and charm of the young girl "Sidney" was really Katherine's own grace and charm. Her next part, however, that of the "Dark Lady of Will Shakespeare's Sonnets" "compact of honey and poison" called for all of the technique she had gained in her years of stock work.

Her next few plays were merely stepping stones in this acquiring of technique. Though each brought her no little distinction and success, I wish some of them had never been. The Enchanted Cottage, Casanova, The Way Things Happen, The Outsider, Tiger Cats. In the last named David Belasco starred her. Like all of David Belasco's productions, it was beautifully staged and most meticulously finished, but the part was that of a horrible woman.

However, the critics at this time began to compare Katherine to Mrs. Fisk and Ethel Barrymore.

Her next part,—Candida, in Shaw's play of that name, she did superbly. One of the New York critics said of her after seeing it, "I

would give all the other young actresses put together for her—and three quarters of the older ones."

In the next group of plays—The Green Hat, The Letter, The Age of Innocence and the Dishonored Lady, Katherine saw fit to play the part of a lady of questionable character. Her friends felt that this was very unfortunate, as it might characterize her best acting and prejudice her public. No actress likes to have a one-sided reputation. After these she chose for herself,—for she is now her own manager, the impersonation of the world's most beloved, loved one—Elizabeth Moullon Barrett Browning, the wife of Robert Browning. There may be an historical halo around the character that makes it seem such a happy choice, but critics say "Nothing could be more heart breaking or more perfect than Miss Cornell's acting in the Barretts of Wimpole Street."

She has made me feel Elizabeth Barrett as a real personality, when heretofore I have only known her as a poet.

Have I conveyed the impression that to me much in acting is technique? I am sure this is not true. All fine actors and actresses have technique, and certainly Katherine Cornell has a rare and finished technical skill; yet she has so much more than this—a fascinating personality, an entralling charm, a power to create illusions. It is this that shines through and gives a vibrating life to her acting and makes it art.

But it is Katherine Cornell the person, whom I admire and love as a friend. She is so simple, so unassuming, so kindly, so generous, so sympathetic, so sincere, that all who come into personal touch with her, love her as an individual apart from admiring her as a very gifted actress.

ELEANOR V. ORCUTT



Wisdom of Mr. Wing Fu

HORIZONS

Humanity has constantly been enlarging its horizon.
Devotion to family, village, and nation are now less than what is required,
For today the whole world lies at our door.



SCHOOL NEWS

A New Beginning

ON JANUARY 6 the Maryland State Normal School, represented by Miss Tall and five student officers, made some very important resolutions.

Miss Tall spoke to us for a few minutes—leaving with us the philosophy that “every ending is a new beginning.”

The president of the General Student Council, representatives of the Day and Resident Student Councils, the president pro-tem of the senior class and the president of the freshman class made the resolutions for us.

Some of the resolutions were: to do what we have to do and do it well, to have consideration and respect for the rights of others, to see both sides of the honor system, to be economical and cooperate with the school in every project, to appreciate the things we have and make good use of them, and to live up to what we know is right.

Five candles were lighted by these students to help make the resolutions impressive.

Miss Tall gave us a fitting and inspiring New Year's message. With the resolutions to find joy in service, to refrain from bluffing, and to develop richer personalities, Miss Tall lighted the sixth candle.

There remained only one candle. Who would light it? No volunteers came from the audience. Mrs. Brouwer was asked to come to the platform. With the resolution that a job should be a good job, the seventh candle was lighted.

While the candles flickered and burned the school sang “Alma Mater” and this drew to a close a very inspiring assembly.

M. SIMMONS, Freshman 2



The January Birthday Party

WE HAD a birthday party the twentieth of January—it was a lovely party, too. The color scheme of black and white, which typified January was charmingly and unusually carried out. After a formal dinner we played cards in the foyer and later danced for a little while. It was one of the nicest parties that we've ever had—everyone enjoyed it!

The Class of 1932 is Honored

ON FRIDAY, January 15, members of the Senior Class were the honored guests of the Alumni at a reception held in Dr. Tall's office. The office seemed strangely different from a place of business, more like a reception hall with its decorations of early pussy willows and dim candle light. Mr. Harry Caples, President of the Alumni Association graciously greeted the prospective Alumni members.

RUTH LYNCH, Senior 11

Instrumental Music

THE ORCHESTRA took part in the Founders' Day Assembly, playing Wright's Ode to the Mountains.

At the reception given to the Senior Class by the Alumni Association on the evening of Founders' Day, the Normal School Orchestra played the following program:

Waldtenfil	Tres Jolie
Drumm.....	Janina
Schad	Happiness
de Koven	By Moonlight
d'Orso	Angels Dream
Grainger	Country Gardens
Wright	Ode to the Mountains

We were very sorry that some of the Orchestra members were unable to play with us in the Founders' Day programs. Mr. Liberman, Miss Scarff, Miss Cooper and Miss Tribby were absent because of student teaching; Miss Cord and Mr. Saltzman because of illness.

At the tea given by Miss Tall on Monday, January 25, the violin quartet—Mr. Kulacki, Miss Valaco, Mr. Heinen, and Mr. Dugan who substituted for Mr. Liberman, played Rondino by Bach-Kreisler and Menuett from the Symphony in E flat Major by Mozart.

Mr. Kulacki was soloist at Miss Tall's tea playing Kujawiak by Wieniawski.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before

A QUEER SHUFFLING figure emerges from the end of the corridor on the second floor. Every few seconds the figure stops and executes a form of dance, known in popular circles, as a tap dance. Be not duly alarmed by the sight of this spectre, for, in the majority of cases, it is only a poor disillusioned Senior, trying desperately to achieve one of the many intricate steps of tap dancing.

The melodious tinkle of a piano playing reaches our ears. Stealthily and in a manner which would make any of our Indian friends feel embarrassed, we approach and pause outside Room 223. A peek inside reveals an industrious group of senior men under the tutelage of Mr. Minnegan, wearily, and at times with a fanatic zeal, going through the intricate procedure of the Baer-Bergen specialty (Seniors and Juniors, please note). The time step, the Buffalo, and soft shoe are all performed with varying degrees of proficiency. Now and then we notice an expression of satisfaction upon the beaming countenance of one of the workers, who has succeeded in mastering one of the "sticklers." The piano player, during a lull in the activity, deserts his post and tries a little experimenting on his own "hook." Two or three attempts are sufficient to convince him that as a tap dancer, he does exceedingly well at playing the piano.

Doggedly, the Seniors pursue their tasks until finally, the clang of the closing bell puts an end to their dancing aspirations for a short interim.

"I'll get that soft shoe next time", remarks one of the performers. So, on with the dance.

If you have not unearthed the cause for this activity—well, Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

R. DENISON, *Senior 8*

Freshman V Assembly

FRESHMAN V gave an outstanding assembly recently. For a time we were aghast; then we were astounded and finally we were astonished. For some time previous, rumor had circulated to the effect that Freshman V had written an original play. Of course, this was met with ridicule. On January 19, Freshman V presented "Between Two Worlds." The play was written, costumed and staged with the help of Mrs. Stapleton and Miss Neunsinger.

At first one was very curiously affected by the two columns of scenery which constituted the setting for the drama, but with the action of the play, scenery became background, we were completely absorbed.

We believe that Freshman V has set the goal at a very high point and that any attempt to match this wonderful piece of work will have to be nothing short of a masterpiece.

E. G.

The "Old English" Dinner

ON THE evening of December 22, we tripped down the steps into a world of fantasy.

When we—English peasants—met our friends and relatives in "Ye Olde Richmond Halle" right glad were we. Then, too, we welcomed the coming of the Lord and Lady of the Manor and guests, and how we enjoyed the Yule Log ceremony, the singing of Christmas songs, the sweet visitor "Mirth" and the "merry jesters."

"Mirth" led us into the dining hall where jolly music was playing and where all sorts of good things to eat awaited us. After we had partaken of all that we possibly could our witty and entertaining guests and friends addressed us. Then we went to the "Great Hall" where the minstrel led us in our singing.

Oh how hard it was for us to abandon our roles to be mere "Normal school students," again!

GENEVIEVE WATERS



Elementary School News

ON THE NIGHT of January 18th the parents and teachers of the Te Pa Chi Club assembled for dinner in the cafeteria. Miss Steele welcomed the guests and invited all to take part in the evening's activities.

The gathering was for the purpose of giving an opportunity to the parents of the school to become acquainted, to pool their experiences and problems; and to develop a better understanding among the parents of the children who come to school together everyday.

After a delightful dinner, which was served by several students of the Normal School, the guests enjoyed the program planned for the occasion. The Misses Spicer entertained with several selections on the piano and violin. Dr. Alan Guttmacher, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, spoke on Parental Attitudes. He gave the men many hints as to how to become better fathers to their boys and girls. Miss Birdsong briefly outlined the work of the Child Study Group, which meets every Wednesday morning and is made up of the mothers of the Elementary School children. Miss Tall closed the evening's program by telling how the Campus School, as a demonstration school, fits in with the organization of the Normal School.

Then farewell—a fond farewell it was—everyone left with the feeling that: well, I learned a great deal tonight and I had an entertaining evening, too. Now I know why Mary comes home with so many fine things about Ann, if Ann is just like her mother.

Some Interesting Activities in the Campus School

MANY INTERESTING activities are going on in the Campus School. The following stories give you an idea of some of the varied experiences of the Second Grade.

WHITE TAIL

We have a rabbit.
His name is White Tail Puffy Haile.
We feed him apple, lettuce, and sprouts.
Today he was sleeping.
We walked and talked softly.
We did not want to wake White Tail.

Douglas and Charlotte

SLATE

We have a piece of slate.
Charles brought it to us.
Paul brought a book.
Richard brought a book.
We saw some pictures of slate.
We read from these books.
We read from a geography book.
We found that slate comes from the ground.
It is very hard.
It is used for roofs and blackboards.

Pamela, Douglas, Ruth Ann, Betty, Julia and Charlotte

MARGERY'S LEAF

Margery brought us a leaf.
She told us the leaf came from Florida.
Adrian said, "It is a queer leaf."
We hung it on the curtain and roots grew from the leaf.
Margery's mother said we could plant the leaf.
We will take care of it and watch it grow.

The Second Grade
Normal Elementary School

What is a great cathedral but the religious emotion expressed in stone.

An idle fellow makes a good prophet.

Never display a wound, except to a physician.

A man with a bee in his bonnet is a more useful citizen than one with a wasp in his tongue.

The Rural Club Works and Plays

JN BEGINNING a new year, or shall I say, on continuing the old year, the Rural Club immediately busied itself in rekindling the spark that was first made to glow last spring. Yes, the club is determined to keep up the work of "remodeling the glen." As if with a "bang," the planting, marking, and bird committees were formed. Plans for their work have been organized and as a matter of fact, some ten or twelve trees, which were donated by Frances Hall, an Alumna, have been planted and are successfully growing.

I said the Rural Club works and plays. So it does. In the way of a social evening, on October 21, Mrs. Brouwer and Mr. Minnegan told of some of their camping experiences. The talks proved to be both interesting and full of information useful to the development of the glen.

A trip to Sachem Rock, the Indian camp at Loch Raven, was a climax to the events of Armistice Day, well worth the time of all who managed to squeeze into the school bus and the school cars. Even though Miss Brown did lose the way, we readily forgave her when we found ourselves living a meeting in the "Council Ring" as any Indian would. Mr. King, organizer of the Baltimore Susquehannox Tribe, proved to be quite adept at entertaining such "rural minded" Normal school students. Is anyone particularly interested in Indians? If so, do not fail to visit Sachem Rock.

The Rural Club did its part in celebrating the Christmas festivities by having a "Christmas Hour" on December 16 at 7 P. M. The dominant features of the hour were the reading of three Christmas poems by Dr. Crabtree and the telling of a story by Miss Yoder. Caroling in front of Dr. Tall's home and the "dorms" made for a climax to the Christmas spirit of the evening.

Needless to say, Miss Brown will help to keep our spark glowing. Will each other organization in the school kindle a spark toward the development of the glen?

RUTH LYNCH, Senior II

Tact is good taste in action.

It is only people of importance who can afford to be dull.

Life is short, avoid causing yawns.

Many excellent men fail because they confuse the parts of conductor and first violin.

SPORTS



Chatter-Box

By SYDNEY LAND, *Junior II*

NOW THAT THE SPORTS number of the TOWER LIGHT is Normal School history, we may become calm, allow our temperatures to drop to "Normal" and give you whatever gossip we can.

When Normal played Catholic University in Washington during the month of December, "Duke" Duhan showed Washington basketball followers how basketball should be played. "Duke" scored 3 of Normal's 6 points in the first half, and when he saw that Normal wasn't getting anywhere, he began to score points—and HOW he scored all of Normal's 20 points in the second half—outscored the C. U. team by three tallies, sent many a chill of delight along the spines of the spectators at this contest. The game, however, closed with Normal on the short end of a 40-26 score.

Now we wonder what would have happened if Normal had five Duhans on their team—but why build castles in the air.

By the way, in the SPORTS number of the TOWER LIGHT, we said that we had forgotten the name of the paper from which Ben Kremen got his idea for a sports head. In looking over the exchanges we wish to thank Mr. Gordon Dodrill of West Liberty College, West Virginia.

Towson High took a shellacking from our quint in the game prior to the C. U. game, and here we take the opportunity to say that none of our boys scored any points for Towson,—this time it was all against the high school laddies—(Remember the soccer game, fellows????)

And now the answer to last week's question, "If Miss Munn was a blood relation to a certain Mr. Munn who was picked on the official 1931 All-American football team. Well, Miss Munn has confessed that the gentleman in question IS a relative of hers—and not only that, but Miss Munn knew Walter Eckersall the greatest quarter-

back ever turned out from the University of Chicago. (You're welcome.)

We wonder how Wilson's Teachers College basketball team feels after being given a sound drubbing by our quint. Yes, Normal won, 43-17, and Duhan was again high point scorer for the White and Gold, with 19 points. Normal led at half-time, 32-8. (This is being listed as the eighth wonder of the world.)

Mike Saltzman, hard luck captain of our basketball team, is at the time of this writing, confirmed in the infirmary, and is not allowed to have any visitors. Best wishes for a speedy recovery Mike.

Due to negligence on the part of the managers of the basketball team, the junior varsity quint has not had a game for a long time, and to all outward appearances, will not play any games this year. Should this be permitted?

May we remind the student body that contributions are always welcome. . . .

Where are the blotters with the picture of the basketball team on them that we have been waiting so long to see?

At the A. A. assembly, Mr. Minnegan told an interested audience how to make a Normal "N". He went on to say that performance meant a good deal—does that mean that to make an "N" in basketball you must be an All-American star such as Bozey Berger,—to make an "N" in baseball be either a Babe Ruth, Lefty Groves or a Mickey Cochrane,—and in tennis, be a Bill Tilden, Vincent Richards or Henri Cochet?—or did he mean to leave the impression that a suitable schedule must be played and that the athlete give a constant creditable performance—ye editor is led to believe that Mr. Minnegan meant the latter.

It may interest the student body to know that the basketball team held two practices during the Christmas holidays in order to try to be in the "pink" for the Gallaudet game January 8. Is that showing school spirit?

Although ye editor has suggested that the girls be represented in school sports, there has not been as much as a rumor heard about it as yet—Is it because the girls are afraid to start such a movement because of lack of confidence, or is it because they are not interested enough.

Although Mike Saltzman, captain of Normal's quint this year, has finally recovered from the effects of a bad shoulder, and has been out to practice, student teaching will deprive Coach Minnegan of Mike's services, unless the remainder of the games scheduled are at home and at night.



Normal Basketeers Drop Thriller

MARKED BY a hectic fourth period struggle which will remain in the memory of those spectators who were fortunate enough to be present, a fighting White and Gold quint went down in defeat before the tossers of Shepherdstown College by the score of 30-27, at Normal, January 18. This game was the last home one for "Duke" Duhan as a wearer of the Normal toggery and he staged a one man show, accounting for 21 points out of the total run up by our boys.

The "Iron Duke" started out on his evening entertainment by caging a neat toss for the first two points, shortly after the opening tap-off. Nothing daunted, the Rams came right back and netted two field goals. A foul sent the rival team ahead by three points. Joe Haggerty made good a free throw and again Normal moved forward. Duhan stepped into action again, took a sharp pass from Haggerty and added two more counters to our total. Not content with tying the score, our friend, Duhan, contributed a foul shot, and Normal moved out in front by the score of 6-5. Cully fouled Bergdoll, Ram forward, who made both his tries count. Heflin, Shepherd guard, whipped a long one through the cords as the quarter ended with the score standing 9-6 in favor of the West Virginia boys.

Cully started the second quarter off with a bang, caging a beautiful shot from the center of the floor. This was not exactly according to Hoyle, so the Rams came back with two field goals on their own part. Reubeling came through at this time with a neat field goal, boosting the score to 10 for Normal. Another field goal was chalked up by our blue-jerseyed opponents, and then the "Duke" swished another through the "cords." The half ended with our boys on the short end of a 15-12 score.

The second half was even more thrilling than the first. The "Duke" started the ball rolling with an easy field goal. As usual, the Shepherd College boys would not behave, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had added 4 more markers. The "Duke" came through in his well known manner, and contributed a field goal and a foul to the cause. At this point Coach Minnegan made the first substitution of the game. Fisher, he of the mighty frame, replaced "Lou" Harris, who had been tiring under the fast pace set up by the visiting aggregation. A double foul followed, Al Reubeling caging one for Normal, while Main made good for Shepherd. A scrimmage in front of Normal's basket, after the next tap-off was followed by a field goal on the part of the visitors. Then, "Duke", on a wild sortie down the floor, after he had literally "stole" the ball out of an opposing forward's hands, netted another two-pointer. The third period ended with the Rams still in front by a 24-21 margin.

The fourth period was replete with thrills. The action became so spirited and so fast, that the crowd were on their feet for more than half the period. The Duke set the fans roaring with a neat two-pointer and a foul which put the White and Gold on an even footing for the first time since the opening period. Another foul contributed by Duhan gave us a 27-25 lead. By this time the auditorium was in an uproar as the fans urged the boys on to greater heights. However, the blue jerseyed boys from down South or West (where is Shepherdstown, anyhow?) refused to be dismayed by the change of affairs. Cooly and with a seeming carelessness, they knotted the count and then with unerring accuracy, forged ahead by the simple expedient of caging a field goal and foul. In the remaining few seconds Normal tried desperately to get going but the scant margin of three points proved sufficient for the visitors to gain the laurels.

It is with real regret that we see the "Duke" leave us. His playing has been of the highest order all this season. However, after seeing the fight that our boys put up against a much superior team, I feel that his spirit will spur the boys on to even greater heights than they reached in this tussle.

RUSSELL DENISON, Senior 8



Normal Gains Rung on Basketball Ladder

WITH CHEERING spectators and a radio's interruptions to spur them onward, Normal's quint conquered Wilson Teachers College by a score of 43-17 on our floor, to gain their first major victory of the season. Our men lost no time in piling up a safe lead, with Duhan playing the leading role. With signals working, a play through the center of the court which had previously had little success, was proving profitable.

The team work of our five was at its peak and they proved conclusively that our boys "can go". Harris with his regular playing and Reubling and Cully with their floor work were also outstanding. The Washington embryo teachers did not seem to be able to get started until the last quarter, and then, only after Normal sent in a new group of players.

"Duke" Duhan scored 19 points which kept him his position as high point scorer of the Normal quint, having made 42 points.

SELMA TYSER, Freshman 1

Alumni Notes

Founders' Day

ON JANUARY 15, 1932, the Maryland State Normal School was sixty-six years old.

In commemoration of this famous date, January 15, 1866, special celebrations were held on the morning and evening of this day at the Normal School.

The Normal schools of yesterday were vastly different from the very modern school we now attend, we are told. In the exercises held during the assembly period the school was acquainted with the different principals and the stages of development of our now modern system. The program for the assembly was as follows:

The First Administration—M. A. Newell, 1866-1890

Mrs. Charlotte Newell

The Second Administration—E. B. Prettyman, 1890-1905

Mr. Harry Caples

The Third Administration—G. W. Ward, 1905-1909

Mrs. Wm. H. Fehsenfeld

The Fourth Administration—Sarah E. Richmond, 1909-1917

Dr. Wm. S. Love

The Fifth Administration—Henry S. West, 1917-1920

Mrs. F. E. Wilson

The Sixth Administration—Lida Lee Tall, 1920

(No speaker, but a song was sung dedicated by the school to Miss Tall)

Each speaker traced very briefly the type of school and the type of principal who was then at the head of the Normal School.

Miss Tall, being a very modest person declined to speak but we feel that the declination of her part was unnecessary as we are fully aware that the School now speaks for itself.

Later in the evening a reception, entertainment, and dance was given for the Senior Class by the Alumni Association. Mr. Robert Wiedefeld, the well-known baritone, was the guest artist of the evening. Miss Roach and Mr. Minnegan gave a tap duet and then individual numbers, Miss Roach doing a gypsy dance, while Mr. Minnegan performed with dumb bells back of the curtain, giving a very unique shadow effect.

Punch was served in Miss Tall's office, which had been transformed by a very beautiful candelabra and with tall candles which gave an even mellow glow.

Alumni News

ON DECEMBER twenty-sixth, at St. Paul's Catholic Church in Baltimore at ten o'clock in the morning, one of our well known alumni, Carroll S. Rankin, was married to Miss Catherine E. Leister.

Carroll Rankin, a graduate of the City College, received a diploma at our school in 1928, and has since been taking courses at Johns Hopkins University. He is remembered well by the Faculty of the Maryland State Normal School as one of our outstanding students and citizens, one who took an active interest in school athletics and school government, and who culminated his career as President of the Student Council.

The TOWER LIGHT, on whose staff Mr. Rankin served, has been watching with interest his career, and extends to him and his bride sincere congratulations.

Speech Correction

SPEECH CORRECTION or speech improvement in the curriculum of our schools is concerned with the ability to use articulate speech rather than with the ability to use the refinements of speech.

The inability to articulate correctly impairs the mental growth of the child, thus hindering his progress in school. It is a serious handicap and may lead to self-repressions.

The most noticeable defect in speech is stuttering, which if not corrected develops into stammering, defective phonation, lalling, and lisping. These defects may be caused by imitation, by some mal-formation in the speech organs, or through habit. With the younger child, perhaps, defective phonation may be the result of "baby talk"; this may be corrected by the class-room teacher, but it may be a case where the habit has become fixed and will need a teacher of special speech to break down old habits and teach new habits of speech production. Other speech defects may be due to lack of co-ordination in the speech centers.

In order to bring about proper co-ordination, drills upon the vowels, both long and short, together with tongue and breathing exercises are stressed.

In schools having speech centers, usually a survey is made of the entire school. The outstanding cases are selected and grouped according to the type of defect. Then the children of each type are grouped into classes of eight or ten as nearly of the same grade as possible.

After the consonant sounds have been mastered, games are played, and stories are read and retold in order to have the child apply what he has learned. When he can make his sounds correctly while talking or telling some experience, he is excused from the class but is rechecked every few weeks in order that he may not again get into his old habits. It is quite gratifying to work with a child and to note his speech progress from week to week.

EDITH M. CARL, Class of 1905



THE FIGHTING IRISH

"Father," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Henry who said: 'Let us have peace?'"

"Nivver," said the old man. "Nobody by the name of Patrick ivver said innthing like that."

"It must be awful to be a debt collector. You must be unwelcome wherever you go."

"Not at all. Practically everybody asks me to call again."—*Nebelspalter, Zurich.*

Bridegroom (in poetic frenzy, as they stroll along the shore): "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll on."

Bride: "Oh, Gerald, how wonderful you are! It's doing it!"

TOO LATE

In her school essay on "Parents," a little girl wrote: "We get our parents at so late an age that it is impossible to change their habits."

FORTUNATE FATHER

Father: "When I was your age, son, I was glad to get dry bread to eat."

Bright Five-Year-Old: "You're much better off now that you are living with us, aren't you, daddy?"

NO PARKING ALOUD

Mistress: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning, Jane. I'll take the milk in myself after this."

Jane: "It won't do you no good, Mum. He promised not to kiss nobody but me."

Lady, to tramp: "Have you ever been offered work?"

Tramp: "Only once, Madam; outside of that I have met with nothing but kindness."

"My old roommate sent me a postcard from Paris a couple weeks ago and I've been carrying it around ever since."

"What did he have to say?"

"I don't know. I haven't looked at the back of the card yet."

Judge (after charging the jury): "Is there any question that any one would like to ask before considering the evidence?"

Juror: "A couple of us would like to know if the defendant boiled the malt one or two hours, and how does he keep the yeast out?"

Probably the reason why there are fewer railroad accidents than automobile accidents is because the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman.

CAUTIOUS

"I want a very careful chauffeur—one who doesn't take the slightest risks," warned the would-be employer.

"I'm your man, sir," answered the applicant. "Can I have my salary in advance?"

"How did the Smith wedding come off?"

"Fine until the preacher asked the bride if she would obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied, 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom, who was in a sort of daze, replied, 'I do'."—*Exchange*.

Teacher: "Did your father help you with this problem?"

Willie: "No, I got it wrong myself."

PASS THE MEGAPHONE

Tess: "You can't believe everything you hear."

Bess: "No; but you can repeat it."—*Answers (London)*.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY

Office Manager: "I'm afraid you are ignoring our efficiency system, Jones."

Jones: "Perhaps so, sir, but somebody has got to get the work done."

TOO MUCH LAND

English Visitor: "You have a great many mountains about here."

Swiss Guide: "Yes, we had so much land we had to put it in heaps."

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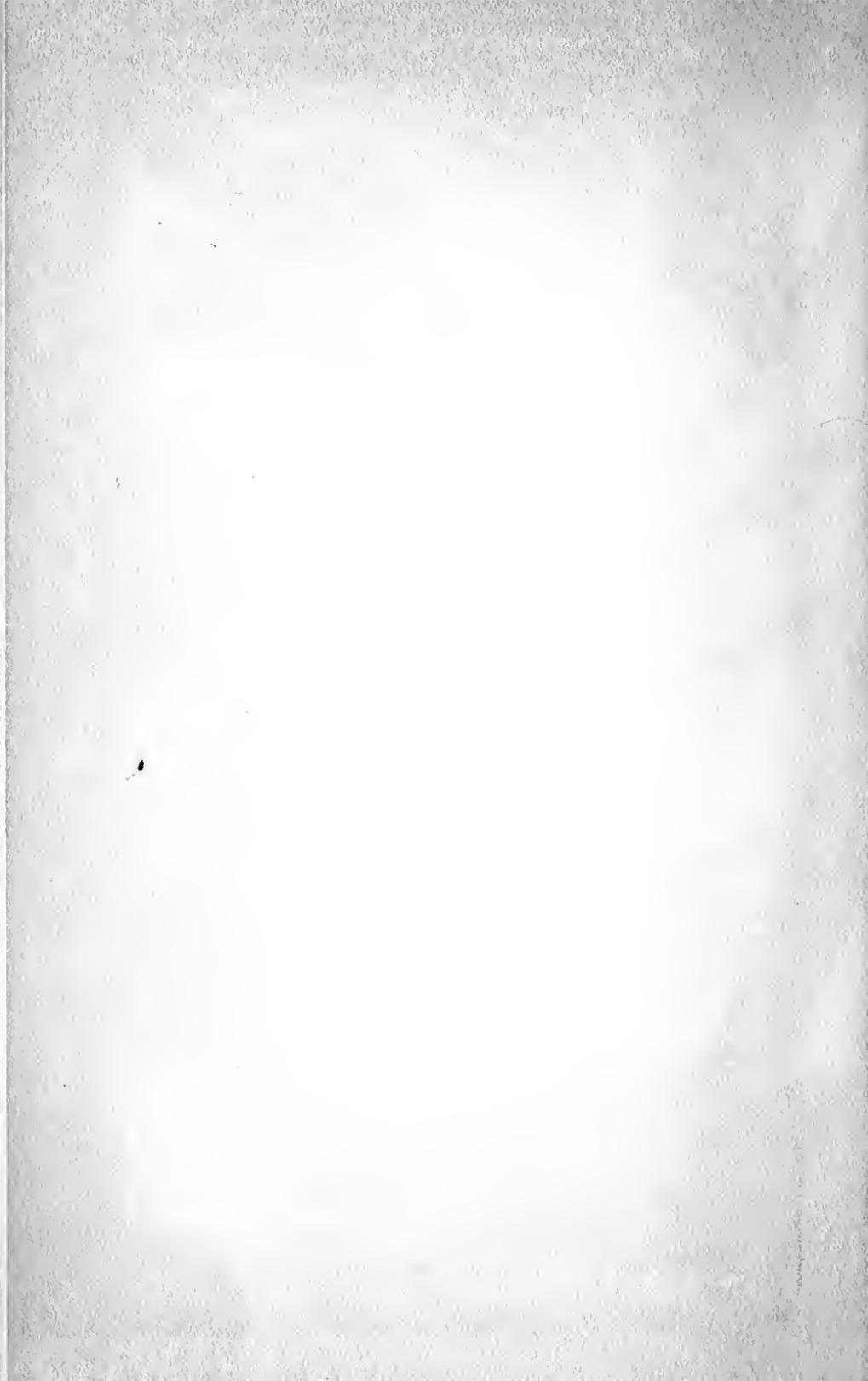


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MARCH 1934

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The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

Towson, Md.

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Humor Design	H. KITT
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The Lower Light

VOL. V

MARCH, 1932

No. 6

The Beauty of the Intangible

CHE COMPOSER of the world's greatest music gives us something upon which we cannot place our finger. It is so very indefinite, so very intangible, that we might call it indescribable. The thing it does to us is immeasureable. Some tangible things which we receive from the composer are the melody, the harmony, the rhythm, and the paper upon which he writes and the ink he uses. What that music does to us might be described as a kind of mark upon our souls. The depth of the mark is dependent upon ourselves. Sometimes the mark left in us is a deep one and upon that mark is based our future culture.

The artist gives us a richer thing than just his painting, his modeled piece, or his etching. The products he realizes are very tangible. They might be moved about from place to place and looked upon—then perhaps admired for certain visible principles. This person is interested in human reactions and human life. He has given us of himself and has stirred our emotions so that we might see and feel the beauty that is there. Our social refinement and our human understanding are planted in that immovable, permanent basis—the intangible.

The author gives us the best literature. We may handle the books, read them and reread them. What does he wish to tell us?—a series of events, a character description, a lesson in morals—perhaps. But back of all this material he, too, opens a path of beauty. If we find it, we shall be happier for it. In that happiness we find something deeper than the printed page—a kind of sincere satisfaction because we know we are standing on the firmest ground—the intangible.

All these people; the composer, the painter, and the author are artists. They are interested in human reactions, human understanding, and human hearts. Out of poverty, wealth, failure, success, sorrow and joy, they have an understanding of humanity. It is in this that their art lies and the present and future culture is influenced by their art.

With these artists, the composer, the painter, and the author, there should be placed the teacher. Back of every worthwhile educational movement lies an art movement. The teacher is not always a real teacher! The real teacher is a teacher with an artist's heart—a heart

that is interested in human beings and every phase of their lives. A teacher without an artist's heart is one who is interested in making an individual walk along lines marked by static courses of study, outlines, etc. The real teacher studies the problem, sets up concepts in the light of his past experience, considers the individual, allows the individual to influence the selection and makes way for much modification in the curriculum. The real teacher possesses the intangible beauty which forms the most tangible part of any ideal educational work.

Such intangible quality, although it cannot be measured, is the most tangible part of our lives and is the thing upon which our human activities are based. Through these intangible things runs a spirit of beauty. Last year, when we were asked to find the most beautiful spot on the school grounds, I searched for it too with the others. The tower with one star above it, gave us a lovely picture. The glen with all its beauty, the dormitory with all its youth and graciousness, and the willow tree with its sadness gave us great beauty spots—yet these spots were so changeable. I was unsuccessful in my search until I found a spirit of beauty. In each student's heart there was this spirit, a spirit which was produced by an artist's heart. After I found that spirit of beauty, the lovely spots on the campus never changed. They were even more beautiful than their visible beauty.

At graduation time those people left us and when they left they took that spirit of beauty with them. The school was just an empty shell. The building was a most tangible thing. The dormitory, the glen, the willow tree were things we could see and touch—but their loveliness was not there.

After vacation time new students came to us. There was registration—its noise and chatter. Their trespassing into the school, where I had found a lovely thing, made me dislike them. But as I looked at them, just a little closer, in each and every life there was a small flame of beauty. That small flame of beauty has now developed into something (although immeasurable, indefinite, and intangible) which glows with all the beauty and loveliness that has ever existed. They are just as beautiful as the people who left us and they possess the most tangible thing they will ever experience. Those who will let that spirit of beauty be their guide, and the loveliness of the intangible a goal in their lives and a basis for their understandings will be teachers.

To all the teachers who have inspired us—not the teachers who have entertained us—but to those teachers with an artist's heart, who have led us out of fear into fearlessness, out of restricted into free, inconceivable fields of thought and action, and have successfully planted in our lives the beauty of the intangible—and to all of you who will be real

teachers because you have nurtured the spirit of beauty because you know it to be so thoroughly intangible that it is the only tangible foundation for your life, this poem is written—

*Thou, who hast tuned my ears,
And opened my eyes.
Who hast made magic my fears
With a breath of the skies,
The old earth shines with thy tears,
And the rapid winds whisper thy sighs.*
*Thou, who art prouder than fire,
More free than imaginings,
Whose music thrills higher and higher
With the voice of a star that sings,—
To thee this faltering lyre
Turns;—and yearns after thy wings!*

This poem was taken from a first edition of poems by Marina Wister—‘Helen and Others’—published by Macmillan Company—1924—New York City.

M. M. NEUNSINGER.

“The Year’s At the Spring”

*C*O MEET eagerly each new spring with quickening senses and exuberant body is to have within you the spirit of spring.

Awakening life stirs human beings as it does grass clumps in low, moist fields; violets peering through brown leaves; yellow green spice bushes; red-flowering maples. All lovely things of spring are exhilarating: the rising sun; transparent dew drops; grass, silver-green as it ripples and shades to the breeze; vast nights, mystic and tender; dazzling and warming noon-day sun; heavens suffused with blue; white scudding clouds; delicate perfume of wet woods. Each swift-passing day is overflowing with vitality.

To meet the spring in its own spirit: to be warm-blooded, supple, tingling; to cavort with rugged joy in heady sunshine, as animals do; to feel the exuberance of strong, well-balanced, well-functioning body; to have one’s senses tingling and alert; merely to exist, is wonderful.

A bluebird’s song for us means spring, but to the bluebird spring is an instinctive gladness singing within him. He is spring. So it may be with us. Do not say, “It is spring,” but say, rather, “Spring is in me! I am spring!”

R. C.

Many Maryland Day Meanings

CO BEGIN with, the day was a glorious one; and if I may quote Miss Jones, I was bouncing up high as a ball. Quite serenely

I lolled along, I felt a soft tap upon my shoulder and an apologetic voice saying, "Hilda, you know you like to do research work so we have assigned you the 'Maryland Day article'." "Maryland Day?" From the day that I was first placed in a new cradle to the present, "Maryland Day" had merely been another day in my life, a stepping-stone or stumbling-block; that, you may decide for yourself. The first thing toward doing an act which seems logical, is to find out upon what day it falls.

I passed one milestone, to quote Miss Tall; and after frantic search, I discovered it came on March 25.

The next step toward the solution is to annoy various students with a "home-made questionnaire." When did "Maryland Day" originate? Why was it named thus? What was the cause for discovery and naming? Why do we celebrate this day? If the reader is wise, he notices that these questions are almost the same but worded differently. I thought that in this manner, I might be able to at least get the answer to one question. Each one that was questioned gave a vacant, blank, dull stare. Two students came finally to my rescue and volunteered this information. One female, a rather noted one, informed me that it was her birthday. The other person, who is none other than ye temporary editor, informed me that it is his birthday too.

Now to "buckle down to real" work. Miss Holt, in the reference room, offered willing and good-natured service. Together, we resurrected and disturbed the old dust coats on various pamphlets and booklets. Miss Van Bibber let us use a booklet, which is now "out of print." The beautiful mural paintings in it proved very helpful. Thanks to Miss Munn, encouragement was always present although each book peered into contained only about three or four lines even when approached with a double lens.

On "Maryland Day," we celebrate the coming of those people who were persecuted for their faith. On Tuesday, March 25, 1634, these twenty Catholic gentlemen and three hundred Protestants, under the leadership of Leonard Calvert, Jerome Hawley and Thomas Cornwalys landed on the bank of the Potomac at Blackiston's Island—to be exact. Spring was awakening, and Maryland bloomed in an early greeting. "The settlers took a large tree on the island; and making it into a cross, the governor and commissioners, carried it to a place prepared for it. There they erected the cross, celebrated mass, and took 'solemn posses-

sion of the country for our Saviour, and for our Sovereign Lord, the King of England."* When the colonists were safely transported to what is now St. Mary's, the business wheels of the colonists began to roll slowly but securely along its path. Lets we forget—this beautiful land was named Maryland in honor of Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I.

Have you seen the painting, "On the Shores of a New World"? Here are portrayed, simply but vividly, three colonists standing on solid ground with "The Ark" and "The Dove" in the background. The man, woman, and child are dressed in a sedate, Puritan fashion. Yet, from within them glow fine qualities and virtues. The woman seems far-seeing and wise. The man is rather thoughtful and courageous. The little child is innocent and pure. The child and its descendants are the ones who profited by their elders' sacrifice. They came seeking, through hardships and difficulties, to secure religious toleration and freedom for us (if one can see that far). From that day in 1634 until this, Maryland has been the first to extend religious tolerance.

Besides settling St. Mary's, negotiations were made with the Indians which to this day have never been broken. There is another painting in the Baltimore Court House which depicts a scene from the treaty between Leonard Calvert and the Indians. Swarthy Indians and fearless white men met for one purpose, and success was the outcome through the establishment of brotherhood.

As a payment for this land, an ordinary hoe, axe, and hatchet, and cloth were given. Because of these mere implements of peace, we were able to flourish in the coming years. In the mural of this scene, there seems to be three implements; one is of war—the tomahawk, one is of peace—the hoe, and one is useful for both purposes—wood. They seem to be symbolic. The hoe predominates over the tomahawk so that the wood is used for domestic purposes and not for savage warfare.

Maryland's birthday should be observed throughout the state. It was "conceived in a spirit of loyalty and patriotism," and the fire should not die or be banked. It should be cherished and glow. Love of this country and state should be fostered. My plan is that we teachers do our small part to keep this day a cherished memory.

Now that we Americans are in a colonial "frame of mind," let us consider the part that George Washington has played especially in reference to Maryland. We are grateful for the fact that Washington lived so close to us and had intimate friends living on this side of the Potomac. To quote Mr. Shriver, "Maryland was his nearest neighbor."

*"Maryland in Prose and Poetry"—Noble and Tubbs, p. 15

For the bicentennial celebration, Maryland is teeming with a wealth of material. Many trips were taken through this state, which if space permitted could be elaborated upon. Let me not "cork your enthusiasm." If you have an insatiable curiosity, read Mr. Shriner's article in the magazine section of "The Sunday Sun," January 10, 1932.

In trying to discover Washington's trips, we have "to hunt for the footprints" of our former President as his trips have been recorded in a somewhat disorganized fashion. George Washington's own diary has furnished us with numerous trips, and we are greatly indebted to it. That may be one more reason for honoring Washington, O historians, he kept a diary! Take heed all ye diary keepers. Perhaps future generations may have a use for them.

Thus far about "127 separate trips" had been taken in Maryland. Over 500 miles of roads had been traveled. Washington passed over this same York Road. A record has been made of the counties that were visited. "Baltimore was visited thirty times; Annapolis was visited twenty; and Cumberland was visited nineteen times. Visits were also made to Havre de Grace, Elkton, Charlestown, North East, Elkhridge, Upper Marlboro, Bladensburg, Port Tobacco, Rock Hall, Chestertown, Georgetown, Rockville, Frederick, Hagerstown, Hancock, Old Town, Frostburg, Grantsville, Oakland, Midway, Taneytown, and Williamsport." The lists and details of these trips according to Mr. Shriner will be published later. However, it seems that the Western Section of Maryland glories most. It was here as a boy of sixteen that Washington surveyed the rugged lands. He joined Braddock's army here. After the war, he came to that region to help promote navigation. Need we wonder at this cause for glory?

As a young man, he came to us; and in old age, he came also. Nearly a complete cycle of years was spent in Maryland. The last journey to Maryland was made to give a farewell address to the army. Though not living on our shores, he considered us his nearest neighbor. It seems to me that we were rather high in Washington's estimation. May we continue to be so in the future in everyone's estimation.

*"Our Maryland State was beautiful,
When vessels, Ark and Dove,
Sailed o'er the broad Atlantic Main,
With true hearts filled with love,
Through storm and tempest, sleet and rain,
They sailed across the sea
Men of religious liberty
Types of the brave and free."*

J. PHILEMAN-SMITH. H. TIMMERMAN, Senior 3

A Changed Curriculum

HAVE YOU ever heard your father or mother or perhaps your grandparents say, "All you do in school now is play"? Then they proceed to tell what they did when they went to the little, red schoolhouse on the hill. "Why, we used to have arithmetic from nine to ten and by the end of the third grade I knew all my tables and by the end of the fourth grade I could multiply $279 \frac{32}{39}$ by $39 \frac{47}{52}$." Maybe they could and maybe they knew when all the battles of the Revolutionary War were fought, but what good has most of that been in later life? The function of the school today is to prepare boys and girls to live wholesome, well rounded lives. If a child wants to paint, the materials are provided for him; if he wants to build a grocery store, the lumber is at hand; if a boy or girl wants to be what we term a scholarly person, the schoolroom still provides the books with which to work.

Twenty or thirty years ago boys and girls were put to work at an early age simply because they were not book-minded. Today the school is a specialized school, a school in which children can lay the foundation for carpentry, for painting, for farming.

The function of the school and teacher is to keep the child in school and because of this function it has been found necessary to change the curriculum. We see much of the same routine in use today just as it was several years ago, but the purpose behind it has changed. Tests and examinations are given, but not just for marks. They are used to measure the accomplishments of the teacher, to help the child compare his last results with previous ones, and, most important of all, to find out the child's needs and to help him overcome his weaknesses.

Success is emphasized in our curriculum today because we have found that "nothing succeeds like success." Not that we want to make a child feel that he has given to the world a masterpiece after drawing a rather crude covered wagon, but we do want to make him feel a certain degree of accomplishment and to help him improve his contribution.

We have come to realize individuals as well as the groups are different no matter how similar their environment. Our aim is to help the child help his environment, to help him make life pleasanter for those about him, for himself.

As Angelo Patri has said in such a comprehensive way, "The children of the country will come to their own when the school is set to the life of the community and all pride of knowledge, all thought of dominance, has vanished. The child will indicate the way and the school will maintain him in the sapling growth until it becomes a seasoned, sturdy power."

Louise Burns

An Interview With Miss Bader

CAN YOU imagine a member of the faculty being carried up mountains of "heavenly bamboo" in a sedan chair? Such was one of Miss Bader's many experiences during the four years that she lived in China. Miss Bader taught history in Peking at the Tsing Hua College, built by the indemnity money the United States returned to China. In the summers Miss Bader went to the mountain and seashore resorts in various parts of China.

In discussing Peking Miss Bader tells us that of the four divisions of the city, the old Chinese section bears the most fascinating names. Jade Street, Old Clothes Street, and Bone Street were a few that she mentioned. On Jade Street both white and green jade is sold as well as other semi-precious stones. (The streets are named for the articles which are sold there.) On Old Clothes Street the shops are full of the discarded costumes of mandarins, and odds and ends of bright colored silks from Chinese garments. Boys stand in the doorways and call out the wares if a prospective customer approaches and it is near the end of the debt-settling periods. There are three times of the year called bargain times: New Year's, somewhere between the 23rd of January and the 19th of February according to the old Lunar Calendar, the Dragonboat Festival in late spring, and the Moon Festival in fall. It is considered disgraceful for a Chinese not to pay his debts, and this is the cause for some of the suicides which occur at these times.

The fairs and markets of China interested Miss Bader particularly, although everything in a foreign city seemed strange. These fairs are held on certain days. The Lungfutsi is held at the Old Dragon Temple on the ninth and tenth, nineteenth and twentieth, and twenty-ninth and thirtieth of every month. Here, among the ruins of an old, old temple, semi-precious stones, brassware, lacquer and porcelain are sold, as well as the brushes, pottery, and "patterns for embroidered slippers" for the home life of the Chinese.

In the Fire Temple a fair is held only at New Years and lasts for a month. The wealthy Chinese attend this fair and are very picturesque in their lovely silk gowns and straight black hair. The porcelain and jewelry sold here attracted Miss Bader very much.

The Thieves' Market is held from midnight to dawn. It is said that stolen goods are *sometimes* sold here. Many peddlers buy their goods from wholesale merchants at this early morning market.

The Great Bell Temple, ten miles north of Peking, is a Buddhist temple dedicated to the rain god. The largest bell in China is within this temple and rings only at dry seasons. Country people come to the New Year's Fair. Household goods are for sale with the additional

attractions of paper lanterns, legs of paper butterflies, and long strings of tiny candied apples strung on bamboo sticks.

After New Year's in the Lana Temple at Peking the long-expected Devil Dance takes place. The priests practice for weeks ahead. Dressed in elaborate costumes and weird masks, the priests take their long black whips and drive the evil spirits out of every corner. (The masks are supposed to scare the devils away.)

Miss Bader spent a week-end at a monastery (which serves as an inn) in northern China. The name of the place was "The Valley of Eight Great Temples." She discovered that quite by accident she had come at the most interesting time of the year. Pilgrims from all over the country, men and women, young and old, rich and poor, had come to bow down or "kowtow" three times before two snakes who were supposed to have medicinal power. Every pilgrim bought incense. It was a very colorful affair. Green and yellow roofs shone through the autumn leaves at sunset.

Many of the Chinese customs seem very peculiar to us. For instance, it is the height of good manners when introduced to a person to ask: "Are you married?" Two Chinese were very much disgusted with Miss Bader and her friends when three members replied in the negative, and one of them a perfectly good man!

Among the delectable foods served at banquets is the "heavenly duck" which is boiled for hours and hours in wine and water, and after the bones are removed, is stuffed with eight different ingredients, including cabbages, bamboo sprouts and nuts! The guest on the right always serves the one to his left.

Four years of such varied experiences in a country so different from ours have enriched Miss Bader's memory with pleasant as well as humorous experiences.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, *Freshman 2*

Disarmament

ON FEBRUARY 13, Miss Van Bibber took a party of eight to a meeting of the Maryland Branch of the League of Nations Association. Two speakers were featured.

Dr. Da Balla of Hungary was the first speaker. He started his address by saying that there could be no isolation in the future. He emphasized the fact that disarmament will be the only future security. At present he asserted that Europe is divided into two armed camps. On one side is France, Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugos-

(Continued on Page 23)

The Study of a Greek History Unit

FULLERTON SIXTH GRADE

(SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER 1931)

WHEN WE wrote our unit on Greek life we hoped that we might find some way in which to make this history very real to the children. Excursions to a museum and work periods where the boys and girls could make some of the things that the Greeks knew and liked might make this possible.

The teaching of the Greek unit grew out of a previous unit on Egyptian life so it was natural that the class wished to know how the Greeks lived. We supplied the children with a great many books borrowed from the library to show the dress, homes, furniture and art of the early Greeks. Then we went to the Baltimore Museum of Art to see Dr. Robinson's collection of ancient Greek vases. Standing before these lovely vases, that had been made two thousand years before, we showed the children how an early vase with black, glazed figures on a yellow, clay ground could be distinguished from the vases of a later period when yellow figures were silhouetted against a black background. One little boy said, "I don't see how the vases stay so new and shiny." At the Museum we also attended an illustrated lecture by Miss McComas on the art and architecture in Egypt and Greece which showed development from crude beginnings to the perfection of Venus de Milo. The children began to feel that these ancient people had been very human. When we came back we discussed the pictures that interested us most and accounts of the trip were written for our class paper. One little girl wrote, "When you hear your teacher tell you about the way the Greeks learned to make beautiful things you believe her, but then when you see them at the Museum you are surprised."

The children mentioned the things they wished to make to illustrate our Greek life study. Their suggestions were listed on the board and the children grouped themselves into committees with chairmen. Each of the three student teachers took charge of two or three committees. After the committees were formed the class was ready to plan the work. Materials were collected by teachers and pupils and taken to school. The boys who wished to make a sand-table map of Athens brought sand and stones from the playground. The girls who decided to make Greek costumes brought unbleached muslin, needles and thread. They had read about the Greek costume without understanding how it looked. Now, faced with the need for making one, they quickly learned that the chiton or tunic was fastened on one shoulder and draped over a girdle. They practiced ways of draping the cloak or himation. As Halloween

was near, the girls said they intended to wear Greek costumes on that night! Clay for modeling Greek vases, paper, paints and tools were provided by the teachers. A large vacant room was used for the carpenter work, painting and soap carving. The children were eager to carve temples from large bars of white soap, as they had had some experience with this work the previous year. These temples, with gleaming columns were placed upon the rocky heights of the Acropolis on the sand table, just as the map in our reference book indicated. One group of vase painters remained in the classroom where they drew and painted Greek designs under the direction of the teacher.

When the children finished their work we made a museum case from packing crates and displayed our collection, which included many worthwhile pieces of work. There was the model of a Greek ship which a group of boys made. John contributed a Greek lyre, (he took his mandolin apart to get the strings and keys) which would really play. The clay vases, painted and shellacked, were also put in the museum. Jack was interested in learning how the letters of the Greek alphabet were made so that he could trace them on the wax tablets. The large map of the Greek Colonies, which was made by another group, proved useful in our study of Greek colonization.

The value of this work became apparent in many ways. The children found that there was a real need for reference reading if the work was to be accurate. This reading, of course, gave them detailed information. History became more real to the boys and girls. Many skills were acquired. We discovered that the children needed lessons in art. We allowed them to cut patterns for their vases in order to make both sides alike, and we showed them how to mix the cold water paint. The children learned to co-operate and work together harmoniously. Interesting traits of character became apparent. Some of the boys and girls who were poor talkers in class proved to be the more energetic workers.

As we watched the children print tiny markers and place their work with care in the museum, we realized that this history study had not been without profit. In the thoughts of the children the ancient Greeks were real people who had lived, worked and handed down to us a great heritage. There was more to our exhibit than the eye could see. A sense of achievement, a desire for more accurate and detailed information, cooperation and happy work, which help to give meaning and value to the study of history, were some of the most important products of our unit. These could not be seen and handled, but we felt and appreciated their presence.

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MARY HALL, Senior 9

▼
Book Reviews

THE GOLDEN VASE—Ludwig Lewisohn

*W*ITH HIS exquisite charm and beauty of style, together with a perfection of the English language equal to Galsworthy's, Mr. Lewisohn has given us more than a character sketch of John Ridgevale, an author, in the portrayal of an incident in the life of this personage. We are taken within the realms of this man's inner conscience and are given an insight into a life not devoid of hardships, for Mr. Ridgevale's paths were beset with troubles and clouds until he felt the pangs of love and realized that the "Pleasure of love lasts but an instant and the troubles of love last all one's life."

This short novel leaves us with a pure, happy and healthy taste for the joys of life and a depth of feeling for the noble character of John Ridgevale.

NANETTE MACHT, Freshman 1

MODERN BUSINESS BOOK
 LITERATURE AND MODERN BUSINESS
Edited by William H. Cunningham
Harcourt, Brace and Company
 New York-Chicago—1930

This book, a collection of essays by prominent men and women in the world of "Big Business", was originally intended to be a stimulating

introduction and guide to high school students in selecting a career. I found the book valuable in the understanding of the World Today Courses, and as a pleasant way of gaining personal insight into modern business.

Below are the names of some of the writers, and also some of the topics.

Writers: Andre Siegfried—professor at the “Ecole des Sciences Politiques” in France; H. Gordon Selfridge—owner of modern department store in London; Garet Garrett—editor and author of articles on business; Edward Bok—well-known, self-made man editor of Ladies Home Journal; E. T. Raymond—editor, biographer; and B. C. Forbes—financial editor, founder of “Forbes Magazine”.

These authors select such titles as: George Eastman; Alice Foote MacDougall; George Washington—Business Man; The Chances for Success; The Story of Jade; Petroleum; The Reign of Cotton; The Doom of the Self-made Man; Meeting Human Nature Halfway; Notes on Women in Business; The Right Word in the Right Place; and Is Business Honest?

I don't think this book can be found either in the Pratt Libraries or in the book stores. I think it should be introduced here in our own school library, as I consider it a valuable text.

HELEN COX

“FIDDLER'S GREEN”—Albert R. Wetgen

If you want to forget the theory of relativity or the evaluation of man or units for a while, get Albert R. Wetjen to spin his yarn, “Fiddler's Green” for you. He takes you down, down into the “deepest of the deep” to the sailor's paradise where any good sailor's dream may come true. Here you meet Davy Jones, and his brother Casey, Mother Carey, the Old Man of the Sea, great sea captains—Columbus, Noah, Ulysses, Drake and seamen of all nations and of all times hobnobbing with each other.

The yarn is woven about the adventures of Tommy Lawn, a second mate on the “bramcar”, who is admitted to Fiddler's Green, when his ship strikes an ice-berg and goes down.

You'll enjoy this clever version of a seaman's idea of inferno, heaven and purgatory thoroughly.

M. D.

"School Spirit"

Whenever you stand outside your school
Or are merely walking past
Do you feel proud of the building there
And does your heart beat fast?
Do you speak of her achievements
With a real and honest pride?
And when someone slurs her name
Do you always take her side?
Or do you "slam" her at every turn
And mock at the things she has done.
Do you laugh and sneer at her motto and such
And only take part in her fun?
If this is the kind of person you are
Disloyalty, perchance you've shown.
Yours is the quality we all abhor
And wish that 'twere never known.
But those who proudly speak up for her name,
And always courageously cheer it,
They have the quality we admire far more,
The quality we call "School Spirit."
Oh! Please be the one who fights for his school
And never the one who will jeer it!
You be the one we can point to with pride,
"He is the one one with 'School Spirit'."

MARGARET SPEHNKOUCH, Junior 1

Pines In the Pale Starlight

Gnarled and twisted and old,
Gray as the brooding night,
Gnome-like spectres, they stand—
Pines in the pale starlight.
Bent by the centuries gone,
Hoar with winters long past,
Prophetic minstrels, they mourn
Brief summers that could not last.
I wonder if God had granted
Them power to speak or write,
What fantasies would be unfolded
By pines in the pale starlight.

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5

This Thing Called Spring

SPRING IS HERE (oh well, have it your own way, Spring is coming) with all its spring exams, spring rains, spring units. Oh joy! It's always been a vast mystery to us how poets in days gone by could spin so many lovely lyrics about Spring tripping in with her soft breezes, flowers springing up at every step. So far as we can see, the capricious wench has a decided preference for swishing in with the rain and the not-so-soft breezes, while vast hordes of spring colds snuffle along in her wake. It's our opinion, tho we do not care to be quoted, that climatic conditions in this "fair Victorian village" have changed since our grandpa's day. Maybe Spring isn't Spring after all, but just another season by the name of Spring. Maybe this fickle nymph about whom poets have written so many rhapsodical reams of lines (tsk, tsk! such alliteration!) is just old man Winter dolled up in his new Spring clothes. But then the blustery old chap himself isn't what he used to be, so a body can't be real sure what time of the year it is. Climatic conditions being a most complicated topic to discuss, perhaps we had better let the matter drop and consider instead man's adaptations (familiar sounding phrase that, eh Seniors?). On the other hand though, owing to the uncertainty of _____ (whatever season it is), there hasn't been much change in the type of adaptation man (and woman) has been making since the season just past (whatever it may have been). Of course there are a few of fashion's slaves shivering about town in spring togs; but most of us commoners are still hugging the old "snow shawl" about our torsos. As for food, there may be a minute difference in the proportion of soups and salads. But as far as we of the balanced diet are concerned, the variation isn't enough to arouse any considerable degree of interest. Lastly, financial resources being what they are (or rather aren't) our shelter hasn't changed for some time, nor will it, any time in the near future. Q. E. D., food, clothing, and shelter being on the whole practically what they always have been, only to a lesser degree—a matter that can be directly traced to that much talked of figure in world affairs, demon Depression—we feel safe in stating that seasons, as such, don't exist. But it does add a little variety to a humdrum existence to call the weather by a different name every now and then. After all "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." What's more, from a purely emotional standpoint, it doesn't give us half the thrill to murmur, "Well, I see we're having some more weather," as it does to chortle, "Spring is here!"

VIRGINIA STINCHCUM.

A Brief Life History of a Frog

CHE COLD wind blows outside. The noises of the world seem muffled to those thousands and thousands of tiny frog eggs which lie on the bottom of that long forgotten pond. Suddenly the winds stop blowing, the sun comes out and warms the earth; things seem to come to life again and out of the darkness seems to come that entertaining sound, "c-r-o-a-k, c-r-o-a-k". We know for sure that March has left us and the calm and warm spring has come.

"It's a frog"—Yes, but did you ever stop to think about those many eggs lying there on the bottom of that pond? How did they get there? The American toads are in the pond from late April until July. They may appear much earlier if the spring is early. The males—who alone do the singing—are the first arrivals. During a large part of the months they sing both day and night. If the season is unduly cold, they may be silent for days or weeks together, reappearing on the return of higher temperature.

The eggs laid in long, curling masses, tangled among the water-weeds and stretched from object to object in secluded parts of the pond, are black above and white underneath. They are arranged in a single row, in a transparent, jelly like mass, cylindrical in shape, and are fertilized on the water as they are laid.

The jelly like substance above the eggs is scarcely visible when the eggs are laid but it swells in contact with the water and becomes very conspicuous. Discoloration by sediment of the water helps to protect the eggs, because it makes them resemble the debris at the bottom of the pond.

The eggs are small (less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ mm. in diameter) and their number is incredibly large. Various layings counted have yielded between four and twelve thousand eggs produced by a single individual. If the eggs are laid early, the development is comparatively slow; but if the eggs are laid later when the temperature is high, the development is very rapid.

Within four days from the time of laying one finds the tadpoles out of the jelly like mass clinging to its outer surface or to a nearby water-weed. The rounded head is uppermost, the tail with its fins hanging downward. At the place where we should expect the mouth to be are two small elevations, called suckers. These secrete a sticky substance by means of which the young tadpoles attach themselves to weeds or grasses.

By the fifth day the head, body and tail are still more clearly differentiated, and finger like extensions from the neck are conspicuous when the tadpole is viewed from above or below. These are the gills for

breathing that have been present for fully forty eight hours, but were difficult to see. Ever since the tadpole emerged from the jelly-mass they have responded with a vigorous wiggling of the tail whenever disturbed.

When a week-old, their activity is still greater. The head is apparently much larger, but the gills are more conspicuous than before and seem to be farther back on the neck.

On the tenth day, we have veritable "polywogs" as black as tiny coals, with tails that continually wiggle and small round mouths that are in constant search for something to eat. The mouths are open for the first time. These mouths are provided with horny jaws for scraping the tiny plants from their supports and for biting off the delicate ends of larger plants.

The whole length of the tadpole, when it is from four to six weeks old and is approaching the last stage of its development is about one inch. The tail with its filmy fin constitutes three-fifths of its entire length. The soft skin is nearly black, but when examined a fine stripe of gold can be seen. The two nostrils are very prominent, showing as small white openings. The eyes are small; the pupil is round and black and is surrounded by an iridescent iris.

The tadpole now breathes by internal gills, situated at the sides of the throat. The water enters at the nostrils and mouth, which is continually opening and shutting for the purpose, passes through an opening in the side walls of the throat, then over the gills, and out through an opening at the left side.

When the tadpole begins to change into the toad, the first sign which we can observe is the appearance of the hind legs. These are mere rounded buds in the beginning and project straight backward. Soon the division into toes can be seen and joints are perfected. Then the leg is bent and the foot projects outward. Now the tadpole begins using the legs, as well as the tail in swimming.

In ten days or two weeks after the appearance of the hind legs, the front ones suddenly appear, fully formed. The fact is, they have been growing for quite as long a time as the back legs have, but were concealed under the membrane that covers the gills.

We now have a strange looking creature like a little toad with a long tail, for before the front legs appeared, changes had begun in the region of mouth and eyes. The small mouth has been replaced by a large one, the opening of which extends far back under the eyes. The eyes have increased in size and have become elevated so that they look like the toad's eyes as we know them in the adult. Now the tail seems mysteriously shorter. It continues to become shorter (absorbed from within), until it is a mere stub, and finally disappears altogether.

LEILA HARDESTY, Senior 9

The Frogs

Be kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As "Slimy-skin," or "Polly-wog,"
Or likewise "Uncle James,"
Or "Gape-a-grin," or "Toad gone wrong,"
Or "Billy-Bandy Knees."
The frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair,
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a frog (and by the way,)
They are extremely rare.

HILAIRE BELLOC



A Friend

A dog to me is a friend indeed,
A friend who's staunch and true,
And never when all things go wrong,
Just quits and says, "I'm through."

He keeps on fighting to the end
To help his master win;
No matter what the burden is
He sticks through thick and thin.

He toils and slaves without a thought
Of his own happiness;
He's always there for work or play,
And loves a fond caress.

A dog to me is a friend indeed,
A friend who's staunch and true,
A friend who cares for nothing more
Than to share joys and sorrows too.

M. L. MELCHER, Senior 6

With Banners

Though I am beaten
Nobody shall know
I shall wear defeat so proudly
I shall go
About my business as I did before
Only when I have safely closed the door
Against you and all the rest
Shall I be free—
To bow my head
Where there is none to see.
Tonight I'll shed my tears
Tomorrow when I talk with you
I shall be gay again.
For tho' I am beaten
No one shall guess
For I shall walk
As tho' I knew success.

A. TOBER



Alone

Alone.
In the bustle of the day,
Hurry, scurry all the way!
No thought,
No concentration,
One rushing
Mad sensation.
Truly alone!

Alone.
In the calmness of the night,
Darkness changed by Luna white.
Strange thought,
Strange recollections,
Cherished, too,
Dear reflections,
Partly alone!

S. LEUTNER

Mahatma Gandhi

MAHATMA GANDHI was the youngest of a family of six. In his early school days he was not very studious, but he progressed because it was easier to study than to deceive his teacher. From the sixth to his sixteenth year he went to the native Indian school. Meanwhile, religion or self-realization, as he calls it, was being picked up from his surroundings.

In his seventeenth year Gandhi came to England not so much to study as to gain experience of English life and customs. He went to Oxford and there studied law. Gandhi had always been a vegetarian but secretly he had been hoping for the time when all India would eat meat. At this time he happened to come across Salt's "Plea for Vegetarianism" which forever cured him of his desire for meat. He went to Bond Street and there "foolishly spent ten pounds for a tailor-made suit". Gandhi at this period of his life also took dancing lessons, studied French and took a course in elocution. While studying in England he passed himself off as a bachelor although he had a wife at home. This resulted in a great deal of embarrassment because a good friend of his tried to have him fall in love with her niece. He was finally forced to confess to his friend that he was already married.

After Gandhi had become a lawyer and returned to India he was offered one hundred and five pounds to go to South Africa to act as lawyer to Abdul Karim Ghaveri. In 1899 Gandhi went back to South Africa to study the status of the Indian in the war of the Boers. In Johannesburg conditions were insufferable. The "coolies", corresponding to India's untouchables, were huddled into a small location. Through the ignorance of the Indians and criminal negligence of the Municipality the location became a breeder of the black plague. The Municipality at once seized on the situation as a lever to drive out the Indians. Gandhi at once sent a letter to the papers denouncing the Municipality for its part in the epidemic of the black plague. Through the insistence of Gandhi the old location was burned and the frightened Indians were taken to a larger and better location.

Until 1901 Gandhi made little progress in his fight. In 1901 Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, powerful South African potentate, was won over to the cause by the cruelty of the police to Indian women. It was during these days that the doctrine of "passive resistance" was originated. After the good work in South Africa, Gandhi was forced by an attack of pleurisy to return to India in 1914. While the great war was still raging in Europe Gandhi was invited to a conference called by Viceroy Chelmsford. The Viceroy pleaded with Gandhi to vouch for the Indian people's aid to England in its time of need. He asked that Gandhi post-

pone all propaganda for Indian liberty, until after the war. A few years later Gandhi fell violently ill with pleurisy. The doctor pleaded with him to take treatment but he refused. Finally, Mahatma was made to take injections of arsenic and iron to save his life. After his strength had returned a little he was put on a diet of goat's milk. This is the origin of the eternal diet of goat's milk which Gandhi is on. Gandhi proposed a boycott of all English goods on his convalescence because of the British refusal of his proposition. He was addressing a company of Muslims a few months later when he was asked for an explanation of his policy. He then expounded his theory of "non co-operation". In 1908 the native spinning wheel movement was started. His policies and efforts since 1922 are well known and need not be told.

SOLOMON LISS, *Freshman 3*

▼

DISARMAMENT

(Continued from Page 11)

slavia. Those nations favor the Versailles Treaty and demand that Europe remain in status quo. The last three countries make up the little Entente with a population of 69,000,000.

In the other armed camp is Italy with its allies, Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, and possibly Germany, Austria, and Russia. These nations oppose the Versailles Treaty. Italy, the leader of this group, tries to counteract and counterbalance France.

Germany will probably be the battlefield should there be another war. France would probably crush Italy and Germany. Russia would overcome the border countries, although France would send aid to the border countries. This would leave France, weakened by the struggle with Italy and Germany, to deal with Russia. The chief reason to doubt the accuracy of this prophecy is Germany's natural fear and hatred of Communism. However, Germany in spite of this would probably ally herself with Russia against a common enemy.

Dr. Da Balla's alternative to this fearful prophecy is for the nations to apply to the rest of the world the kind of disarmament Germany has already had to accept.

Dr. Richard T. Buell gave the second address in which he pointed out that effective international action cannot be had with the United States outside of the international affairs. If the world is to pull through the present alarming crisis, it can be only through our learning cooperation for good with the rest of the world through participation in the League activities.

SOL LISS, *Freshman 3*

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Have You a Shadow?

*W*E HAVE a wonderful little glen back of the school. Do you know it? I do, so I took a stroll there one morning by myself. I was singing as I gazed at the beautiful, springlike morning. I noticed the play of the shadows that the branches of the trees cast upon each other. They crossed and recrossed numbers of times, until the effect was one of a lattice climbing up the sides of a porch.

It seemed as if by magnetic force my gaze was lowered to the ground, where again I was to watch the play of shadows. A branch which had fallen from a nearby tree, was lying prone upon the ground, nevertheless it contrived to give off a shadow. A rock whose head was barely jutting above the ground also cast a shadow, and by its side a

little flower, emerging with the first days of spring,—a little shadow. A blade of grass whose pale greenness was evidence of its youth, struggled to cast a shadow. All the forces of nature, regardless of their size or minuteness, reveal to us a part of them by the shadow which they inevitably let fall.

Do we cast a shadow? Is our life one, that if it were suddenly to be snatched from our present environs, would cause a slight or great disturbance. Do we reflect ourselves, does any part of us serve as an aid to the persons around us? Is not our happiness measured by the size of the shadow which we joyfully spread among our fellows? Have we a shadow?

HENRY KITT, *Freshman 3*



Rate Our Magazine

A judge who specializes in magazines sends in the following suggestions as a basis for rating:

"STRONG POINTS:

- Increasing range of feature material.
- Deepening maturity of thought.
- Increasing attractiveness of typography.
- Wider use of block prints.
- Higher quality of verse.
- More artistic covers.

WEAK POINTS:

- Sermonizing editorials.
- Low humor level.
- Complimentary advertisements.
- Small town gossip and 'opposite sex' material.
- Absence of essay material.
- Absence of alumni material.
- Absence of athletic feature material.
- Absence of make-up material."

Fiction in a school magazine should draw upon the contacts and experiences of the students, which flower naturally from the ideals and traditions of the student body.

"A publication is not a lifeless aggregation of print and paper. It is a living growth, the incarnation of the soul of the school. It should be open to the contributions of every pupil in the school."

SCHOOL NEWS

Seen and Heard from the Tower

THINGS ARE going just too far when certain Health Education classes have to entertain themselves by searching for currents of air in Miss Keys' room. (Refer to the instructor for further information.)

What do you think of the prospective student teacher who says that children can't spell because they don't know the word to be spelled or else they can't write?

It has been noticed by the History of Education classes that there are additional potted plants in room 214. Looks as if Miss Birdsong was right, doesn't it?

Rumors of a "jungle motif" for the Senior prom lead the editor to suggest that the committee take a peek into the art room and get some ideas from the masterpiece there.

Did you know that when Miss Van Bibber walked into the library and asked if there were any marshals there, some Freshmen had the nerve to say, "There are some on the shelf."

In order to facilitate this rising habit, take heed ye sleepy-heads (this is the way Miss Daniels does it). She sets her alarm clock on the kitchen shelf. When the alarm goes off it "jiggles" from the shelf into the kitchen sink. The other morning, however, a glass was inadvertently placed in the way—so, now Miss Daniels has only one left. Let's take up a collection—she might need two at once sometime.

This is the worst—the faculty is becoming forgetful. Yes, Mr. Walther, Misses Birdsong, Daniels, and Mrs. Stapleton found themselves in dire need of another appointment with the photographers. Horrors! What would Miss Munn have done to a Senior? And another thing—Miss Brown either arrives a day early or a day late for a card party appointment. Believe it or not, she also starts out for supervision in the wrong center. (Some student teachers should be glad Miss Brown had a certain other faculty member along.)

Now that we are thinking about the faculty, the editor would like to know just exactly why Miss MacDonald locked Miss Stitzel in the Richmond Hall kitchenette.

Again—some of the faculty were looking for "D" Street in Washington (they say they were headed for the N. E. A. meetings). Well anyway, they chanced on a "good-looking" cop. I say "good-looking" because that was very definitely stated by the faculty members. Upon asking him where they could find "D" Street, he immediately questioned, "Are you looking for the Emergency Hospital?"

Then there were some thirty interested Normal students who trooped into the D. A. R. building in Washington—each one with a paper bag lunch under his arm. Let's hope they didn't eat lunch during the conference on "Art, Literature, and Music."

What? One of the Freshmen men students so hard up that he had to call a meeting of the League of Young Women Voters in "the rear of the assembly hall," I don't know, but—

▼ March Editors

Russell Denison and Harry Greenberg have shouldered the responsibility for this issue. Tell them what you enjoyed about it. Miss Stinchcum has been an able assistant as well as several freshmen whose names we shall give you later.

▼ A Treat In Store

A TREAT is in store for all you connoisseurs of amusement and joyous mirth, O Bacchantes, yea, verily! On April 1, 1932, promptly at 8:00 P. M., the curtains will be raised on another sumptuous entertainment—the Fourth Annual Men's Revue of the Maryland State Normal School.

Come, all ye people, and lend an attentive ear. You will be made party to a deep, dark secret. This year's entertainment will set a precedent for all future Men's Revues. Hast thou not heard the news? We are presenting excerpts from an operetta! Not only that, but all female parts will be taken by the men! Imagine certain of our he-men gaily tripping across the stage in silken skirts and dresses, singing blithely in falsetto. That alone should be worth the price of admission, which is still 50c, half a dollar, and no advance in prices.

Much of the Revue proper will be given over to disciples of Terp-

sichore this year. Room 223, during gym periods, contains perspiring seniors in shirt sleeves and suspenders, wearily wending their way through the soft shoe routine. Under the able coaching of our athletic adviser, Mr. Minnegan, this event is rapidly taking shape and form so that it can be performed before a critical audience. The freshmen too are working hard and industriously on their events. Did you ever think of the male members of Freshman 3 as chorus girls? Yet, they have evolved a tap-dancing bevy of chorines that would reflect credit on the producers of any of our big musical comedies now on Broadway.

Other acts are also being groomed for our big night. There are the usual vocal numbers, gymnastic demonstrations, and novelty acts. Those of you who had the good fortune of attending last year's performance will recall the loud guffaws of semi-hysteria which greeted the Bum's Ballet number. It may interest you to know that the Ballet, with slight variations, will be repeated for the benefit of those who did not have the opportunity to witness that mirth-producing classic.

Now all is confusion, but chaos will very soon be molded into a harmonious whole. This is possible mainly because of the cooperative spirit pervading the ranks of all those connected with the Revue. Too much credit cannot be given our coach and adviser, Mr. Donald E. Minnegan, for his competent work in attending to all the duties involved in arranging such an elaborate affair. Due support should be given Ray Townsend, our General Manager, Joe Haggerty, our Master of Ceremonies, and to their able supporting committees.

Support the Men's Revue and you help support the Athletic Association. As in former years, all proceeds of the Revue go into the A. A. coffers, once again demonstrating the gracious magnanimity of the male contingent of Normal School.

See the Revue! You will enjoy yourself and your money will go for a good cause. Come out April 1; we guarantee that while it is an April Fool's Party, no one will be fooled. You will see the finished product of months of preparation, and it will be well worth waiting to see. Remember the night, Friday, April 1, 1932. Dancing after the show.

GEORGE STOLBERG,
Publicity Manager



Men's Meeting at Miss Tall's House

Thursday, 7.15 P. M.

MANY TIMES I have been questioned about our Men's Meetings and now I am writing in an endeavor to stave off any more inquiries and to satisfy any curiosity which might be lurking

in the minds of the fair sex.

The Men's Meetings of the Maryland State Normal School are held for the purpose of discussing problems pertaining to the men students of the school. We have a presiding officer and a secretary who conducts affairs in true (?) parliamentary procedure. Miss Tall is always present and suggests many things of value. She also has the greatest respect for our needs and for our problems.

Following our short business meeting we have very interesting speakers. For instance we have had Miss Osborn of our own school who gave us a very entertaining talk on humor in literature; Dr. Preston who spoke to us on mental hygiene and patiently answered our very immature questions; Folger McKinsey ("The Bentztown Bard") who took us reminiscing with him and read to us some very fine selections by Walt Whitman; and Mr. Flowers, Assistant Superintendent of Baltimore Schools who stressed the growing need of the correct use of English in both oral and written work. This speaker's hour passes rapidly and always gives us food for reflection.

The next half hour may be termed the climax of the whole affair. Gentlemen-like the men file out into the kitchen to partake of food which we feel sure the Roman Gods would have envied us. There are hot dogs and cocoa in quantities sufficient for everyone. As the men enter the room there is a pile of rolls a foot or so in height, a ten gallon can of cocoa and a large can of preserves. But, oh! The deplorable state of affairs following the satisfying of fifty or more hungry appetites. Perhaps if you read the "Sun" you saw Miss Tall's recommendation for hot dogs and jam, a very delectable combination.

What happens next the girls well know, at least those who live in the dormitories. From some unknown source the men have acquired the idea that they are good serenaders. Arranging themselves into groups they blend in harmony which runs a close rival to any Glee Club in existence. Why, tone quality is our hobby!

R. TOWNSEND, Senior 9

We Extend Our Horizon

JC. JAQUITH of New York and Athens, Greece, spoke on Thursday before the students of the State Normal School, and the Elementary School. The subject of his address at the Normal School was "East and West Meet Half Way." At the Elementary School, he spoke on "American Educational Influence in the Near East."

After centuries of conflict, the present-day trend in the Near East is for international cooperation, said Mr. Jaquith, who for seven years

was director of Near East Relief in the Athens-Constantinople area. At present he is a national executive of the Near East Foundation, which was incorporated in 1930 to succeed the relief committee and direct educational and rural work in Albania, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine and Egypt.

"The spirit dominating the Near East countries seems to be a determination to maintain political and economic independence, and at the same time to foster friendly relations among themselves and with surrounding powers," said Mr. Jaquith.

"Whatever influence America may have in the Near East, and of course it is of unofficial nature, falls into the plan of international co-operation, now, after centuries of strife, a controlling force. It takes the form chiefly of education, the lack of which is one of the main causes of retarded growth in the Near East. The Near East College Association maintains colleges in Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey and Syria. The American Mission Board has schools and hospitals. The Near East Foundation, whose service is devoted to the underprivileged classes, whose 33,000,000 people have been wholly neglected in the past, maintains schools for peasant youth, programs of rural instruction for refugee farmers and programs of disease prevention and recreation, aiming to improve health and eliminate epidemics which have sadly devitalized the people in the past. The work of the Foundation also is designed to promote peace by helping to raise the living level of the common people and making them more content."

Mr. Jaquith knows intimately all the countries of the Eastern Mediterranean. He had charge of relief forces in Smyrna at the time of the fire and directed activities among the refugees immediately after their arrival in Greece. He superintended the first exchange of populations at the request of both the Greek and Turkish governments and continued as a neutral adviser to the Exchange of Populations Commission. Later he was chairman of a commission composed of Greek Red Cross and Turkish Red Crescent members established to effect the return of Greek prisoners from Turkey to Greece. He was one of the founders of Athens College and is one of its trustees.



In the Realms of Mother Goose

SENIOR 11 was in a bad way; our assembly was at hand and nothing had been done.

Now to give an assembly, many things are necessary and not the least of these is an idea. This is exactly what was the matter—an idea was lacking.

At this psychological moment Miss Crabtree and Miss McDonald put their heads together and supplied the missing link—we could give a Mother Goose Operetta, and so we did. Our section with the help of some willing Freshmen sang the rhymes in chorus while fifteen children from our Campus School dramatized them. They also added a few original dances which fitted in with the music.

With this rather disconnected type of scene the problem of moving properties naturally arose. We solved this by borrowing the Chinese idea of having property men come visibly on the stage.

Costumes and background were our biggest problems. These vanished under Miss Neunsinger's ingenious suggestions and we went cheerfully to work sewing tails on pussy cats and mounting sheep on Miss Diffenderfer's coffee can lids. Our costumes and those of the children were muslin dyed or checked with paint.

The children were delightful to work with. In fact we both became so interested in each other at our dress rehearsal that the show stopped dead. Catastrophe here was nearly caused by Jack Horner's literal interpretation of the rhyme. Suffice it to say that his plum was seeded after the first rehearsal.

The children really lived their parts. Once when time was pressing, Old King Cole, who was looking about for a seat on the crowded platform was briefly asked to sit on the floor. Puss in Boots was up at once. "Kings don't sit on the floor," he informed us indignantly as he offered his seat to the merry little monarch.

And so we went, laughing and serious, until we all landed before the assembly. Hardly a play—it was too real; it was just a glorious make-believe.

M. A. PAYNE, Senior 11

The Valentine Dance

ON SATURDAY, February the thirteenth, a Valentine Dance was enjoyed by many students of Normal and their escorts. The Auditorium, with its strings and strings of hearts and its merry Cupids shooting arrows, was not at all like the Auditorium of our every day life. The orchestra seemed to be the audible part of the decorations with its music about hearts and love, while the swaying dancers seemed to make a heart design. We are glad there was a Saint Valentine because had it not been for him we would not have enjoyed the dancing, the Cupid's nectar, the strings and strings of hearts.

LOUISE BURNS

(Continued on Page 39)



Chatter-Box

By SIDNEY LAND, *Junior 2*

JN LISTING the names of the men who bore the White and Gold colors during the soccer season, ye editor forgot to mention the names of Perry and Schwanebeck. We offer our apologies, and extend to both Perry and Schwanebeck our heartiest and most sincere congratulations.

Why didn't the junior varsity basketball team have a schedule to play this year? Whose fault is it that they played but two games, and no preliminary tilts this year? Is Coach Minnegan satisfied with the material this year, that he isn't looking ahead to next season? Now, if anyone can answer all of these questions correctly, they will receive a "swelling"—handshake!!!!

News (?) Flash—Wilson's Teachers College Swamps Normal 32-18 in Return Match—is this news?????

In the Men's Room the day of the first Wilson's Teachers College basketball game, was posted the following notice: "Basketball men report to Room 215 at 7:15 P. M. Skull practice." We wonder what was meant by skull practice???????

Incidentally, Al Reubling thanked the editor for giving him about ten lines in this column last issue. Al should be congratulated for his modesty(?)—therefore, we will repeat, Al should be congratulated. (Pardon my laugh!!!!!!!)

We wonder if anyone who has read this column once, is imbecile enough to waste his precious time reading it again????? Yes, this means you and you and you.

Well, the Junior varsity basketball team went and did it—What did they do? Why they broke Normal's traditional record, and won a

basketball game. Yes, that was the first j.v. victory in three years, and we now have something to crow about. Oh, the score—that was 24-20. The score at the end of the half was 13-12 in favor of our opponents. And before I forget, our opponents were Sparks High School.

Ye editor is going the way of all flesh—namely, STUDENT TEACHING, and this reason is offered as an apology for not having a longer column to bore the poor dopes who read this trash.

Yeah, and before ye editor signs off, the following announcement must be made: All comments heard so far, about the January or Sports issue of the TOWER LIGHT, were favorable—so now, this is the time for all good members to come to the party—and start KNOCKING ye good old TOWER LIGHT. (Blah)

Russ Denison, sports reporter who covered the Normal-Gallaudet game reported that the funniest incident in the contest was "Horse" Fisher shooting two free throws in a row.

Fisher's guarding reminded ye reporter of a traffic cop. (Well, he is a flat foot, isn't he?)

It has been suggested to this corner that Coach Minnegan use sign language. (Steve Brodie took a chance, Coach, and we may win another game.)

Unconfirmed report: Blue Ridge College cancelled both basketball games—we wonder why.

Ye editor is pleading with the inmates of the Alma Mater to send in suggestions for ye good old Chatter-Box. Thank you and you and you.



Normal Quint Minus Stars, Defeat St. Cecelia

THE White and Gold of Normal was carried to a 26-21 victory over a high class aggregation of players in a home game.

The fine play of Joe Haggerty, Normal forward, kept the home team in the running throughout the first half, after the fast passing St. Cecelia's team had dazzled the Normal players. With a 13-5 score against them the Normalites began to click and did not stop until the first half-score, read, 17-15, in their favor. Haggerty and Freeny dropped several "snowbirds" and Cully, Normal guard, made four long shots to bring the score to 21-20, after the visitors had made a second half rally.

A field goal by Tillman and one by Fisher practically sewed the game up in the closing minutes of play. Tillman was the best scorer of the day and produced baskets from all angles. This was Normal's first victory over a Baltimore Basketball Organization.

TOM JOHNSON, Freshman 6

Gallaudet Takes Clash from Normal Cagers

A GROUP of hard-passing, accurate-shooting tossers representing Gallaudet College took the White and Gold quint into camp to the tune of 37-20 at Normal, Friday, February 19.

The Cagers employing a fast moving attack, got off to a flying start and were soon in front by a slight margin. The Normal boys managed to counter a few double-deckers, and at one time forged ahead, 7-5. However, this position was short-lived as the opposition warmed up and started looping them through the cords. The first half ended with our opponents on the long end of a 17-9 score.

Coach Minnegan juggled his lineup vainly in the second half to strike a scoring combination but to no avail. For every marker, our boys rang up, the Gallaudet tossers seemed to ring up two or three. The visitors showed an extreme aptitude for making every foul shot count and it was a rare occasion when the blue-jerseyed boys failed to net their shots.

Fisher, Cully, and Reubling led the way for our boys, each contributing five points to the cause. Walnoka, the opposing pivot man, was a big factor in his team's scoring, netting 15 points, and copping high point honors for the game.

R. DENISON, *Senior* 8



Normal's Natators

PERSISTENCE is bound to gain its goal—at least this seems true of some members from Normal. There are, as the remains of the huge group of prospective teachers who started swimming at the Y. W. C. A. this winter, about thirty girls who uphold this doctrine.

These mermaids, regardless of their ability, always find something to keep them occupied. Most of the beginners have mastered the back stroke and are now attempting the side stroke. Others, more advanced, are working on the crawl stroke and diving. For the past month everyone has been energetically engaged trying to pass the numerous tests that are given. Splendid co-operation has been shown so as to organize systems where many girls can pass tests at the same time—even in a pool as small as that of the "Y." As yet there have not been any outstanding performances but the group shows promise and ability.

SELMA TYSER, *Freshman* 1.

Athletics for 1950

(From an observer's point of view 18 years from now)

CHOSE WHO were real sports two or three decades ago are noticing more than anyone else the great change that has come over athletics within the last generation. Formerly to be an athlete you had to be a powerful looking brute of a man with a chest like a drum and muscles like little mountains all over you. Now-a-days you don't even have to play the game. In fact you don't have to be there; you can hear the game over the radio and see it with the television teletoscope. If you like, you may wait a few days and see it in the high class movies for sixty cents and if you wish to save, in about a year you may see it in the lower class movies for a nickel.

In the good old days the number of spectators only slightly exceeded the number of participants. Today about twenty-two play and several hundred thousand "participate." You don't have to be connected with the place the team comes from.

Mechanical devices take the place of skill—but why go through all this explanation sounding as prosy as one of our school essays when a few excerpts from the Baltimore News sport page, especially Roger H. Pippin, the second's write ups will tell all.

ARMY-NAVY GRID CONFLICT

(From the Baltimore News, November 28, 1950)

Definite arrangements have just been concluded for the great Army-Navy football game to take place in the Sahara Desert. Here there will be sufficient light for television and a little if any interruption of the radio waves. The game will be heard in New York, London, Paris, Monte Carlo, Peking, Palm Beach, and practically everywhere. There will be a hundred people present at the game including players, doctors, coaches, umpires, radio announcers, and television experts. Several airplanes will, of course, be necessary for their transportation. The line up is not definite but it is known that Wing Foo of Peking will be center forward, and Yousouf-Ben-Ali of Ethiopia and Ben Johnson of Toronto will be wings on the Army's team.

A special feature of interest this year is found in the fact that one of the Navy players was actually in attendance at the naval academy for several months being a substitute for one of the janitors during the illness of the latter. At the same time two members of the Army team are bona fide soldiers having as butchers sold the quartermasters meat during their encampment at Camp Holabird for one entire summer.

It is rumored that a German syndicate is making an offer for Army and Navy. Should this rumor be not entirely groundless a sharp decline in the Sahara Syndicate shares may be expected.

WORLD'S BASEBALL SERIES
(Baltimore News, June 10, 1950)

The worlds' baseball series was held last night at the office of the Anglo-American Pan-Graphic-Tel-Radio Company, Chicago. It has not yet been decided which team will be declared the winner as the money is not all in yet.

NEW QUESTION PUT UP TO FOOTBALL PROMOTERS
(Baltimore News, October 12, 1950)

A heated discussion is taking place between football promoters and fans alike as to whether or not mechanical men will be used this year as players. Some contend that if they are used the game will be faster, more exciting, and will undoubtedly be helpful in carrying out the new economy programs advanced by most colleges during this twenty-second year of the great world depression. Besides small schools having a limited male enrollment will at last be given a fair chance to participate. On the other hand, there are those who, like their forefathers, simply think a game is no good unless there is bloodshed and broken bones. And what thrill would there be in having only artificial blood shed and robot's bones broken? The question is really a vital one and will be brought up perhaps in the next session of Congress. Write us your opinions, address Roger H. Pippin, Junior, Sports Editor, Baltimore News, Baltimore, Maryland.

▼
Youth

*Sing—because you are living,
In the glorious land of youth,
And are walking steadily forward
With step firm—seeking the truth.*

*Sing—for the heavens above you,
For the sun that sheds light on your path,
For the rain that sparkles downward
And cleanses away your wrath.*

*Sing—whether winning or losing
Whether skies be blue or gray
Just sing because you are living
And are young, young today.*

IVY SCHOTTA, Senior 6

Alumni Notes

"The Care and Feeding of Pups"

*W*HEN THE puppy first comes he will be shy and lonesome. Let him crawl under the nearest table and see that no one but his master approaches with food and water until the pup learns to know his owner and becomes used to his surroundings." So said the dog book and I knew that part by heart.

Thus one bright September morning found me kneeling in eager expectancy before a crate, partly wire-covered, the rest of the family standing, with respectful deference to the dog-book's warning, out of the way so as to give the mistress the center of the stage.

Ever since a letter had come from the West Coast saying that my birthday gift was to be a wire-haired fox terrier puppy, aged four months, I had delved frantically into all sorts of dog manuals and lore. No young mother could have consulted "Care and Feeding of Infants" more assiduously than I did my canine pamphlets. It is a great responsibility, this caring properly for a dog, especially when one has been accustomed to cats.

Instruction number one, therefore, was to be obeyed carefully. Breathlessly and slowly, so as not to disturb the frightened, cowering little specimen that had journeyed three thousand miles in the queer crate, I opened the door. Out bounded a joyous, quick-silvery, squarish bundle of wiry hair, eternally wagging tail, and inquisitive nose which completed a minute survey of kitchen, astonished family and outdoors, and ended with a rapturous licking of my face in less time than it took me to write this. The "homesick, forlorn little puppy" had arrived!

From then on my life changed. A tornado, sweeping through our well-ordered home with devastating and destroying effect could not have brought about a more complete metamorphosis. Nothing was the same; but our education progressed by leaps and bounds. The riddle and eternal Why? of existence was explained. One lived to raise one's pup.

One also named him. Bestowing a cognomen on a dog is a great responsibility. To all harassed pet owners we advocate the following procedure. Close your eyes and quickly put your finger on the animal's pedigree. Open them, and write the name thus blindly chosen. Repeat this procedure, combine the two names, and presto!, your dog is named. Then the Kennel Club will have its say in the matter and your chosen name may or may not stand for registration. But you can always call your dog what you want. Ours emerged from the struggle as Barrington.

ton Ruggles, but is known to his intimates as Ruggie, Wuzzie, Pug, or the Infant Samuel, this last for some unexplicable reason. Of course, I have heard him called other names but I never cared for them and refuse to give official recognition to such. People should not give way to angry emotions anyway.

The pup named, you turn your attention to such items as feeding, and find that in spite of a scientifically planned set of menus, no starch, sweets, peas carefully crushed—some raw meat—your pup prefers and picks his own diet with blissful unconcern of possible ensuing stomach fatalities.

You have him plucked when he is old enough and have to meet all over again the smart squarish body, with its straight front legs, gay, erect tail and bewiskered face. He looks now less like a poodle and more like a design on one of this year's Christmas cards.

When it comes to teaching him manners inevitably one's mother is highly successful, and being an admirer of efficiency you would never dream of interfering with this arrangement. What a help she is, too, in teething time, especially when it comes to pulling the baby teeth. Ruggie soon learned to run to the right source with desperate pokes at his muzzle when it was time to strew more teeth over the floor. Those two did a beautiful teething job between them.

The "coming" of the permanent teeth is marked by the "going" of various and sundry articles about the house. The wire "pup" is omnivorous, curious, and persistent when it comes to teething rings. Shoes, of course, are always popular, with bedroom slippers a close second, especially if they happen to be silver brocade bedecked with jade ostrich as were those of a chagrined house guest. Brushes, I should say rank second, and the larger and longer-handled they are the more the pup will enjoy them. A fox scarf is a glorious plaything if the tail comes off easily; and a puppy must also be formally introduced to your fur coat before he can be convinced that it is not a denizen of the woods or field and fit game for a plucky terrier. It is his "investigatishness" that causes him to pick up and roll around in his mouth all manner of articles: beads, combs (dear Ruggles just dotes on combs) bracelets, shoe laces, and hats. And may I add in passing—Persian rugs. Nothing in your house is safe or inviolate for at least six months and you will probably lose about half of your friends.

But what does this matter when you have gained a "wire hair" for a pet? Easily trained, he responds quickly and joyously to your commands. "Dead dog!—Beg! Shake hands! Say your prayers! Go upstairs! and wake 'em up! Bring your ball! Let's play hide the thimble! Look at the kitty out the window! Toe dance!" All these become meaningful

and are quickly translated into the correct action by your "wire".

He will be friendly with everything but "smooth dogs, rough dogs, little dogs, and big dogs", a whiskered rowdy ever spoiling for a fight. He will be a good watchdog and warn you of every burglar in the watches of the night, also of every breath of wind, every creaking shutter, every rustling leaf and every passing cat. You will hate him sometimes and will apologize for him and brag about him; but you will never own a dog of a different breed.

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28

Peace

*I like the peace of a country road,
That stretches on and on,
I like the peace of a mellow scene,
Just wakening at dawn.
I like the peace of the somber hills
That arch the clinging blue;
I like the peace of a moonlit night,
And the roses hung with dew.
I like the peace of a fireside bright,
With book and easy chair,
I like so well the "peace of mind,"
One feels while dozing there.
I like the peace of the setting sun,
And its last soft, radiant glow;
I like the peace of cathedrals dim,
And music sweet and low.*

RACHAEL L. SMITH, 1931

The Valentine Party

Continued from page 31

OUR DINNER and entertainment last Tuesday night was in honor of both Saint Valentine and the members of our staff and student body whose birthdays were in February. As was befitting, the table and all the other decorations were red and white—an attractive and interesting color scheme which was charmingly carried out.

After dinner we were entertained in Richmond Hall Parlor by a musical program given to us by Miss Cardy and two other students from the Peabody Institute in Baltimore.



Eight Reasons Why All Students Should Chew Gum In Class

BECAUSE:

1. It makes such a good impression upon the teacher, thus greatly improving one's chances of getting a good grade in the subject.
2. It is such an aid to deep thinking, and to clear, distinct speech—especially in a foreign language.
3. It is such a habit among doctors, lawyers, and prominent social leaders while at work or in public.
4. It is such an aid to personal charm and beauty, giving one the nonchalant, contented air of a cow.
5. It is so especially becoming to people with greased hair, crooked heels, and dirty fingernails.
6. It is such excellent training for toothpick chewing and tobacco spitting in later life.
7. It is such clear proof of one's democratic relationships to the lower animals, showing that what enters one's mouth is at all times more important than what goes in one's head.
8. It is such a mark of distinction, proving that one can always secure promotion whenever the seats become too small, and that one can go to school, six, eight, and even twelve years without so much as learning what decent classroom citizenship means!

EDUCATION, September, 1931.

The little boy, sent to the butcher shop, delivered himself of his message in these words: "Ma says to send her another oxtail, please, an' ma says the last one was very nice, an' ma says she wants another off the same ox."—*Little Blue Book*.

"Good morning," said the agency official. "Parlez-vous Francais?"

"I—er—beg your pardon?" stammered the applicant.

"Parlez-vous Francais?"

"I—ah—frightfully sorry, but I didn't quite catch——"

"I said, 'Do you speak French'?"

The young man smiled easily.

"Oh, yes," he said, "fluently."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Why did you leave your last position?" inquired the prospective employer.

"I just couldn't stand the way the master and missus used to quarrel. It went on all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her."

Jones: "Did you go on that trout-fishing excursion last week?"

Brown: "I did."

Jones: "Did you fish with flies?"

Brown: "Fish with flies? Yes, we fished with them, camped with them, dined with them, and slept with them."

A small boy asked his father how wars begin.

"Well," said his father, "suppose that England quarreled with France——"

"But," interrupted the mother, "England mustn't quarrel with France."

"I know," he answered, "but I am taking a hypothetical instance."

"You are misleading the child," said the mother.

"I am not," he answered.

"Yes, you are."

"No, I am not."

"Yes!"

"No!"

"All right, dad," said the small boy. "I think I know how wars begin."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Two fellow church-members met on the street one Monday morning. Said Mr. Jones: "I didn't see you in church yesterday, Mr. Smith."

"I know you didn't," was Mr. Smith's reply. "I was taking up the collection."

Friend: "Was your uncle's mind vigorous and sane up to the very last?"

Heir: "I don't know; the will won't be read until tomorrow."

Customer: "You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy."

Newsboy: "I'm out of practice, sir. You see, most of my customers say, 'Keep the change'."—*Pathfinder*.

The weather was hot, and the commercial traveler had never struck such a stuffy hotel in all his life.

In vain did he try to sleep. It was useless. He had endeavored to open a window before going to bed, but found them all firmly secured.

He tossed and turned, and at last, in sheer desperation, got out of bed, wrapped a blanket round his hand, and smashed the window. Then he breathed deeply, got back to bed, and fell into a deep and refreshing sleep.

Next morning he had to pay two dollars and fifty cents for smashing the mirror on the front of the wardrobe.—*Vancouver Province*.

Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Niedspontiavanci, Mr. Niedspontiavanci!"

Niedspontiavanci: "What initial, please?"

A tourist agency inserted an advertisement for a man who was required to escort parties abroad. A hard-up young man, who desired an easy post, applied, and was given an interview.

An oculist was examining the eyes of a patient, and had requested him to read the top line of a test card, the letters of which ran H P R T V Z B F K H.

When some moments elapsed, the oculist said, "Do you mean to say you cannot read letters of that size?"

Patient: "Oh, I can see the letters all right, but I can't pronounce the blooming word."—*Journal of Education*.

Prof. Boreleigh: "If I have talked too long, it's because I haven't my watch with me, and there's no clock in this hall."

Raspberry: "There's a calendar behind you."—*Pathfinder*.

Mr.: "Aren't you nearly ready, dear?"

Mrs.: "I wish you wouldn't keep asking that question. I've been telling you for the last hour that I'd be ready in a minute."

Barber (shaving a man): "Will you have anything on your face when I've finished, sir?"

The Victim: "Well, it doesn't seem likely."

Professor: "What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?"

Latin Student: "Speaking Latin."—*Epworth Herald.*

"Did your husband help you fight the burglars?"

"Yes, he went into the clothes closet and prayed for my victory."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

CRACKLING

Merchant (to Book Traveler): "'Salesmanship!' Huh! I've no use for your book. I've forgotten more about salesmanship than you ever knew!"

Traveler: "Ah! Then may I show you this work on 'Memory Training'—complete in twenty-four volumes?"—*The Humorist (London).*

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try to overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy?"

"Just a minute, mister."

"Yes, what is it?"

"My wife is starving."

"So's mine," responded the affable millionaire. "It's tough on the girls but it is the only way to get that fashionable figure."

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

"Dad," said nine-year-old Willie, "why can't we see the other side of the moon?"

It was about the twentieth question he had asked during the last half hour.

Papa put down his paper and jumped to his feet.

"What a boy you are for asking questions!" he snapped. "What would have happened to me if I had asked as many questions as you do when I was a boy?"

Willie shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps," he said, "you would be able to answer a few of mine now."

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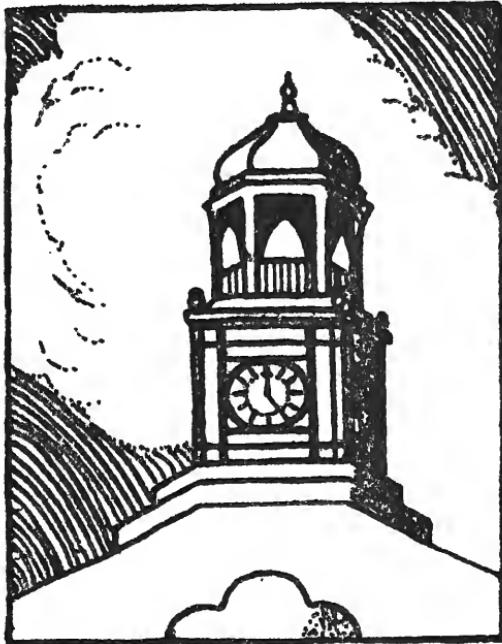
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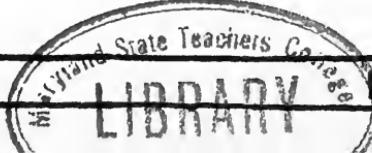
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The
**TOWER
LIGHT**



APRIL 1932



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

Towson, Md.

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The Tower Light

VOL. V

APRIL, 1932

No. 7

Vagabonding With Music

CO BE A vagabond in music! Music is made for wandering souls. No trouble, no worry, no time limits, only sensitiveness and imagination,—the magic carpet of music, and you are hither and yon.

On my piano is music from Italy—a tarantella, a love song; from Russia—a dance, an Orthodox Catholic hymn; folk dances, folk tunes, melodies of the church from Norway,—from Germany, from Austria, from England, from Finland. It is but the work of a moment to go to one or the other countries and feel its spirit. If one knew no geography or history, it would still be possible to know much of the several peoples. The sweetness of the Italian melodies is far removed from the tense, dramatic emotion of the Russian. Neither could be confused with the simple open character of the North Countries nor with that of the good solid Germans. Each of these countries has given us so much music that almost anyone may find some that he can enjoy and from which he may know a little concerning the national temper of the people.

Nor is our opportunity to be rovers confined to the music we play or that our friends play. In a city such as Baltimore, each year offers many opportunities to hear the music of various lands. The symphony orchestras not only play music from everywhere but they are directed by men, who, while they are products of a catholic education, are also inherently nationalistic. Just this winter with the major orchestras we have heard the subtle distinction between an Italian Toscanini, a German Kleiher, an English Beecham and the Polish Stokowski.

The artists giving recitals in Baltimore have colored their playing with their national temperament—listen to Elman, to Spalding. You feel the inherent difference between the Russian and the American. Both are marvelous artists but they are widely different. The same might be said of other recitalists, Bauer with his English background, Horowitz with a Russian one. Then there are the English Singers, the Russian Symphonic Choir, both of whom have been here in the past, the Don Cossacks. These people take you away from the Lyric in Baltimore and you in sympathy feel what is to them so real.

Whatever our religious beliefs, if they are truly sincere, they are an inseparable part of our souls. Probably we understand no people until

their religious feelings are as well known to us as are their other thoughts and emotions. Religious services in Baltimore will let you leave your familiar world and go to that of others. For while all have certain common characteristics, each is distinctive. Music in one service would never be mistaken for that to be found in another. No sensitive person can attend an advent carol service such as is held in old Zion Lutheran Church without feeling something in the music which is not of this country. Likewise he may wander both in time and space if he finds an Orthodox or Roman service or looks back in the centuries of religious tradition in a synagogue. Those who worship thus would find themselves in another land should they listen to the ritualistic service of an Episcopalian church partaking as it does of both England and America.

Yes, to be a vagabond and wander near and far is very easy with music, and so worth while. There is so much in the hearts of men that is fine, which can never be put into words yet which can be and is expressed in music, that it is sad if one misses it.

ELMA PRICKETT



A Philosophy

*There's a wonderful feeling in being content;
To have the things you once longed for:
Perhaps it is a lonely little cottage far from a road,
Perhaps the presence of an old and dear friend who has long been away;
Perhaps it is success;
Some may find contentment in the flowers, the trees, the wind, the sea,
Contentment is a queer possession:
A welcome refuge at the end of toil.
And yet, I think there's something bigger, better, nobler too, by far:
To find contentment in what some men call "discontent";
To be always striving for a higher goal;
To essay to a higher purpose
To attempt the living of a nobler, more beautiful, helpful life;
To live closer to God
And he who finds contentment in this "discontentment"
Is truly happy.*

S. LEUTNER

The Blessedness of Books

*"There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us lands away—"*

*A*s you sit by your fireside on winter evenings or under the shady trees in the days of summer, reading a book, do you think of it in this light, or do you read it just to pass away the time without giving any thought to its effect upon you, its blessedness to you?

Just why do we read book after book and recommend them to others? Why do they make an appeal to one's innermost self? First of all, they can give us an outlet for our souls. Often we know what we want to say and can't express it in the words that we should like to use. When we make an attempt, the aesthetic is often lacking, the charm is not there. That is why we use quotations. In this way the idea we wish to convey is expressed effectively, aesthetically, understandingly.

Books can set before us ideals for which to strive. We may read of famous painters, sculptors, musicians who have always striven for an ideal usually far beyond their grasp. If they have ever reached their ideal it has always been the saddest moment in their lives because as Andrea so well expresses the thought,

*"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?"*

Have books set before us ideals? Have they given us something exceeding our grasp, put some thought that has made us lead richer, fuller, more understanding lives? I think so.

Too, books may be fairy godmothers who dress up for the ball and take us speedily away in a golden chariot. They may be French maids who help us don our gray tweed and furs and journey with us to the mountains of Switzerland. They may be caravans or camels who take us across miles and miles of desert sands. They may take us into the jungles of Africa, to the glaciers of Alaska, to the little peasant villages of Ireland. Many of us do not have the opportunity to travel extensively, but books give us vicarious experiences in every realm of this old world. They take us for long, long journeys at no expense. Is there any wonder that books are called blessed?

Books may be sweet music, soothing, soft, ethereal. James Lane Allen gave us this thought as he sat by his fireside listening to two crickets who had been assigned "an elegant suite of apartments under a loose brick."—"But the finest music in the room is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit in many an exquisite strain from the hanging shelf of books on the opposite wall. Every volume there is an instru-

ment which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume or a star shakes out its light. Only listen, and they soothe all care, as though the silken-soft leaves of poppies had been made vocal and poured into the ear."

Have these thoughts helped in making books more blessed to you, in making books friends, to be read and reread, to be meditated over, to be fondled, to be cherished, to be loved? I hope so.

LOUISE BURNS



Education Opens Windows

ABRAHAM FLEXNER

BETWEEN education and training there is a vast distinction. Education is an intellectual and spiritual process. It has to do with opening the windows of the human mind and the human soul. It involves the effort to understand, to comprehend, to be sensitive to ideas, aspirations, and interests to which the individual might otherwise be indifferent. Not so, training. Training connotes improved ability to do something, without deepened understanding, widened sympathy, or heightened aspirations. One can train a bricklayer to lay 300 bricks instead of 150, but one educates in the realm of thought, feeling, and intelligence. Occasionally, to be sure, training must precede education. One must be trained to read before one can become educated in the higher mathematics. But always training concerns itself with tools and devices, while education concerns itself with something that has intellectual or spiritual content and motive.

Smoke

SMOKE, SMOKE—thick, black, pitchy smoke, curling out of tall cast-iron cylinders on the tops of buzzing factories makes one think of work, industry, and machines. This smoke, literally, permeates the realms of industry. The grease, oil, coal, steel, iron, all suggest the making of these transient clouds from the fires which industrialize our living. Although fire is not always used in the making of products from products, one feels the intangible thread of smoke rising from the fires caused by the friction of man with machine and raw material. Thus, to me, smoke symbolized the backbone of industry.

Smoke is beautiful no matter what its source might be. From factories, warehouses, or steel plants, spirals of inky blackness have beauty in their rising coils. Moreover, there are many kinds of smoke, all possessing that quality of webbed beauty. There is the thin spiral of silver smoke which rises from the chimneys on farms and plantations, in the homes near our raw materials—the cradle of industry. Following the thread of industry, one finds over harbors and railroad yards canopied with masses of silver, black, and white smoke. The ships pour out their smoke first to the busy wharves along the harbor and then to the horizon of the sea. Steam engines in the yards or on the rails belch forth their volumes of smoke, flaunting the power of the engine to man. Bringing the raw products to the factories, mills, or steel plants, one finds the city of industrial life blanketed in smoke. When these raw materials have changed their identities beneath the wheels of machinery, they are given to the world of people, accompanied by the smoke of transportation. One may even detect the smoke of fire and rivalry rising from buildings which house the financial powers of industry. Lastly, these finished products are given to the people, the mob, which represent the smoke from the fires of energy, love, hate, competition and play. To me, this invisible smoke is the most beautiful smoke of all, since it pictures man's life, experience, and aspirations. One feels the grace of these entwining spirals, some coal-black, some silvery-gray, and others downy-white. Man is the creator of smoke, since he makes the fires which give it forth to the heavens. Smoke, no matter what its source, has beauty in its graceful evanescence.

Therefore, to "Smoke", the coverlet of industry in this modern world, I dedicate this paper in which I have tried to weave together the threads of industrialization with poetry.

"Smoke"—thick, black, pitchy "Smoke",—

LOUISE CHRIST, Senior 6

Why I Like New York

KONRAD BERCOVICI

NEW YORK is an orchestra playing a symphony. If you hear the part of only one instrument—first violin or oboe, 'cello or French horn—it is incongruous. To understand the symphony you must hear all the instruments playing together. But the symphony is heard only very rarely. Most of the time New York is tuning up. Each voice is practicing its part of the score—the little solos for the violins to please the superficial sentimentalists, and the twenty bars for the horn to satisfy the martial spirit in men.

But don't, oh sightseers, don't think you know New York because you have sauntered through a few streets and eaten hot tamales in a Mexican restaurant, or burnt your tongue with goulash in some "celebrated Hungarian palace." Only to the very few privileged ones is it given to hear the symphony—and they have to pay dearly for it.

You hear people talk about the disadvantages of living in New York. Personally, I cannot think of greater happiness than being in this great metropolis, if only for the reason that I can be all over Europe in one night. Five cents carfare lands me in the French district. Five more minutes reading of the "Subway Sun" lands me in Hungary; from whence I can tramp in fifteen minutes to Italy or Greece or Turkey, as the spirit moves me or inclination dictates. I can eat breakfast in a Russian restaurant on East Fifth Street, have caviar and Bolshevik talk; go for lunch in China; on Mott Street, where they will serve me tea grown on the highest mountain of Asia; for dinner I can have my choice among Persian, French, Hindu or Greek menus, and still have the cuisines of a dozen foreign nationalities to choose from if I am alive the next morning.

Voila! You are in France, on Eighth Avenue between Twenty-eighth and Thirty-sixth Streets. In the cafe an old-timer may still be discussing the Commune, but the younger element talks of the Battle of the Marne, and discusses the merits of a Packard engine or of a Bleriot versus a Curtiss airplane. Out of every open window you hear the phonograph churning out the "Marseillaise."

The map of Europe is reproduced in New York by the different nationalities living here; each having as neighbor the same that it had in Europe. The Roumanian quarter really starts at Delancey Street and the Bowery, and is bounded by Houston Street, north of which is Hungary, and east of which are Bulgaria, Serbia and a group of other Balkan peoples. You can still find the place where Moskowitz's cellar "place" was on Rivington Street; he's on Second Avenue now—in an ornate establishment where the rich dine and dance and absorb color.

If you ever find yourself on Thirty-fourth Street near Seventh Avenue, don't fail to hunt up a certain Spanish table d'hôte restaurant. This section is like a border town on the lower Pyrenees in France. People speak French with the Spanish accent and Spanish with the singsong of Southern France.

Mulberry Street, "Little Italy" of the downtown, east side, is a very busy street—so busy, indeed, it makes one suspicious. Young men walk up and down the sidewalk, calling to each other; the pastry shops, wine shops, and cafes (where sparkling vintages still can be gotten) are always full of people, and the "barbieri" are, as they have always been, the centers of art, literature and politics.

And so on. From the Battery to the Bronx the whole world stretches before one. One has only to go and explore. Communism clusters way up at Allerton Avenue, at the north end of the city, Africa in its varying hues laughs and weeps and dances between Mt. Morris Park and the Harlem River, and a nudist colony flourishes right in the heart of New York, a stone's throw from Broadway.

I claim New York by the greatest right of all, the right of love. New York belongs to anybody with such a claim.

Submitted by MOLLIE HIRSH, Senior 2



Reflection

*I never can decide
Which color I like best
In eyes.
Sometimes it's grey
Cold and firm and unrelenting
Like some granite boulder;
But then there's blue
That in occasional flashes
Reveals a beauty unsurpassed;
Yet in my reflection
I wander once again to brown.
Warm brown—the friendship that lies there:
Cool grey
Gay flash of blue
Friendly brown
—Must I decide?*

F. L. STAEHLE, Freshman 4

The Best Sellers of Thirty Years

Each of these was the best-selling book of its year. How many of them have you read?

1901—Alice of Old Vincennes. M. THOMPSON
1902—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN
1903—Lady Rose's Daughter. MRS. HUMPHREY WARD
1904—The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. JOHN FOX, JR.
1905—The Masquerader. K. C. THURSTON
1906—The House of Mirth. EDITH WHARTON
1907—The Lady of the Decoration. F. C. MACAULAY
1908—The Shuttle. FRANCES H. BURNETT
1909—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. JOHN FOX, JR.
1910—The Rosary. FLORENCE L. BARCLAY
1911—The Prodigal Judge. V. KESTER
1912—The Harvester. GENE S. PORTER
1913—VV's Eyes. HENRY S. HARRISON
1914—The Inside of the Cup. W. CHURCHILL
1915—The Turmoil. BOOTH TARKINGTON
1917—Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. WELLS
1918—The Amazing Interlude. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
1919—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. BLASCO IBANEZ
1920—The Man of the Forest. ZANE GREY
1921—Main Street. SINCLAIR LEWIS
1922—If Winter Comes. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON
1923—Black Oxen. GERTRUDE ATHERTON
1924—So Big. EDNA FERBER
1925—Soundings. A. HAMILTON GIBBS
1926—The Private Life of Helen of Troy. JOHN ERSKINE
1927—Elmer Gantry. SINCLAIR LEWIS
1928—The Bridge of San Luis Rey. T. WILDER
1929—All Quiet on the Western Front. ERICH M. REMARQUE
1930—The Door. MARY R. RINEHART

—THE GOLDEN BOOK



Fullerton Sixth Special

(Reported by RENA SHARP, DOROTHY M. BUCKINGHAM)

CHE "Sixth Special" is a paper published monthly by the members of the sixth grade at Fullerton School. It is the centralizing force in much of the English work of Miss Guyton's class room. The children of this class have little difficulty in securing material to fill the columns of their paper because everything that happens in the classroom and in the immediate environment is news, and every member of the class is a reporter.

Let us follow through a unit of work, Medieval Life, from the time of its introduction to its appearance in the columns of the Sixth Special. From the very beginning the children were intensely interested in this glamorous period of history. Much of their work had as its central theme, Medieval Life. Their art periods were spent in the making of shields, swords, spears, coats-of-arms and in the construction of a concrete castle. Each child participated in the activity which most appealed to him. Reading and literature periods were filled with stories of knights, ladies, pages, castles, tournaments and battles.

When the unit was completed the children had had both common and individual experiences, and there was much of value that the class could share with each other and with their outside friends. After sharing their experiences in oral discussion, they were ready to record the most interesting and outstanding ones in the "Sixth Special."

The value of this paper is quite obvious. It serves as a means of expression for the children, as a constant motivation for English work and a means of indicating the conceptions gained from the unit of work covered.

Following are some articles taken from a recent number of the Sixth Special:—

HOW WE BUILT OUR CASTLE

The first thing we did to build our castle was to get our material which consisted of sand, stone, cement, and some wool. After we got our materials, we started. The first thing we did was to mix some cement. Our draftsman, Miss Sharp, said she didn't think the cement would hold, so we got some plaster paris. This did not work so we got some more cement. This we used and it was all right, so we got under way. The next day, we made the wall. The next day we made the parapet, drawbridge, dwelling house, donjon, well, and stable. After this

we made a moat and were finished except to get it in to our room. It took eight high school boys to carry it.

It took lots of time and much hard work, but we all had a good time building it.

PAUL LATTIK

A JOUST

There are two kinds of jousts. One is a joust of death, while the other is a joust for pleasure. They are sometimes used to settle disputes about whose lady is the most beautiful, or which can sit on a horse better. The ones for death are usually between two enemies who would be glad if the other was out of the way. If they are for pleasure, the point of the lance is often covered with a piece of wood called a coronal so as not to harm the other. A joust is used more for pleasure than for death.

OLGA LARSEN

TRAINING OF A PAGE

At the age of seven, the son of a noble would be sent to some noble's castle, of higher rank than his father, to become a page. The most important duties of a page were to wait on the ladies, run on short errands, and assist his lord in several ways. In return for his service to the ladies they would teach him a few things, such as manners, courtesy, obedience, and truthfulness. Before and after the meal the page brought a bowl of water and a towel. He first presented it to his lord. A page also went with his lord to battle, to help him in anyway that a boy could. No boy was allowed to reach the age of seven without being able to sit his horse, but now it was a matter of business and not a mere canter for pleasure. He must be able to jump ditches and walls. He must also be able to jump on his horse without touching the stirrup.

A page's life was not all duties, he had some pleasure. Each page had his own falcon to train. He must know how to train it, how to call it, how to carry it, and how to do many other things needed for falcon hunting. Of course, they played many different games of ball, marbles, and see-sawing. They made out they were knights and played with toy knights on horseback.

This was the training of a page.

INGA JEFFERSON

Apartment Houses

*Apartment houses here and there,
Apartment houses wherever I stare.*

*Apartment houses in East Side slums,
Apartment houses make West Side homes.*

*Apartment houses of white concrete,
Apartment houses, man's lavish retreat.*

*Apartment houses with gilded stairs,
Apartment houses are wild men's lairs.*

*Apartment houses with spires high,
Apartment houses where chorus girls die.*

*Apartment houses where the lowly trod,
Apartment houses where there is no God.*

*Apartment houses high and low,
Apartment houses wherever I go.*

LEAH ALTER, Freshman 2



Chinese Philosophy

WEAKNESS

The genius says: "I have a great gift. I will cultivate this strength—and the world must forgive my weakness."

But the sage says: "I am a chain between the earth and heaven, every link of which must be made strong and perfect."

Ye Pirate Bold

E. D. ALBERT, Senior 6

ROMANCE! ADVENTURE! What magic these words hold for all of us! Love of the wanderlust, love of traveling, joy in searching out things for one's self are the results of some intangible thing, that love for adventure which stirs one to go on and on. For children, imagination takes the place of the realistic in the lives of men, and in their imagination, their love for adventure is appeased. In men, there are the realities of life. Might not the love of money, of conquering, over some one else, and the love of glory be compared to the pirate's love of gold, of plundering and conquering his enemy's ships, and of mastering his enemy?

Children, boys especially, form in their minds a picture of a pirate and long to become one. There is a reason for this. A great many restrictions are placed on children; they are told "don't do this" or "don't do that", they must obey at all times, they must attend school. These restrictions become onerous and to escape them, child longs to become a pirate, whose chief characteristic was his absolute freedom. For a comparison, the mother country of America, England, placed certain restrictions on the products of her American colonies. These became irksome and the colonies, to gain their independence, rebelled. Children, however, can rebel only in their desires and in their imagination. From their reading they pick out those things that are attractive to them and they disregard others. Pictures of themselves dressed as pirates.

*"With a sash of crimson velvet and a diamond hilted sword,
And a silver whistle about my neck secured to a golden cord,
And a habit of taking captives and walking them along a board,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a tarry Buccaneer."*

"With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and a cocked hat cocked askew," are formed in their minds. Their schooners, with a black flag with crossbones and skull flying from the mast,

*"We were schooner-rigged and rakish, with a long and bissome hull,
And we flew the pretty colors of the cross-bones and the skull,"*

overtakes an enemy schooner. There is a great skirmish and they, as the brave, bold, bad chiefs of the pirates, come forth victorious. Heaps of gold lie at their feet, precious jewels are in their caskets and, in celebration of the victory

"a silver flagon full of red wine to drink when work is done".

"They know that pirates are wicked men, in fact, they are sea-robbers or maritime murderer, but their bold and adventurous method of life, their bravery, daring, and the exciting character of their expeditions, give them something of the same charm and interest which belong to the robber knights of the middle ages. The one mounts his mailed steed and clanks his long sword against his iron stirrup, riding forth into the world with a feeling that he can do anything that pleases him, if he finds himself strong enough. The other springs into his rakish craft, spreads his sails to the wind, and dashes over the sparkling main with a feeling that he can do anything he pleases, provided he be strong enough.

The desire to be independent explains the children's interest in pirates, but the great masses of this modern civilization display interest in pirates. Is it because the pirate seems a hero, and has a certain lurid glamour that envelops him? Perhaps an adult's interest may warrant the explanation that down under this more or less highly developed civilization there is still that impulse that was prominent many thousands of years ago in primitive man, that impulse to be savage, cruel, merciless, daring; or perhaps we rebel against the established law and order as it is today. Just as children would rather become a pirate than an important government official, so would not the adult read of the dangerous undertakings and the glorious tale of Sir Henry Morgan in preference to some law book or some medical book in which we have little interest? This has been well explained in the poem "Pirates" by Alfred Noyes.

*"Let us be boys together tonight, and pretend as of old
We are pirates at rest in a cave among huge heaps of gold,
Red Spanish doubloons and great pieces of eight, and muskets and
swords,
And a smoky red camp-fire to glint, you know how, on our ill-
gotten hoards."*

We have always found in our hearts room to praise courage and daring and, perhaps, to envy those who had the courage to battle against the tremendous odds of all the civilized world of law and order. This is, perhaps, what has made a popular hero of the friend of the black flag. "And what a life of adventure is his, to be sure! A life of constant alertness, constant danger, constant escape! An ocean Ishmaelite, he wanders forever aimlessly, homelessly; now unheard of for months, now careening his boat on some lonely uninhabited shore, now appearing suddenly to swoop down on some merchant vessel with rattle of musketry, shouting yells, and a hell of unbridled passions, let loose to rend and tear. What a Carlisle hero! What a setting of blood and lust and flame and rapine for such a hero!"

Pro and Con

CHE RADIO? Is it just one of those taken-for-granted commodities in our already over-stuffed existence? Have you ever been alone, or bored, or weary, or happy, or musical, or disgusted with the radio? Was it an asset or a liability? It is sometimes an interesting use of a few moments leisure to analyze things in our immediate environment and note the effect. I submit a few reflections.

Alone and weary, a quiet, deep stillness prevails—a turn of the dial seems to drown out those imaginary noises and petty fears. By some unknown power it fills that emptiness and replaces it with a satisfying source of pleasure and variety. Most remarkably, one movement of the dial brings beautiful music that soothes; or another, vibrant, stirring music that sends our imagination soaring; or another, a few minutes concentrated thought upon world today affairs; or still another, interesting and noted personalities of import. With due respect to all the performers, individual taste decides which station is chosen to relieve the loneliness; mine for the soothing, stimulating, flowing, beautiful music which leaves my mind to concentrate on the music or have it accompany my thoughts.

Bored—the radio seems to take your mind off yourself and into other channels until when you return to yourself, you find you have forgotten your original state. Very often your dial will go from number to number, with no satisfaction. Finally, one pleases and remains.

Musical?—fairly often we are graced with fine artists, well chosen and worthwhile selections, operas and symphonies.

Happy, in high spirits?—a mood for dancing. Any quick, lively song without particular regard to its content will do, as long as tempo and spirit are there, for we must have music to dance along with our spirits. Quite often, the radio is not an asset at this time.

But—touch the switch and, “The right time is now eight o’clock, the right time to do something for a cough is now, etc.,” “sent to you by special permission of the copyright owners,” “through a coast to coast network,” “operating under a frequency of—” until you can race with the official announcer saying it backwards. Variety is the spice of life, but repetition here seems to be the great principle. The sponsors of this or that program spend seven-eighths of the time recommending their unprecedented necessity and then hope you have enjoyed the delightful musicale. If it isn’t advertising a cough syrup, it is helping us reduce, or providing a burial place or suggesting a good shaving cream or cigarette.

Especially is it aggravating when you have scoured the radio section, found a program of great interest to you, and anxiously tuned in. Very opportunely, an S. O. S. comes through, a storm is brewing, a bird is resting on the aerial, or very naturally a fading station. Nothing is so distressing as tuning in at the close of your favorite selection, hearing the same selection as on the previous program, or an exquisite thing slaughtered by a third rate artist, or worst of all, the everlasting, continuous stream of the so-called "music of youth." As is often the case, just at the crucial moment of a debut or an exciting Sherlock Holmes drama, the phone rings, company comes, or the dog and cat get into a scrap with the Chinese plate.

To me the radio can be one of life's most perfect delights, as well as one of life's most maddening irritations?

What do you think?

MOLLIE HIRSH, Senior 2



The following story was written by a third grade boy at School No. 231. This is a reproduction of the boy's composition with no corrections and no suggestions from the teacher.

Tom and Jerry

It was a very cold day out. It was snowing. The boys and girls were shouting loud hurrahs. The snow was very deep. A man was shoveling the snow off his sidewalk. Two boys named Tom and Jerry were watching Mr. Ward. They were begging him to let them do it, so they could make some money to put in their new banks. Mr. Ward said he would not let them do it and for them to go home. Tom and Jerry had a big ball of snow. They were about to roll it down where Mr. Ward had cleaned. Just as they were about to let it go, a policeman saw them. It was bad for Tom and Jerry. Now I do not know where Tom and Jerry or Mr. Ward are now. But I do know Tom and Jerry did not roll the big ball of snow where Mr. Ward had cleaned.

Submitted by MOLLIE HIRSH, Senior 2

The Heyday of the Child in Soviet Russia

A. TOBER, *Freshman IV*

DISMARMAMENT CONFERENCES may come and go, the Lindberg baby may be lost or stolen, Japan and China may cease fighting—all kinds of exciting headlines may serve to occupy our minds, but the interest in Russia and her activities, once aroused, still lingers in one's mind. Several of the current events magazines and the newspapers have recently given us some enlightening information about the Russian children.

Russians are considered hard-hearted and without much of the tenderer sense of feeling, but even the most hard-hearted soviet leader is touched in the presence of a child.

The Russians love their children and give them the best of everything available, however poor that may be. This is really the heyday of the child in Soviet Russia. Upon the realization that the children must take their places as sovereigns of the new order rests this changed attitude toward the child. From earliest youth the child is taught the meaning of Russia's plans and his duty toward his government. He is told that the children, not the parents, are the apostles of the new order and consequently he has a changed attitude toward his parents. Knowing what his parents are and what they should be he is in a position to judge them. Millions of books are available to the child, books of beauty and value, more books than one would ever imagine. However, they are not fairy tales and highly imaginary stories, but are books on mechanisms, industry, social work, and Russian ideals. Tastes are created for educational fiction instead of more worthless reading material. When very young the children are made to understand the purpose and nature of the new plan and the ideals it has made necessary, being told how in the future, they may be a help in the realization of them.

The children are largely self-educated and independent. In most cases they live at the school which is really like a home or institution of that sort. Mornings are spent in the workshop, part of the afternoon in the classroom, and the remainder of the day is used for pursuit of dramatics, music, art, politics, etc. Attendance at work or at school is not compulsory. The children have their own court and government. The subjects studied at school are rather deep for children, including, as they do, besides the ordinary subjects, sociology, grammar, elementary astronomy, geology, dialectical materialism, theory of social economics, history of society, Leninism, and above all, mechanics. With this new type of state wide training and this new attitude toward the children in Russia, we may expect surprising changes in the future.

"A Promise of Spring"

The ground is white with its blanket of snow,
The crisp air is cold and the north winds blow
Where is spring?

The snow birds shiver and the bare trees shake,
The frozen sun shines o'er the frozen lake,
Where is spring?

Ah, down under the ground in a bed so soft,
High up in the sky from the cold aloft
There is spring!

In the warm heart that with love glows bright,
In rosy dawn in the shadow of night,
There is spring!

So be patient and wait a few days more,
You'll forget the cold that winter bore
In the spring.

The birds will sing, hope will come anew,
There will be happiness and love for you,
In the spring.

ELIZABETH MOONEY, Senior 5

Spring Night

Spring night,
Full of hope,
You are an altar flame
White, pure, still,
Lifting your incense
To heaven.

You are a silver mist
Sprinkling your star dust
Upon the wide clean earth.

Spring night
Full of love,
You are a virgin mother—
Slender, pure, exquisite,
Your breath is sweet as oleander blossoms
And your hands gently caressing.

WILMA PEMBERTON, Freshman 8

Friends

JT HAS been said that "a friend is one who steps in when everyone else steps out." With due justice to all, no truer definition of a human friend can be given. We know that no two people are alike, that "true individuality cannot be copied." Likewise there are various types of friends, but a real friend adheres to certain basic qualities. La Rochefoucauld has said, "We are always prepared to find a measure of satisfaction in the misfortunes of our friends." I wonder what his conception of a real friend was.

There is another kind of friendship besides that between men, i. e., friendship between man and lower animals. This friendship is of an understandable nature, but not as highly developed as that among men, the cause lying in the lower mentality of these inferior animals.

Nevertheless, a fine example of friendship is evolved between man and dogs, for example; as we venture further into this kingdom of friendship we discover that a friend is one who is unselfish, kind, fair, helpful, trustworthy and invaluable—on the whole, one who makes life worth while.

NANETTE MACHT, *Freshman 1*

Otis Skinner Says Teachers Should Reclaim Diction

CHE ONLY possibility of reform lies in the very beginning of culture—the public school. If Boards of Education would not only demand from teachers an ability to instruct but the harmonious voicing of that instruction, we could get somewhere. It is not necessary that these teachers should teach diction,—that, perhaps, would be too great a demand—but merely that they become examples of good speech. The infant ear is a recording instrument; what it hears becomes its owner's method of expression. The child's chief means of mental progress is through imitation.

Teachers who are perfectly grounded in their special department of instruction and well equipped to impart it are many, but more often than not that instruction is voiced in harshness and discordancy. The little fellow of the first generation of foreign-born parents is bound to talk like his teacher.—From "*Exploring in America's Vocal Jungle*," *New York Times Magazine*.

The Good Earth

Author: PEARL S. BUCK.

Publisher: JOHN DAY Co., New York.

IN VIEW of the present furor between Japan and China, Pearl S. Buck's "The Good Earth" is almost a correlation. Dorothy Canfield says of this mighty fine novel, "'The Good Earth' makes us belong to that Chinese family as if they were cousins and neighbors."

The reader is introduced to Wang Lung, then a Chinese peasant, on his wedding day, the day on which he goes to the court of a Mandarin and receives one of the servant girls for his wife. From the court we follow him to the country to his humble house where they begin life together, as a farmer and his wife, thriving from "The Good Earth" until they realize their fondest dreams as owners of land, rich and fruitful, and parents of many children. Pearl Buck opens to us Chinese customs, Chinese walls, Chinese emotions, and even Chinese souls. Undoubtedly it is the most intense portrayal of any one race ever drawn up in a modern novel. Mrs. Buck has lived in China and through her rich experience she is able to introduce to us and let us live with the Old One, Wang Lung's honored and ancient father; O-Lan, the Chinese servant girl and faithful, drudging wife of a Chinese farmer; Lotus, the pampered play-girl brought into Wang's home from a tea-house. We live through a period of desolate horror and starvation in Wang Lung's family, and finally we live with him in the courts of his great city mansion, the courts of Wang Lung, the Mandarin.

If you are interested in China and want to live a while in China, the vicarious experience which Mrs. Buck offers you in "The Good Earth" is a rare one. It is a book that one doesn't want to tell you much about. It is better that the book be put in your hands with only the simple words, "Read it."

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE.



Meditation

God of the moonlit night?
God of the wind-scorched sea?
God of the morning dew?

—Eternal Mystery!

The Tower Light

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STUDENT EDITORS

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LOUISE BURNS

Athletics

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E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Silent Partner

CONSERVATISM! Radicalism! The mere mention of the words is enough to arouse a conflagration. Yet, we are told that in every problem we tend to either one of the extremes. The middle point on the scale between the poles is regarded by some as non-existent (anyone who has any doubts as to what I am trying to express need only refer to the first few pages of the first notebook in Psychology.) In the past, if we can take Joseph Addison's word for it, the pleasurable perusal of a book was enhanced by a knowledge of "whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor." Today for many of us title page, preface and introduction may as well not exist, let alone biographical sketches of the author. The middle course for these two extremes is to know those facts about

an author that will lead to a true appreciation of that person's works. All this sounds very fine, but the next time you listen to a Beethoven symphony, just keep in mind that he was deaf.

Now we come at last to the real purpose for this long, preliminary exposition. I can almost hear those who have wandered into this maze saying, "What is that person driving at." I can hear them turning the pages to find out who this person is. What I am trying to do is to gently break the news that I am going to justify the title for this strange paper. That is, I am going to give some facts about the author. I hope I strike the middle course. This is not the silent partner you think it is. It is not the detective story silent partner who solves the crime without the aid of police, clues and investigations. This is not the business firm silent partner who saves the business from bankruptcy in the nick of time. This is not the silent partner of the team of comedians, who gets all the laughs. This is merely the person who says little and sees much. Now that Silent Partner has been let loose, he will probably say too much. At the first attempt, Silent Partner offers his views on two subjects.

SILENT PARTNER EXPOUNDS ON SILENCE

"Speech is silver, silence is golden." "An empty barrel makes the most noise." Mother says that a secret which is kept belongs to you, a secret which is told belongs to the entire world. Everyone has felt a positive surge of hatred for the person who insists on relating what comes next in the play or picture at the theatre. The silence of a church makes up a large part of its beauty. A pause at certain parts in a speech or in the reading of a poem makes for greater effect.

What do all of these unconnected sentences mean. Simply that we apparently place the worth of silver above that of gold. You may tell me that it is human nature to want to talk. But isn't it just as much human nature to want to be silent. Being a member of the silent group, Silent Partner leaned to that extreme. Long did Silent Partner ponder over this problem. Several conclusions were reached. The intelligent person is one who knows when and how to talk and when and how to keep silent. Better than any words that Silent Partner could use are the words of Sara Teasdale in "Night Song at Amalfi"

Oh, I would give him weeping.

Oh, I would give him song.

But how could I give him silence

My whole life long?

But what would the talkers do if there were no listeners?

AFTERTHOUGHT: Miss Osborn did not commission Silent Partner to write this.

SILENT PARTNER EXPOUNDS ON WANDERLUST

Wanderlust, Vagabondia, Spring Fever, call it what you will, has two aspects. They are the true spirit and the simulated one. Cowboys and hoboes exemplify the former spirit, schoolgirls, schoolboys and tourists the other. Anyone can take a trip around the world on a reasonable sum of money on an ocean liner when the trip is arranged by a travel tour bureau and with a trusty little Baedecker in hand. But very few can at a moment's notice move on any place with no money at all and with no guide. If you want to understand the true spirit of wanderlust, read Will James' "The Drifting Cowboy" and all of Richard Halliburton's books. Silent Partner's one consolation is that the term "wanderlust" has become so common, that it is the thing to say it. But as very few will have the true spirit of the wanderlust, that dares all for adventure, may we not call the feeling that many get when spring comes along by its true name, laziness. The fallacy of the thing may be proved by the fact that on the day set as the first day of spring, we begin to hear murmurs of spring fever whereas that day may be as cold as any winter day.

Thus Silent Partner brings to a close the discussion and leaves you with this thought. Do not take Silent Partner too seriously. He may have tended to the extreme, having been let loose for a while.

SARA KAMAROFF, Senior 6



We Welcome Our Old Tower Light Staff

Louise Burns, one of our editors, Mollie Hirsh and Hazel Owings, advertising managers, Naomie Friedman and Rebecca Wallace in charge of circulation, and Ribero Willey, social reporter, have returned after student teaching to help us, as always—efficiently. Assist them with contributions—literary and financial and so provide for a better TOWER LIGHT next year for you and for the incoming students at Normal. He giveth best who loveth best.

SCHOOL NEWS

"From Bed to Breakfast"

OME PEOPLE have often been heard to comment on the appearance of Dormitory girls at breakfast, but it is only those individuals who have not probed more deeply into the matter who discourse so freely, for, isn't there some excuse when—

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! The fire alarm startles you violently from your peaceful slumber and for a couple of seconds you stare vacantly around the room, wondering who has dared arouse you in such a rude manner. Suddenly you realize that it is a fire drill and you spring out of bed. Shaking from limb to limb (a form of vibration commonly known to terrified females) you stand in the middle of the floor trying to decide what to do. You open the window quickly and close the door. Then you discover that that was not right,—it's open the door and close the window. Next you grab a coat, shoes and a towel (you haven't yet discovered the reason for the towel) and file down the steps midst other elaborately coiffured (?) damsels. You wonder whether or not you look like that sleeping beauty in front with hair in the process of being curled. The hiker directly in front of you stops suddenly, you collide and the whole line stumbles down the stairway (you're really too sleepy to see the next step). You are certainly thankful when (after two or three minutes of shivering in the cool, damp air waiting for the sound of your name) you can return to the haven of your bed. You snuggle down 'neath the grey blankets and try to concentrate on the luxurious feeling one ought to have when privileged to sleep so late. (The old-fashioned, soft, feathered mattresses also help one tremendously.)

Ah! Dreamland at last! But alas! just as you are about to receive that A in the reading course, the seven o'clock siren thunders through the dormitory and jerks you from the land of perfection with such a start that your blood pressure rises several inches! One glance at the timepiece which assures you that you still have twenty more minutes

and your relief knows no bounds. You settle yourself down for another snooze, but are prevented from accomplishing it successfully by the continual, monotonous sawing of wood at the other side of the room. In the other bed a prize fight seems to be taking place and you look from one to the other in deep despair. Perhaps pulling the blanket over one's head will help drown out the disturbing duet, so you experiment rather unsuccessfully. Besides almost smothering to death, the covers, which are not any too long insist upon uncovering your walking devices, and rather than have two lumps of ice where your feet once were, you wearily drag your head out into the open. When you have attempted to solve innumerable school as well as social problems and have listened to the unceasing refrain until you are ready for Sheppard and Pratt, the 7:20 bell peals forth its gentle warning and arouses the unconscious offenders from their peaceful slumber. You hear this reminder with almost a feeling of relief, and glance over at the open window through which an icy wind is making a furious entrance. Now the great question of the day presents itself; the problem which is debated longer and more fiercely than any other. Who will leave the warm, comfortable bed, brave the freezing temperature and close the window? "I did it yesterday, so it certainly isn't my duty to perform so difficult a task this morning," you think hopefully, but after ten or twelve seconds have passed without an effort on the parts of your inconsiderate room-mates, you heave a sigh of resignation, spring out of bed like a cannon ball, fly to the window and bang it closed. Of course the room is immediately as warm as toast and there is no need to grab your clothes and dress in the bathroom, like some poor students have to do! Seeing this unpleasant task has been accomplished, your two room-mates decide that it is about time to dress for breakfast, and then there begins a furious slipping on and buttoning up that simply must be performed. By the time the 7:30 gong sounds you are quite out of breath from rushing around and severely bruised in several places, due to two people trying to do the same thing at the same time. Every second counts, but in spite of your care and trouble no one ever compliments you at the table. The breakfast is worth all your frenzied hurrying and provides a fitting climax for your trip from "bed to breakfast!"

With this record of facts, are we justified? I leave you to judge!

MARGARET SPEHNKOUCHE, *Junior 1*



Rural Club Meeting

YOU KNOW, so few of us really perceive "the glory of the common place." However, those of us Rural Club members who heard Miss Treut speak on March sixteenth, are reflecting more now, and I'm quite sure their reflections are not of the human-wrought—the master pieces of man, but of one of the master pieces of God—trees.

We visited her gallery of memories. Swiftly and deftly she retouched the scenes, restoring their beauty and vividness, which time had dimmed. In each was a tree; in each memory a tree had influenced her life, her happiness. We heard not only her personal experiences; we also heard incidents of other lives, in which trees had played significant parts.

All history—the whole course of human interest has been affected by trees, from the tree dwellers to the present day populace.

She reiterated briefly the renowned trees of the world, and the many important events in history which have taken place under the sheltering boughs of a tree.

Then Miss Treut read to us "Trees" by Bliss Carmen, and all of you who know its exquisite thought, realize how perfectly our journey among "trees" came to an end.

BETTY WHEELER, Senior 5



The March Birthday Party

On Tuesday, March 22nd, another birthday party was held in the dormitory—a party gay in spirit and lovely in atmosphere. To carry out an Easter motif a color scheme of yellow and violet was used.

After a formal dinner the students were entertained in Richmond Hall Parlor by a musical recital in which Miss Bailey, harpist, and Miss Smith, pianist, of Peabody Institute, were the artists.

Glee Club Social

THE SUPPER and taffy pull which was held by the Glee Club on Monday evening, March 7, was quite a success. We found that we have in our club some people who are good cooks as well as good singers. Not a bad combination, at that.

While the candy was cooking, we stopped to eat our paper bag suppers, which the dietitian in the dormitory had packed for us. Sandwiches, pickles, hard boiled eggs, cakes, candy, and hot chocolate—who could want anything better?

After we had finished eating, we began to pull the taffy. Miss Kellicott's individual gymnastic exercise should have worked beautifully here, but it failed to do so. No matter how long or hard we pulled, the taffy seemed to remain the same—it just wouldn't get hard. When it was nearly time to leave, we found that three or four people had been successful—they had hard taffy. The rest of us carried our taffy home (yes, indeed—we were proud of it) in waxed paper, and enjoyed it just as much as if it had hardened.

But with it all, we had a grand and glorious time. See Miss Weyforth, and ask her to sing a portion of the operetta she composed about the taffy pull.

VERA McCULLOUGH, Senior 9

Dormitory Easter Egg Party—March 19

WITH THEIR minds reverting to juvenile days, the resident lads and lassies gaily explored unknown corners, delved into unfrequented crannies, and performed fabulous physical feats in a concentrated search for Easter candies hidden throughout the formerly familiar corridors and special rooms. Like their early elementary activities, these efforts were stimulated not only by the hoarding instinct but also that tendency toward rivalry, for seasonal toys were offered to the most successful participants. Also like the majority of preceding behavior acts these doings were admittedly and decidedly ruled by the inborn impulses for gregariousness and play. In other words "a grand time was had by all."

Lest the students in their momentary rejuvenation should forget their actual station of life, responsibility, ability, and originality were attested by activity in the dyeing of eggs. The dormitory kitchen housed industrious aproned addicts of the season's custom,—intent artists (adept and otherwise). Distinctions of exceptional artistry were rewarded by timely prizes and the selection of the best of these works of art as gifts to Dr. Tall.

Other aesthetic endeavors were manifested in the Paul Jones performances in the purple and yellow schemed Newell foyer,—these dances defining the close of a decidedly delightful party.

ORA BUSSARD

A Discourse on Roast Pig

MHAT TIME is it? What time is it? Anyone passing through Newell Hall Foyer on the eve of March fifteenth would have thought that a bus or train had to be caught in a few minutes but it was only the men students anxiously awaiting their annual birthday dinner.

Finally, the guest roll was called: Dr. Preston; Dr. Abercrombie; Mr. Walther; Coach Minnegan; Mr. Calder; Mr. Finn and Mr. Kelly and as you can imagine all of the men students were on hand primed for the feast. We then rambled into the dining hall where a colorful sight greeted our eyes. The tables, arranged in the shape of a cross were elaborately decorated in accordance with St. Patrick's day. Aided by neatly written favors, we easily found our places at the tables. Upon being seated, conversation immediately ceased and everyone supped his "Emerald Isle" Cocktail with a gusto. After this, there followed a brief interlude during which conversation was resumed.

Just to think of "roast pig" makes one's mouth water, but to actually see it—well, you can imagine the feelings and exclamations when two whole roast pigs appeared on the scene. It fell to the lot of Dr. Abercrombie and Coach Minnegan to carve the pigs and Coach took a few lessons from the doctor in the art of surgery. After everyone had received his due portion of the porker and a big helping of potatoes, dressing, peas and sauerkraut, everyone fell to eating once more. and food was soon disposed of with a vengeance.

Our menu next called for "The Eating of the Green," a delicious and artistically prepared salad. To complete the sumptuous meal we had pie a la mode and coffee and some of us, because of over indulgence in previous courses, found it difficult to make away with all of it.

Now for the speech making. Mr. Haggerty, acting as toastmaster, stumbled to his feet and introduced the first speaker, Mr. Minnegan. All of the guests gave us a word; the talk ranged from the League of Nations to snakes.

The dinner ended with a cheer led by Mr. Walther which was probably heard all over the dormitory, possibly, as far as Towson.

JOSEPH HAGGERTY, Senior 11
WALTER CULLER, JR., Senior 9

How Sr. 1 Came to Give Its Assembly

HOW TO connect Maryland day with the Washington Bi-centennial celebration was our Assembly problem for March 22. Authentic data regarding Washington's associations with Maryland was necessary. One incident of interest to Marylanders is the fact that of all the forty-eight states in this union Maryland was the first state to erect a monument to this great man of merit. This fact casts some light on the title of Baltimore, "The Monumental City."

The natural and logical way of presenting this material seemed to have a family scene. The son, a small boy, coming home from a school celebration of Maryland day asks his father how Washington was related to our state, Maryland. His father tells him a great many things and since the lad shows a growing interest in the Father of this country, he reads for him "Peeps at George Washington," by Max Vivier. The dialogue was written with a desire to have it appear natural, and unstilted.

MINNIE SILVERMAN, Senior 1
ROSE HETTLEMAN, Senior 1

"Peeps at Washington"

CHAT'S THE assembly Senior 1 gave. The great day arrived and all twenty of us were frightened and nervous. Mrs. Brouwer was busily "making-up" the participants in the tableaux and the others were running hither and thither. The last bell for assembly rang,—a dead silence behind the curtains. The characters in the first tableaux took their positions and listened for their cue. As the dialogue outside the curtain began we heard a crash of tin—the mother had done a very natural thing, dropped the lid of her workbox. She recovered it and everything went on smoothly. The first characters relaxed for a moment waiting for the signal but the dialogue outside continued; the cue was repeated thrice before the curtain could be pulled apart. Things continued peaceably, Lord Fairfax died gracefully without batting an eyelash, the Indian kept her feathers and blanket from falling off and all came to an end without any further mishaps.

SYLVIA STUSSMAN, Senior 1

Through our adviser, Miss Orcutt, we were able to get in touch with Mr. Vivier who offered us suggestions, came to our dress rehearsal, and, because of his inability to see our assembly wrote the following delightful letter:

MONDAY NIGHT

"Life, we are told, is full of disappointments and it is certainly a very great disappointment to me that I am unable to be with you all this morning in answer to the kind invitation I received to witness the celebration.

But in my disappointment I have one consolation and that is of having been privileged to witness the dress-rehearsal last night.

And I am glad to offer my congratulations to all concerned, all who have so ably and so charmingly made more living the drawings and text of my little booklet 'Peeps at George Washington'.

As children, every one of us, in his or her home, looks up with admiration and pride to the head of the family, to the father.

And I wish here to tell the boys and girls of America how lucky they are to be able to look up to the father of that great family, the American nation.

For he has embodied the rare qualities and the virtues which make a man great, virtues which cause every individual to feel just pride in being so nobly represented and to inspire every youth, to be indeed the worthy successors of their great leader."

MAX VIVIER

Liberal or Radical?

ON MARCH 16, 1932, the student body of the Maryland State Normal School were given much "food for thought," through Dr. Alexander's talk.

Dr. Alexander represented Columbia University, New York City. He seems quite dissatisfied with the training Elementary School Teachers are receiving and therefore he is planning an experimental school, where he hopes to enrich and improve the present situation. He claims that training for teaching requires academic, cultural and spiritual fitness. In his "new school" he plans, with necessary guidance, to give the students opportunity to educate themselves. There will be few scheduled classes and no set standard for marking; in other words the student only is responsible for his or her training.

We sincerely hope that Dr. Alexander has much success in this undertaking. Some of us have faith in his theory, while others feel it is, to them, quite radical. What is your opinion?

MARGARET NICE
RIBERO WILLEY



A Demonstration by All

ON THE evening of Thursday, March third, lights were once again lit in the auditorium of Maryland State Normal School for a gala occasion—the Sixth Annual Physical Education Demonstration of the Senior girls versus the Freshmen girls. Precedent won out, for the Seniors gained the victory by a score of 39 to 35.

Stimulated by a new spark of school spirit, enthusiastic girls hurried across the campus to have a prompt start at the long anticipated event. The Freshmen in an unorganized fashion took their places in the auditorium, while the Seniors, in a manner that suited people of their dignity, marched to their seats in a body headed by their cheer and song leaders. Starting off on amiable lines, both classes rose and sang the song to Miss Tall. It was soon decided that opposition be had, in cheers, songs, and class stunts for the various cheer leaders took advantage of every available opportunity to present something for their class. A few stunts were given and we found the Freshmen severely ridiculed for their childish and awkward behavior, while the Seniors were shot, mopped up, sprinkled with flit, scalped and finally buried.

The demonstration of the physical education work then began and cheers and stunts were abandoned while the program was going on. The dances, games, stunts, and basketball skills were presented by all available members of the two classes as outgrowths of the work actually done in the gym periods so as not to place on exhibition particularly selected persons to display their individual abilities. A clean cooperative manner of sportsmanship was shown throughout the demonstration. The events were well planned and showed development in the groups as a whole. Particularly good were the dance, Sellenger's Round and the Stunts of the Seniors and the dances, Norwegian Mountain March and Highland Fling done by the Freshmen.

PROGRAM

1. Senior Dances	5. Senior Dance
The Hatter—Danish	Sellenger's Round
Arkansas Traveler	English Country
2. Freshmen Dances	6. Stunts
Rig-a-Jig	7. Freshman Dance
Ace of Diamonds—Danish	Seven Jump—Danish
3. Games	8. Freshman Dance
Obstacle Relay	Highland Fling
Three-Legged Race	9. Basketball Skills
Skin the Snake	10. Field Dodge Ball
Kick It Over	11. Senior Dance
4. Freshman Dances	Gathering Peascods
Norwegian Mountain	English Country
March	12. Freshman Dance
Come Let Us Be Joyful—	Liza Jane
German	

When the program was completed the two classes stood on opposite sides of the auditorium and sang the songs for which they were to be marked. The crucial moment had come for the scores thus far were 34 to 32 in favor of the seniors—and the Freshmen's winning the song would cause complications by a tie score. But as the best team was destined to win, spectators soon saw Miss Rutledge, 34's adviser, very graciously presenting the cherished loving cup to Miss Medwedeff, as 32's sponsor. The classes then fused again, to become, not distinct groups, but students—students proud of Maryland State Normal School—and all voices rang out to the strain of *Alma Mater*.

We want to thank Miss Roach and Miss Daniels for their patience and perseverance in class and for their splendid efforts in making that evening what it was—a success.

May we congratulate you, Seniors, on your victory—and the way in which the victory was taken. We are glad you won and hope you will cherish the memory of this event as we shall of sharing the evening with you. You were the winners, Seniors, but we Freshmen are fortunate in that we shall see this event re-enacted and shall be on the front lines to see how it will turn out with three classes participating. Much lies before us but with this evening, we have grown.

SELMA TYSER, Freshman 1

Seniors Downed by Freshmen

SPECTATORS at the two recent Senior versus Freshman A and B teams basketball games were rewarded by the keen actions of the well matched players. In the first game played on Wednesday, February 10, the scores were—

A teams—Seniors 14, Freshmen 13

B teams—Seniors, 11 Freshmen 35

On Monday, February 15 the scores were

A teams—Seniors 12, Freshmen 37

B teams—Seniors 28, Freshmen 29

The scores show that the playing was vigorous and tense.

On February 10, after waiting rather impatiently for a few necessary student teachers, the two B teams took positions on the floor. Both teams immediately showed that they were "in" the game and kept pace with each other in the first half, the Freshmen finally coming out four points ahead. The second half was not as invigorating, for the Seniors seemed to have reached their limit and the Freshmen piled up the baskets, making the score 35 to 11 in favor of the Freshmen. The A teams then replaced the B teams and played a game to thrill the stoniest persons. All goals that were made were the result of the strong defensive giving way to a slightly better offensive. At the end of the first half the scores were 6 to 6 and this was kept up until the last few minutes of the game when the Seniors nosed out 1 point ahead making the final score 14 to 13.

Continuing the precedent set at the first game the B teams entered the floor ready for "action." In fact, they displayed even more vigor than before. All the players did their share and put up a close fought battle ending with the Freshmen victorious by a score of 29 to 28. The action of the A teams was quite disappointing for the Seniors offered little opposition to the Freshmen. Whether they had lost interest or were caught unawares by the ability of the Freshmen—it was a surprise to find the Freshmen easily winning by a score of 37 to 12.

As it stands now we find the basketball games practically over and the Freshmen winning three games and the Seniors one. Both B team games have been won by the Freshmen so it will not be necessary for the B teams to play another game, but the A teams must meet once more to decide the final victor. Seniors, remember you have done it before, so kindle your fast dying sparks of energy and make this last one "the game." Freshmen—keep up the good work and don't forget—"what is worth doing is worth doing well." Time now steps in—and anxious as we are, we must wait—patiently. SELMA TYSER, Freshman 1

Louis "Bozey" Berger, All-American

A three letter athlete! University of Maryland's pride—Bozey Berger!

A crack second baseman in baseball, an excellent "back" in football, and a star basketball guard made him an outstanding Marylander.

His ingenious plays and strategies brought brilliant victories to the University of Maryland.

A successful plunge through sixteen of Dixie's best basketball teams resulted in "Bozey" Berger being named guard on the All-Southern quint. He has been spoken of as "the one colossal figure of the eleven years the Dixie Tourney has been held." Just a short time after being named for the All-Southern Conference, he was honored by being selected for the All-American five by John Murray, New York expert.

Louis "Bozey" Berger, All-American—a title well deserved and won.

RUTH OHEM, Freshman 5

The Student Teacher's "If."

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are raving on about the work they've got;
If you can think up problems for a conference
No matter whether they be real or not;
If you can calmly walk into your classroom
With confidence that really isn't yours;
If you can mark results of your own testing
And yet don't feel discouraged at the scores;
If you can teach with one eye on the children,
And with the other watch the classroom door,
And when observers walk into the room
Keep going—though with what you are not sure;
If you can practice on your daily song
Each fleeing minute you are on your way,
And if you get it wrong just start again
No matter whether they be good or not;
If you can think, each day, to mark your roll book
And charts and records that you're asked to keep;
If you can teach—and test—and then re-teach
And yet not dream about it in your sleep;
If you can, after all, live calmly through it,
And with assurance get your final grade;
Yours is "the field" and everything that's in it
And what's more you've earned the mark you made.

FRIEDA HENDERSON, Senior 11

Alumni Notes

A Very Unromantic Tale

HELEN had passed the romantic age when she thought that something might happen. She had grown up to the point where she knew that life was just an ordinary affair, where one found one's place and kept it as best he could and sometimes succeeded or failed. In fact, to an active and vivacious young woman of twenty, life was even a bit tiring at times. At that very moment she was bored stiff and that was why she was walking out through the wet fields to the cliff overlooking the river. She had driven up from town that morning in a downpour of rain which had held up all day by way of announcing a perfect week-end—if one liked rain, but the rain had stopped long enough for Helen to take her tramp, in an effort to escape the shroud of ennui threatening her. The sky was heavy with wet gray clouds and the breeze was clammy as it blew from the river, seeming to penetrate one's body.

Helen contemplated as she stood in the sodden grass. What are the so-called romantic things one reads about that seem to make life interesting? To consider the immediate surroundings, one reads of rowing boats on quiet rivers. Helen knew that the only thing one got out of rowing boats was a handful of blisters. Mere play upon one's imagination! Those who rowed a boat knew the amount of romance entailed. That was out!—Then a high cliff overlooking the river. She stood on one. Gnats, flies, wet grass; she started down a mossy incline, lost her footing and landed in a heap at the bottom. No romance in that!—A handsome young man in a speed boat. There was the Chris Craft below her at its mooring and she knew perfectly well that the owner was a young fattish Italian whose father was in all probability, a boot-legger. A deserted house—there was one of those too but upon investigation there were little or nothing other than cob webs and rusty hinges. Nothing exciting about that! Helen began to see through the cunning of writers who so entranced people with their breath-taking stories. Writers really made romance.

Helen considered herself. Her costume might have met the writer's description, consisting of a very commonplace summer sports dress, a shaggy blue sweater, well worn and stretched out of shape, an ancient pair of sport oxfords and a pair of short blue socks. There was hardly

anything romantic about those. She was the average American girl, deeply tanned, short brown hair and a fairly interesting, though not pretty face. She even had the traditional ardent admirer, whom she liked a lot and thought she might marry some day when they both got their heads above water.

No, Helen saw nothing romantic in her life. It was only a commonplace affair and she realized this as she tramped with sodden feet across the sodden ground but even as a very realistic telephone man rode past her on the narrow bumpy road and splashed her with muddy water, she murmured, "But it's good—just to live."



A Word from '31

IT is almost impossible that we have been "in the field" almost a year. With the beginning of a new semester in the city schools things were so changed that a teacher is apt to forget where she is teaching. Vernon Vavrina has had the good fortune to be promoted into Junior High School English, a position which we all covet. Augie Jansen is now the proud director of a fourth grade, but tells me he has to look around for his tots occasionally. Ralph Bargteil is teaching Latin and is having his problems, which goes with the story that when a teacher asked one of her pupils for the greatest feat of the Romans, the pupil answered, "Speaking Latin." Paul Yaffe is at Westport, which really requires an airplane trip for Paul from his home. Irvin Brose has an appointment as gym teacher at the Vocational School, so we'll probably hear of a rise in its prestige in the Athletic World. Myer Trupp is substituting and has held down one school for four months, which after all is quite a record.

As a result of a very short visit to Normal, I was very much impressed by the results of the three-year course. The Towerlight is taking on the air of a really professional situation, and the assemblies have taken an amazing jump forward. I was fortunate enough to get a look-in on the presentation of excerpts of Liliom, R. U. R., and two other delightful modern plays, and was told by an enthusiastic Senior that all of the Assemblies were like that. I congratulate you all and offer you my greenest envy.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

Poetry

Poetry—

*Like placid waters in a placid stream—
Like lily pads that drowsily do dream,
O'er waters that are softly stilled—
At eventide.*

Poetry—

*Like peaceful hush of atmosphere,
When night is old and day is near—
And sun is waiting for his cue
To herald dawn.*

Poetry—

*Like busy people in the street,
Like stealthy tread of laboring feet,
Like life and vigor that we know
At noon tide bright.*

Poetry—

*Like joyful sway of lilting tune,
Like rhapsody of happy June,
To melancholy strain it shifts—
To match one's mood.*

RACHAEL L. SMITH, 1931



The Loss

"I can recall a time
When this would not have been."

"I spent an hour
Among the trees.
There was not a dryad
In one of these.

Beside the pool,
So thirstily—
Not a single nymph
Laughed up at me.

*In a wooded copse
I called for Pan.
No one went by
But a withered man."*

*The old crone heard me through,
And shook her hoary head.
"They have not gone,
Something in you is dead."*

ELEANORA BOWLING, '28



Little Pussy

*Little Pussy, black as coal,
You've had milk I know.
I see it on your whiskers,
I see it on your nose.
Pussy, I'm ashamed of you,
I see it on your toes.*



Carl's Dog

*Carl has a little dog,
His hair is black, black, black!
And every night when work is done
They sit and talk about their fun
And just before they go to bed
They say a prayer with bowed down head.*

Written by Second Grade children taught by MARY READ, Class 1930.



Can You Imagine

(We found these in the 1930 Crystal)

Miss Tall without "Now will you quietly pass out?"

A certain geography teacher talking of only geography in class?

Mr. Minnegan with pale cheeks?

Miss Crabtree at 200 pounds?

A rest room in which you could study?

Miss Weyforth without her tone quality?

Miss Medwedeff without her check marks?

The student who starts units and term papers the day they are assigned?

The girl who'd tell a teacher she had given the same assignment twice?

M. D.

Modern Mother: "Did you have a good time at the playground this afternoon, darling?"

Modern Child: "No, mother, the new supervisor was trying to instill a spirit of gayety.—Our Children."

Neighbor: "Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

Speedy: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should hear the witnesses contradicting one another!"—Everybody's Weekly.

Barber: "Your head is sadly in need of a shampoo, sir"

Hardware Dealer: "Yes, and your house needs painting, but I don't nag you about it."

She was boasting all the fine points in the distinctive suburb into which they had recently removed.

"Yes, my dear, and there is a fine old country club, too, which is very, very old and exclusive."

"Really," returned her friend. "How interesting! And how old might it be?"

"Well, I'm not sure of the exact date, but I heard Herbert say that someone or other went round the course in '69."

At the Duplicate Pay Desk, a man picked up a copy of "The Unkissed Bride." "Funny title," he remarked. Then after glancing at it again, he laughed and said, "Not so funny, after all! Look at the author's name—Onions."—*Cleveland Library Log*.

A small boy in one of our intermediate school libraries asked for "Ruby at the Handsaw." It was only when the boy explained that he thought it was the next book after "The Prisoner of Zenda" that it was found that he wanted "Rupert of Hentzau."—*Wichita (Kansas) City Library*.

During the recent Legion convention in Detroit, an elderly lady, becoming alarmed at the antics of the Legionnaires, approached a policeman, asking: "Can't you stop them, officer?"

"Lady," the officer replied, "there's an old man in Europe who tried to do that, and now he's sawing wood in Holland."—*Wall Street Journal*

HE GOT IT

"Have any of your childhood ambitions been realized?"

"Yes, when my mother cut my hair, I wished I was bald-headed."

"My husband is so good to his employes."

"Is he?"

"Yes. He came home last night all tired out, poor fellow, and I heard him murmur in his sleep, 'Jim, I'll raise you ten.' And business is so dull, too."

Rural Tourist (after first night aboard steamship): "I say, steward, where have my clothes gone?"

Steward: "Where did you put them last night, sir?"

Tourist: "In that cupboard with the small round glass door."

Steward: "I'm sorry, sir. That ain't no cupboard, sir, it's a porthole."

Visitor: "What pretty hair you have, Dorothy. You must get it from your mother, don't you?"

Dorothy: "I guess I must'a got it from my papa, his is all gone."

IT NEVER FAILS

"Oh, tell, oh, tell me, papa, what is heredity?"

"The force, my child, that arranges
That all your good traits be
Inherited from your mamma,
And all your bad from me."

FAIRFAX DOWNEY.

Taxi-driver (aloud): "My heavens, what a clutch."

Voice from rear: "You tend to your driving. I'll handle this."

A certain old lady was so concerned about one of the villagers who was unable to write, that she persuaded the village schoolmaster to give him some lessons. Some time later she met the villager and said to him:

"Well, George, I suppose you are now able to read the Bible fairly easily?"

"Lor' bless you, mum," he replied, "I was out of the Bible and into the football news over a week ago!"—Sporting and Dramatic.

Calvin Coolidge has a vocabulary of 27,000 words, according to a recent magazine article. Just like the present depression, plenty of stock but no turnover.—*Life*.

The United States Treasury Department is reported to have received the following letter a few days ago:

"I have received your application, but as I already belong to several good orders I do not care to join your income tax at this time."

A new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"For instance," he said, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet—Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said a bright pupil. "But how is anyone to know it does not represent Robert Browning?"—Watchman Examiner.



Snow that was a
very fine report
Mr Sherman. And
what was your
reference

Well uh let's see now it was
it was in that blue book you
know in the library it was
in the reference room on
the shelf let's see on one
of the pages it said "and the
Romans had defeated the
Sabines severely" that's



Right I remember
that's what it said and
it was right in the mid-
dle of the book yes I'm
sure it was in a blue
book not too thin and not
too thick. Aw I did my
work I know my ref-
erence Aw shucks



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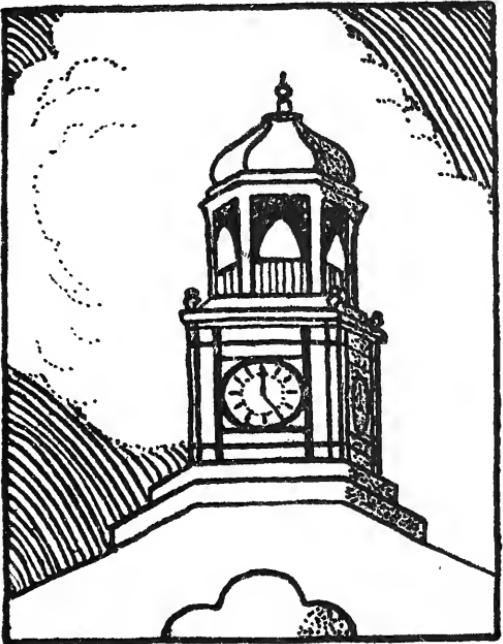
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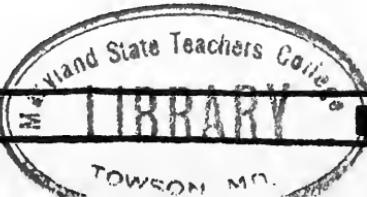
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MAY 1932





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The Tower Light

VOL. V

MAY, 1932

No. 8

Old Talbot

LOUISE BURNS

*"The Eastern Sho' is the eternal ferry land.
The ferries take you there and they bring you back."*

THE JOURNEY to the Eastern Sho' is a charming one, with the waves lapping against the sides of the boat and the gulls flying overhead. The sun gleams goldenly down on many oyster boats in which men are skillfully handling rakes, which bring oysters from the depths of the Bay to the surface. The waves roll merrily under the yachts and launches in which people are cruising or perhaps just drifting along with the tide. After a glorious hour and a half with the Chesapeake Bay for a companion and the pines along the banks keeping watch, one enters the harbor of Claiborne, a quaint, little village in Talbot County.

Talbot County has only seven miles of boundary not composed of water, so you may imagine the beauty and charm of riding along the roads in the land of legendary lore.

Let us visit for awhile the charming, little town of St. Michaels. This town had its beginning in the erection of a church in 1690, around which grew up a settlement interested in the oyster trade and in ship building. In fact, in a shipyard there, the first log canoe which was the forerunner of the Baltimore clipper was built. People came from many miles around to the little church that had been built in the center of the district. They would land their canoes and barges almost at the church door, this little settlement being bounded on the east and west by water.

It was during the War of 1812 that St. Michaels made history for herself. One night the British sailed into St. Michaels' harbor with the thought of destroying the unprotected town. The people here heard that the British were coming and knowing that these Englishmen knew nothing of St. Michaels' geographical conditions decided to fool them. Instead of lighting lamps in the rooms of the houses, they put lanterns in the tops of the trees and on the roofs, making the British think St Michaels was on a hill. The British fired several shots, putting out the lights at times. Then the invaders sailed away, thinking they had destroyed the town. In reality, they had hit only one house because it was

the tallest. Today this house is called the Cannon Ball House and the hole in the old attic wall where the cannon ball came through the brick and plaster is still to be seen. It is said that during the Battle of St. Michaels one of the residents who was very much afraid ran down to the river on the other side of the town, jumped in a boat and rowed all night. When dawn came, he, thinking that St. Michaels was many miles away, found the boat tied to a stake. In his excitement he had forgotten to untie the boat and thus had wasted much effort.

About three years ago St. Michaels was again a place of much excitement, but for an entirely different reason. A moving picture company came to make "The First Kiss", in which Gary Cooper and Fay Wray had the leading roles. The story, "The Four Brothers", from which the movie was taken, had been written about St. Michaels and the surrounding vicinity and the movie company came here for the setting. Everyone enjoyed the excitement, and for two months cars from many neighboring states came to watch the taking of the picture. It gave one quite a thrill to see the movie people in a friendly fashion walking the streets of this old town. It was interesting to see fog manufactured by burning a certain material, and to see the water poured on Fay Wray's slicker every time it began to dry during her conversation with Gary on the river bank. Then, there was one day when Gary had to kiss Fay Wray six times before the shadow on her face was just right. After two months St. Michaels became a quiet place again, but always the residents like people to know that they have seen a moving picture in the process of being made.

St. Michaels, today, is a prosperous town possessing a fine library, a woman's club and five churches. It has several oyster packing houses and tomato canneries, together with a large electric light plant, ice plant and a factory. Even with all the improvements it still has all the charm and loveliness of a colonial village.

About ten miles from St. Michaels is Easton, the county seat of Talbot. One of the spots of interest in this town is Third Haven Meeting House, erected in 1682, said to be the oldest frame building in the United States. It nestles among trees on a little hill. An attic provided sleeping quarters for those who journeyed here upon religious visits. William Penn preached here in 1700 to a great company of people, among whom were Lord and Lady Baltimore with their retinue. Today, if one visits this old white-washed meeting house, a kind, old darkey will show one around and explain different things. This seems so fitting, since the Quakers were always such good friends to the negroes.

About ten miles from Easton is the picturesque town of Oxford, which was once the capital of Maryland. Here the Morris Money which helped finance the Revolution was made by the father of Robert Morris. Growing here is the oldest grapevine in the United States. Sailing here are crafts of many kinds, because Oxford, like many other Talbot towns, is practically surrounded by water.

Many are the quaint places in the land of Talbot. Many are the legends and tales of exciting times near the waters of the Choptank, the Miles, and the Wye in that land of legendary lore. A spell of enchantment seems to make you love it all, the old families, the pines, and the rivers. Truly, it is a fairy land, a land that poets write about, a land that artists paint, a land where dreams come true.



Country In Summer

*I love the summer country
The sighing of the boughs
I love to hear the crickets call;
The lowing of the cows.*

*I love to see the meadows.
Sweet with new mown hay
I love to watch the laughing brook
Go singing on its way.*

*I love to watch the sunrise
Come peeping o'er the hills.
I love the summer twilight;
The cry of whippoorwills.*

*I love the summer country,
My heart with pleasure fills;
When summer's here, and I can roam
These lovely Maryland hills.*

BERNICE HUFF, Freshman 8

Solomons

SOLOMONS is located at the tip of the Calvert County peninsula where the Patuxent River meets Chesapeake Bay. It was formerly known as Solomons Island, but is now connected to the mainland by a causeway. It is one of the quaintest of quaint spots in Maryland, and presents a fascinating picture of nautical activities—quays and docks, shipbuilding, steamers and ships going to and from the Capes.

Here one may look out upon one of the three great natural harbors of America, for Solomons is surrounded by water deep enough and vast enough to float the combined navies of several of the great naval powers. It was here that the great floating dry dock Dewey was built and tested, because there was no other harbor in the East large enough for its construction. The Monticella and Mount Vernon, owned by the German Government and issued for transports during the World War are now docked in Solomons Harbor, as well as fourteen large Standard Oil ships.

Off Solomons and at the mouth of the river are good fishing, which attracts many lovers of that sport. Yachts cruising down from the North find Solomons a convenient harbor and rest place. The seafood trade has made the locality of Solomons famous, and its oysters are notable throughout the country, because the two large oyster canneries ship oysters to all parts of the United States.

There are no very old houses on the island, but within sight of it, on the left bank, stands "Rausby Hall", a quaint little house which was erected after the original house was destroyed, probably at the beginning of the eighteenth century. "Rausby Hall was the home of Hon. John Rausby. It is now owned by W. G. Bowen.

Solomons is often called the summer resort of Baltimore and Washington. Come join us!

VIRGINIA NORFOLK, *Freshman 8*



Words are Man's Tools
Of deceit and camouflage.
Actions are God's Tools
Of Love and Honesty.

Historical Southern Maryland

POLLY GWYNN

SUNNY SOUTHERN MARYLAND with its Southern hospitality! One can lie awake at night and hear the frogs and crickets, the whip-poor-wills calling to their mates, and see the stars twinkling overhead. No wonder Washington chose it as a place to visit!

Do the words "Southern Maryland" need further explanation? Well, hardly, but there are a few who need brushing up on their history and geography.

Charles County lies south of Prince George's County, and between St. Mary's and the Potomac.

Many times during his travels to and from Mount Vernon, George Washington stopped at Port Tobacco. Port Tobacco! A tiny town, yes, but a revelation in volumes of history. It was at one time the county-seat of Charles County, boasting the best inn on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and one of the best harbors on the Potomac River. Today, Port Tobacco consists of a graveyard, about ten dilapidated houses, an artesian well and two very famous weeping willow trees.

There are three homes in Port Tobacco which Washington honored by visiting. The first is Rose Hill, a great colonial mansion, still stately, standing on a hill overlooking the Potomac. This was at one time the home of Dr. Brown, who was with General Washington when he died. Washington considered Dr. Brown one of his closest friends, and spent many hours beside the open fireplace, sociably discussing not only questions concerning politics, but also domestic affairs. The spacious living rooms were often scenes of gaiety and laughter. The low, wide steps lead to large bed rooms, where high beds with ladders leading to them were to be found. In one room there is a square hole cut into the wall above the fireplace. A picture was placed over this hole and it was used as a wall safe by Washington, who placed some valuable papers in there during the Revolutionary War. There is an underground tunnel leading from the cellar to the Potomac River, and this was used as a means of escape during the Civil War by Confederate men who were making merry and were spied upon by rebels. The large lawn is hemmed in by low box-wood and very near by is the family graveyard.

Rose Hill is owned today by wealthy people who are reconstructing it. Many tales are told by the parents to the children concerning Rose Hill. But to make them truly realistic, one must see the house itself.

Havre de Venture, the home of Thomas A. Stone, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was another estate where Washington was a frequent and welcome guest. This home was built very much on the order of Rose Hill, but the furniture has been preserved through the years. To give you a general idea of the value of such antiques, the Baltimore Museum of Art paid \$10,000 plus the cost of a modern room for the panelling and corner book cases of the living room of this home. Among the most treasured articles which today are in the possession of the direct descendants of Thomas A. Stone, is a reproduction of the Declaration of Independence with the original signatures of all the signers, and a table upon which the Constitution was written.

The last of these estates which Washington visited is La Grange, a large plantation about one mile from La Plata, which was the home of Dr. Craig. This home has the usual large veranda, servants' quarters and separate kitchen and spacious rooms. While Washington was visiting Dr. Craig, he once said, "Charles County, God bless her!"

This saying has been handed down through the years, so I say to you, "Charles County, God bless her!"

Spring

*The winter snows have passed away,
The robins have come back to stay,
The rippling brook is free once more
To trickle o'er her mossy floor.*

*The showers of May, soft and warm,
Have called the buds to newer form.
The daffodils and jonquils gay,
Lift their heads on a sunny day.*

*The pansies peep above the grass
And smile to others as they pass;
While trees stand dressed in blossoms fair
And sway in the ethereal air.*

*Heart aches and sorrows have grown dim;
The heart is filled up to its brim
With love and joy and happiness—
The earth again is loveliness.*

RUTH E. KNOX, Freshman 2

Dorchester County

GRETHA WHITE

DORCHESTER COUNTY, which is the largest on the Eastern Sho', having an area of 610 square miles, ranks fourth in point of size in the State. The Choptank River and Caroline County form its northern boundary, and it has a few miles of eastern border on the Delaware line. The Nanticoke flows along the southeastern border, and on the south and west, arms of the Chesapeake and the Bay itself enclose the county. Dorchester was settled in 1669, and its name is traced to the Earl of Dorset or to Dorsetshire. Various islands are included in its territory, and the little Choptank, Honga, Fishing, Blackwater, Transquaky, Chickacomica, are some of the rivers and creeks of Dorchester. Fishing Bay, Tar Bay, Trippe Bay, Hoopers Straits, add to the nomenclature of the county.

There is a great extent of marshland frequented by myriads of wild ducks, and during the winter months men from many states come here to enjoy the ducking season. Oysters, crabs, fish and terrapin abound in this county's waters. The annual income from the oyster catch is \$2,000,000 or more, and Dorchester ranks next to Somerset in the oyster industry. Cambridge, the county seat, has a fine salt-water situation on the great Choptank, eighteen miles from its mouth. The river here, between the Dorchester and Talbot shores, is several miles in width, and the town is built on level ground extending to the water's edge. It is the home port of a vast fleet of dredging and tonging vessels, the seat of large packing establishments and other manufacturers. It is here that one of the world's largest tomato canning houses is located. The Cambridge, Seaford, Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic Railroads traverse northeastern Dorchester, and steam and sailing vessels reach all parts of the country lying on the water. Vienna, on the Nanticoke, was long noted for its shipyards, and many swift and shapely ocean-going vessels were built there before steam and iron supplanted wood, when the white oak forests of Dorset still afforded the best material known in naval construction. Dorchester was harried by the British during the War of 1812. Former Governor John Henry, first United States Senator, was from the Eastern Sho'; Ex-Governor Emerson Harrington was from Cambridge and resides there now.

People from large cities come here to seek the enjoyment afforded by salt water fronts for summer gunning, fishing, boating, bathing and other outdoor pleasures. Hundreds of automobiles come here every week carrying people seeking the recreation and pleasure of our shores,

our salt water and our seafoods. Last summer there were cars visiting here which came from as far away as Hawaii, Oklahoma, and New Mexico.

Dorchester County is a place where one may see and enjoy the work of Mother Nature. Here one goes to sleep listening to the croaking of the frogs and awakens with sun shining through the windows and the birds singing outside.



Washington County Notes

CO INTRODUCE you to Washington County, let us see it on the map, bounded by Frederick County, Alleghany County, the Potomac River and Pennsylvania and shaped very much like our own state.

The county is quite proud of its date of beginning—1776—the same as our firm national beginning. Hagerstown, known as Elizabeth Town when settled, was chosen as the county seat and has become the principal industrial, social and political center of the county, Baltimore and Cumberland being the only cities of the state larger than Hagerstown.

Where the Blue Ridge Mountains descend to meet the Potomac, we find the famous Antietam Battlefield, and higher up in those mountains and overlooking Boonsboro is the first completed monument to the Father of Our Country, built in one day by the citizens of Boonsboro.

Nature has endowed us with one of the most beautiful natural parks in the East, located in South Hagerstown. Along the bank of the lake in the park has been erected the Washington County Museum, comparable in structure and beauty to the Baltimore City Museum. This was completed in 1931.

One of the outstanding educational aspects of the county to be noted in the past few years has been building construction. Two junior high schools, the central high school in Hagerstown, one twelve-room elementary school and a new high school at Clearspring, have been added in the past six years. Working in coordination with the school and general public has been the Washington County Free Library, located in Hagerstown with branches throughout the county.

Connected with the outside world by roads, four railroads, and most recently by air we are proud of the county which we mark as progressive.

N. K. S.

▼

Western Maryland--Allegany County

ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

IT IS growing dusk. The glowing sun has already sought rest just below the high mountains which rise on either side of a deep gorge—like two huge sentinels. The sun is low but its glories are reflected over the deep blue sky. The clouds which but a short time ago were spreading themselves like great white masts are now shaded with deep, rich colors. It is here between these two mountains that we can see the “gateway to the West.” It was through these “Narrows” that our forefathers passed to turn toward that new and unsettled land which awaited those who were willing to explore her riches.

So it is that Allegany County of Western Maryland holds us because of her part in the opening of that great, unsettled West beyond the frontier. Below these “Narrows” is Cumberland, resting in the hollow of the surrounding hills. Here at the county seat of Allegany County there are many points of historic interest.

The Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church stands on the site of old Fort Cumberland, the base of military operations for Gen. Braddock and Col. George Washington during the French and Indian Wars. The English ivy which covers the walls of this old church was brought from Kenilworth.

On the southwest corner of Prospect Square, which is part of the old parade grounds of the fort, a colonial residence occupies the site of Washington’s military headquarters. The log cabin used by Washington as his headquarters has been restored and may be seen now in Riverside Park.

The approaches to the city are very beautiful. Really all of this section has a great deal to offer. From both Dan’s Rock and Town Hill, there is an excellent view of the long, low valleys which lie securely below. Lover’s Leap is a huge cliff, easily seen from the National Highway, around which a famous legend has been woven. It is from this high, overhanging rock that two Indian lovers are said to have hurled themselves into the gorge beneath. The mountains are quite pictur-

esque,—the beauties of each season more lovely than those which were before. To crown all of this splendor, the Potomac flows through the valley, adding to each scene within its range that spirit of calmness and peace which only a river may bring.

Frostburg, which lies west of Cumberland, is very high, and cold, as the name suggests. Snow covers the streets and fields most of the winter. The most interesting thing about Frostburg to us is the State Normal School, of which Allegany County undoubtedly feels proud.

There is much potential wealth in this western county. The wooded area amounts to 163,832 acres, which is sixty-two per cent of the county's total area. The great rocks and boulders to be seen beside the highway tell their story. It is a mining region, coal mines tunneling the great hills.

There is also much manufacturing carried on. The most outstanding centers for this are the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, which ships its products to Europe and South America; the artificial silk company, which makes a beautifully colored and brilliant fabric from the foundation of cotton waste; a tin plate manufacturing company, a glass factory, and many others. It is interesting to know that the first steel rail made in the United States was made in Mt. Savage, a town northwest of Cumberland.

Allegany County is a progressive community. Her people are striving to see that conditions are bettered so that life will be more enjoyable to those who are of her own number and to visitors who seek her hospitality. Yet it is the natural beauty which grips one most—that beauty which speaks with a silent tongue of Divine Power. One gazes at all the splendor concealed within those mighty hills and a small, clear voice whispers to his listening soul—

“Beauty is its own excuse for being.”

Trees in the Graveyard

Gaunt spectres, standing straight and tall,
Watching in the graveyard.
High, so high, above us all
Bare and lonely in the graveyard.
Are they lonely? Maybe not—
They have the sky so near them.
The celestial sphere is better far
Than the sod we see beneath them.

NAOMI FRIEDMAN

The Spirit of Baltimore Town

Reported by BARBARA NELSON

"Lo, from the shores of the Chesapeake
The giants of Industry 'rise;
Spires that breathe of progress and might,
Giants of history,
Mystery,
Light!
Building and growing,
Heaving and sighing,
Humming and turning and sailing and flying,
From wharf and from rail,
From harbor and trail,
The fires of our forges are weaving a tale
Of Progress."

City of Baltimore

HAVE YOU ever stopped to consider what a wonderful place Baltimore is?

Baltimore is the chief city of the State of Maryland and the eighth city of the United States. This ranking of Baltimore requires a moment's thought, since out of the hundreds of cities there are only seven larger.

Baltimore is celebrated for its many trees, parklike "Places," boulevards, and shady squares. Druid Hill Park, containing nearly 700 acres, is the most noted. Clifton Park, in the northeast section, has an area of 253 acres. Patterson, Riverside and Carroll are also of importance.

Baltimore is known as the "Monumental City," the name being derived from the Washington Monument in Mount Vernon Place. The white marble shaft, 164 feet high, is surmounted by a heroic statue of Washington. Ascending to the top by means of a stairway, one sees stretched out below him an attractive city. The monument, begun in 1815 and completed in 1829, was the first one of note to the great Washington. Traveling over to Monument Square, near the Post Office, one finds the Battle Monument, erected in honor of those who fell

in defense of the city in 1814. There is a monument to Edgar Allen Poe in the Westminster Presbyterian Churchyard, where he lies buried, and in Greenmount Cemetery are the graves of Johns Hopkins, Sidney Lanier and John McDonogh.

Considering the educational side of Baltimore, in the lead stands Johns Hopkins University, which with Johns Hopkins Hospital has achieved an international reputation. It is here that people from all over the world congregate to acquire knowledge at the university or to receive medical attention at the hospital. It is with pride that we Baltimoreans point to a well-known figure who, coming to Baltimore an invalid, has returned home a healthy individual to sing the praises of Baltimore and her outstanding physicians and surgeons! There are other institutions of prominence—the University of Maryland, the Goucher College, the Polytechnic Institute, the Baltimore City College, the Peabody Institute, the Maryland Academy of Sciences, the Walters Art Gallery and the Enoch Pratt Free Libraries.

Baltimore is one of the leading industrial and commercial cities of the country. It is the foremost center in the world for canning oysters and fruits. It leads in the manufacture of straw hats, cotton duck, and fertilizer. It is one of the leaders in the manufacture of iron and steel.

The city was named for the lords of Baltimore, who founded the town in 1729. In 1792 the first monument to Columbus was erected here. The first balloon ascension was made from here in 1784. During the bombardment of the city in 1812, "The Star Spangled Banner" was written. The first telegraph message was received here in 1844.

Are we not right in calling Baltimore a "wonderful place?"

Dream House

*Just a little house a-standin'
On a slopin' emerald hill
And the breezes 'round it whisper
With the song of whip-poor-will.
There a little brook goes laughin'
Flowers all around it play—
While the merry, rosy robins
Help to chase all cares away.
And my tears all seem to vanish
All my sorrows fast depart—
When I think of that dear kingdom,
Little dream house of my heart!*

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5

Historic Frederick

*"Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland."*

LITTLE less than fifty miles from bustling, modern Baltimore lies Frederick city, a county seat of sixteen thousand inhabitants, which seems to have absorbed from its great green barracks a feeling of peace and security.

In memories Frederick is rich. Good dame Barbara Frietchie, who, while often discredited in history, still holds a strong place in our literature, lived in the little house that is now rebuilt as a museum. She, together with Francis Scott Key, lies buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery in the city of their birth.

Discredit as we may the story of Barbara, the troops under Jackson did march through the city fighting in the vicinity the battle of Monocacy. This was of vital importance because it detained the Southern army until reinforcements arrived to hold the capital. These old barracks still stand together with the old homes which served as hospitals at the time.

Chief Justice Taney, renowned in the Dred Scott Decision, and Admiral Winfield Scott Schley of military distinction are both Frederick's sons—now buried in her cemeteries.

To people who enjoy and appreciate the beauty of the old manors, Frederick county is a fairyland. Less than a mile north of the city stands beautiful old Rosehill Manor, the home of Maryland's first governor, Thomas Johnson. Carrollton Manor, the permanent home of Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is to the south, near Buckeystown. This estate comprises about three thousand acres and leaves us many old mills today as treasured landmarks.

The county roads were broken by the Indian moccasins and their stories are woven into the history of the county. Braddock led his army over the mountains by way of the little community which now bears his name. He and Washington stopped there for water. This same road (now the U. S. 40) was the one on which Lee came

*"From the mountain winding down
Horse and foot into Frederick Town."*

You may think from this that Frederick lives on its past. While rich in memories the county is quite abreast of the present. It is one of the richest agricultural counties in the U. S. Its roads are in excellent condition; lime stone comes from its quarries, brick and cement block material are found in quantities. Canneries, orchards and poultry farms prosper. We find within its limits the largest gold fisheries in the world. In the city proper the hosiery, the brush factory and iron foundry are important industries.

Frederick's past then is rich in memories, its present occupied with varied activities, its future bright with hopes and plans.

M. A. PAYNE, Senior 11
V. L. BROSIUS, Senior 4



Spring

*Spring is in the air,
Spring is everywhere,
The whisper of the breeze,
Is heard amidst the trees.
The buds and the grass,
Makes winter a thing of the past.
My heart is set a swinging
As the robins are heard singing.
In the splendor and the loveliness
Of the spring.
Blow on you breezes
As the robins fly in the sky
And the flowers bloom on high,
In this splendor and this loveliness
Of the Spring.*

ROSINA CAPPELLETTI, Freshman 2

New York

GENEVIEVE WATERS

CHE sky-line of New York City—strong yet eerie, it seemed to us, as we approached it from the water, Wednesday night, as though it were composed of hundreds of fairy castles in shadow, all ablaze with golden lights. Then we entered the seemingly magic city!

After registering at the hotel we got into the sight-seeing buses and all of us proceeded to get kinks in our necks as we drove down Broadway. Then we passed the Bowery and finally reached Chinatown—here we left the buses. As we walked along the narrow winding streets it seemed to me that Chinatown was lovely—lovely because it was everything it should be—oriental, secluded, enclosed as it were from the rest of the world—a city in itself. We enjoyed looking at curios in a Chinese shop; we entered and sat before the altars in a Chinese temple; we spoke to the High Priest: we visited what was once a Chinese theater (now a “meeting house,” strange as it seems) and saw where the famous “opium dens” once were. In these dens those under the influence of the drug would spend hours, days and even weeks without rising. Here we saw also where tunnels, once leading from other parts of Chinatown to the theater, were located. Our guide told us that these tunnels were now closed because a few years ago three girls, going through the tunnels with a party of sightseers, were separated from the group and have never been seen since. Just as I hate to stop writing about Chinatown so we hated to leave it. However, we felt a little better when we learned that we were going through the Holland Tunnel, which is, as you know, built under the Hudson River. We didn’t expect to see such a magnificent piece of work. The inside wall is of shining white tile; it is washed once a day, so they say. It’s really a lovely sight.

On Thursday morning we visited the Jersey City Normal School. We enjoyed visiting the school (it was a beautiful new building) and seeing how things were done there. However, every one of us wished, I believe, that he might show the Jersey City students *our* school, too.

We drove back from Jersey City to New York over the new George Washington Bridge, the longest suspension bridge in the world. We drove along the famous Riverside Drive and saw many interesting places, such as Grant’s Tomb, and the Riverside Church.

Although we were worried about losing Miss Woodward, we were overjoyed to see Dr. Snyder once more, and astonished to learn from

her that all the famous "New College" boasted was a little two-by-four office which she called "home." Our heads swelled a little at the thought that we were the guests of such people as Dr. McMurry, Dr. Alexander, Miss Thorn and others, at a charming tea.

After the tea we visited the Empire State Building, and had we not had to dress for dinner I fear we would have stayed at the top of the building indefinitely watching the people and vehicles crawl around below us. We went to the Sevillia, Alice McDougall's Spanish Restaurant, for dinner. After dinner the party separated, some going to the opera and others to various shows.

Friday morning we divided ourselves into groups, each containing not more than six people, and visited the Lincoln, Horace Mann and Ethical Culture Schools. On Friday afternoon some of us went shopping, while others went to movies or matinees, but on Friday night everyone was present at the banquet and dance given by the Eastern States Association of Professional School Teachers at the Pennsylvania Hotel. The President of the Association, Dr. Suhrie, was the Toastmaster. We were addressed by Walter Damrosch, Wilson MacDonald, Samuel Schmucker, Herman H. Horne and other notables. Lorado Taft and Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, unable to be present, sent messages to us.

On Saturday morning we attended the Conference at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and Towson Normal made quite a name for itself. We lunched at Alice McCallister's place in Greenwich Village. Greenwich Village, by the way, is a quaint little part of the city—it is the abode of artists of all kinds.

Not only did we meet people famous in the field of education, but we also saw and heard people famous in the theatre world, such as Buddy Rogers, Ben Crosby, Jesse Crawford and his wife, Lillian Roth, and Anna May Wong, Paul Tremaine and Larry Funk.

We returned home on the B. & O. Air Conditioned Cars, enjoying the privilege of using the Parlor Lounge and Observation cars.

But—had we dreamed about New York? Had we really been there?—the city we've read about ever since we've been able to read—the city which always played such a prominent part in our day dreams—the city where millions of real and imaginary people from "Bookland" have talked, walked and lived?

It all seemed like a wonderful dream!



A Picture Map

WE HAVE seen the outcome of many activities which have been carried on in the classroom—costumes, scenery, miniature stages—but how many of us have seen picture maps? How many know what a picture map is? There are many kinds of picture maps. Some have no writing or printing, some have very few pictures and some are similar to the one of Maryland in the annex of our own library.

The picture map herein described is of the first type mentioned. It is the outcome of a geography unit on the Mediterranean countries—Spain, lower France, Italy and Greece. This unit was taught in the 4B class at School 214. During the presentation of the unit, maps of the classroom type and a globe were used. The children realized the inadequacy of the materials available and suggested that they make a large map.

There are several ways to make large maps in the classroom: tracing other maps, projecting maps on a screen and tracing the outline, and enlarging by use of latitude and longitude lines. The last-named method was used. Children of superior ability were selected to do the enlarging. Latitude and longitude lines were drawn on brown paper.

Chalk was used because it could be erased easily if there were a mistake. While the outline was being drawn many good geography books were used. The maps found in each book were slightly different, and in order to have a good outline it was necessary to combine all maps. The teachers advised us in this matter. When the map was finished there was no room for Africa. A member of the class thought that to be a good map it would have to show a relation to another country, and that it would be necessary to put on Africa. The children cut out their map and with a pencil traced it on a better grade of paper. When Africa was added the map was ready for painting. A geography lesson in the reading of maps had been previously given. The class wanted to show the highlands, plateaus and lowlands. In order to do this it was necessary to locate the named areas.

Many children worked on the map during their spare time, before school, when a lesson was done, and after school. In this way the areas before mentioned were added, as well as rivers and boundaries. Of course, all children could not work on the outline and the painting of the map, but everyone of the thirty-nine children in the class has a picture on the map. The problem of a suitable border was the next consideration. Since the Mediterranean Region is a land of sunshine, fruits and flowers, the class wanted a border to suggest this idea. After studying borders in books and from outside references, a child designed a leaf border. The class liked this and it was traced around the map. This border was painted a green and brown, which blended with the rest of the entire picture. The border completed the artistic effect of the map. The last touch was applying the pictures in true geographical positions and adding a compass to better locate the region. This was taken care of in a period set aside for a review lesson of the geography unit.

You might be asking yourselves what the children got from such an experience. All the aims of work—namely, physical, social and mental experiences; a true geographical relationship between the countries studied; a map which could be used by themselves at all times; an appreciation of each others' efforts; the necessary co-operation and responsibility necessary to successfully complete a big project, and an incentive to make maps of other geographical regions studied.

More than this was the joy of achievement. These children had made something vital. This map was useful as well as a thing of beauty, and "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

J. MILTON BERGEN

Meaningful Work Periods

IN CONNECTION with a history unit on the Industrial Revolution, Grade 6 at School 62, under the direction of Miss Mabel Korber, successfully completed a Colonial Bicentennial Celebration, so named by one of the pupils. As the name implies, most of the art work was concerned with those projects which dealt with phases of colonial life. Two class periods were quite sufficient, as most of the children were willing to remain after school in order to complete their work. Among the construction activities which were completed were a show-card painting of a Conestoga wagon (which was on display for the students of the International Institute), a silhouette painting on glass of a colonial lady spinning, a charcoal drawing of a typical colonial village, a cut-out painting of a colonial lady (the dress, which was pasted to the card-board, was stuffed and ruffled); block prints (the blocks of which were later painted) and other illustrations of colonial methods of living.

SIDNEY LIBERMAN

The Little Gray Pussies

*The little gray pussies,
Oh, who can they be?
They are soft and gray,
As the old beech tree.
The little gray pussies,
Oh, who can they be?*

*The little gray pussies,
Oh, who can they be?
They grow on a stem,
Many as can be.
The little gray pussies,
Oh, who can they be?*

*The little gray pussies,
Oh, who can they be?
Pussy willows, of course,
Now can't you see?
The little gray pussies,
Oh, who can they be?*

DOROTHY RULLMAN, Grade 5

The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson

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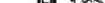
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Alice Munn, Managing Editor

Another Joseph

JDREAMED I found myself in a field sparse in young trees and growth; and the grass was yellow as hay, and short. There in the midst was a fairly well-grown tree—roots and all out of the ground. Just as if I were placed there on duty by some great being, I straightway took the tree in hand, set the spreading roots aright in the ground and added the firmness of the soil, and as I looked back, the tree was standing upright, proud, well-grounded like the other trees around it.

Then I awoke! What could a dream so tangible, so vivid, so unified mean. Immediately I thought, "How can I interpret this in terms of 'teaching'?" Several things came to my mind. The field with the few young trees and unripe grass might be a group of young children under

my supervision. In this class is the tree with its roots out of the ground—the child whose roots are out of the ground of life, the unadjusted, lost being who needs to be firmly planted. His roots are spread in various directions, groping blindly and begging pitifully for help. Then, with a strong hand I began to set the spreading roots into their proper places. I molded them firmly until with hard work and much energy and after a long time, the child became like the others in the group—a vital factor among them—a strong, proud, important and happy being.

And another interpretation! The field might be the teaching profession; the trees, paths pursued in the profession. They may be primary or intermediate work, work with special classes or research work. I might be the tree with arms stretching in every direction leading into these many paths, but my uprooted, undecided, unsteady state might have left me suspended. However, by some strange power, through someone's help, or through my own initiative, I finally found myself placed in a field which has few workers, is undeveloped and which needs a firm setting.

These are just two possibilities of interpretation of this dream—there are more. Can you be another Joseph?

MOLLIE HIRSH, Senior 2



The International Students' Visit

ON THURSDAY, April 14, the students of the Maryland State Normal School had a most pleasing and unusual experience, namely; the meeting and conversing with the students from twenty-one different nations of the world. This group of international students, under the supervision and guidance of Dr. Wilson of Columbia University, was visiting various schools throughout the United States. On the occasion of their visit to us, Mr. M. C. Boysen from South Africa, Miss E. Thompson from Scotland and Mr. Hans Thieobach from Germany, spoke to the student body from our assembly platform. The dormitory students enjoyed the added privilege of acting as hosts and hostesses to our foreign guests during the lunch hour. We think they enjoyed this, and we are quite sure we did. We sincerely hope that the foreign students will continue their annual visits to our school.

RIBERO WILLEY

Why Betty Never Held Her Chin In the Air Again

BETTY was a rich girl who lived in the city. Her father had a large farm in the country. Betty and a girl named Jean went out one Saturday. Betty's father had let them ride around on some of his horses.

Betty said "Let's ride through there", and pointed to where the clothes lines were. Now Betty's father had told them not to ride through there. After some arguing they decided to race through. Jean ducked all the lines, but Betty didn't see the last one and it caught her under the chin and pulled her out of the saddle. Betty was not hurt very much but her pride was. Betty never held her chin in the air or disobeyed her father again.

MARJORIE GRIFFITH, Grade 5

Bad Mickey Mouse

ONCE upon a time in a cellar of a big house there lived a family of mice. There was a mother mouse, a father mouse, three brother mice, and a sister mouse.

All summer long they had a grand time in the barn. It was almost winter now, so they decided to live in the cellar of Mrs. White's house. It was a very fine place indeed. Mrs. Mouse went right to work making the little home a nice one.

Mickey Mouse, one of the little mice, was always up to mischief. As he was poking his nose about the house, he thought he would go exploring. So off he went. He ran up the cellar stairs as fast as he could. To his surprise he saw a lovely kitchen, and that is not all, for on the top of a high shelf he saw—what do you think?—a big chocolate cake. "Oh," cried Mickey Mouse in his squeaky voice, "Just wait till I get up there on that big thing and I'll eat all that cake up! So I will!"

Now, you see, Mickey Mouse had lived in a barn all his life and he did not know what a shelf was. Right away Mickey Mouse tried to climb up on the shelf. It seemed to him like one great big mountain. After much struggling he finally got to the top. "At last," sighed poor little Mickey Mouse, "now I shall have a nice big feast. So I will."

Mickey ate and ate and ate, until he was so full he did not know where he was, and he looked like a little round ball.

Just then a cook came in with a plate in one hand and a broom in the other. When she saw the half-eaten cake and the bad mouse that ate it she gave one big cry and then threw the broom at poor Mickey Mouse.

Away ran Mickey Mouse just as fast as he could, but he was so full of cake that he rolled all the way down the cellar stairs.

His mother came running out to pick Mickey up and to carry him into the house. After Mickey was in bed he told his mother how bad he had been to steal the cook's cake, and that he would never, never do it again. Mickey felt so sick and so sad that he fell asleep crying.

VIRGINIA C. RUST, Grade 5

Try Studying the Stars

HAVE you ever tried studying the stars? I've always thought of different star groups as people in the sky standing out much as people on the advertising signs are outlined by electric lights every night. All of the more conspicuous star groups have names. No one knows when the naming of stars began, but there can be little doubt where the groups first received their names. The oldest of the constellations bear the names of animals, wild and domesticated—the Ram, the Bull, the greater and lesser Dogs, the Lion, the Bears, the Wolf, the Eagle, the Swan, the Serpent, the Scorpion. These are creatures native to the Near East—the animals of the Bible—and the assemblage points conclusively to a Mesopotamian origin. They can not be Egyptian, for there is no hippopotamus and no crocodile; nor Indian—for the tiger and the elephant are absent. The Chinese have to this day an entirely independent system dividing the stars into quite different groups.

Not all of the greater constellations are of this immemorial antiquity. Another important series bears names taken from Greek mythology—Hercules, Perseus, Orion, Cassiopeia—which again tell their own tale. Toward the latter part of the classic times when Ptolemy wrote his famous astronomical treatise, 48 constellations had become established in general usage. How certain groups ever resembled the objects after which they were named is in many cases a mystery. The people who named most of the star groups must have been blessed with a vivid imagination, but then we know ourselves that in gazing upon the heavens our minds, too, run away with us in that world of imagination and enchantment.

Most of the important star groups have been mentioned. Some are interesting enough to bear explanation. For example, there is Hercules, the Strong Man, who is visible in the sky this month and usually during all the summer months. Then there is Orion, who can be seen plainly in winter. You will know him by the three bright stars in a row called the belt of Orion. When you have found these three stars, draw a line through them toward the left until it meets a very bright star called Sirius. This is often called the dog-star because it is in the head of one of the star animals, the dog of Orion, who faithfully follows his master as he moves across the sky from east to west. Everyone knows the "big-dipper." It is a part of another animal called Ursa Major or "the great bear." The bear's tail is the handle of the big dipper. The bowl of the dipper, made of four stars, is part of the bear's body, and other stars make up the rest of his body—his nose, and his legs. From the pointers on the big dipper you can find the north star. The north star is the last star on the handle of the little dipper, so from the north star you can find the little dipper. The two dippers seem to empty into one another. The little dipper is a part of the "little bear" or Ursa Minor. Both the little and big bears may be seen at any time of the year. In winter just east of Orion you will see two stars of about the same brightness. These are the heads of the star twins, the Gemini. Long ago, in Rome, people used to swear "By Gemini," and today some of us still exclaim (in moments of mild excitement, if not in moments of more intense excitement when sometimes stronger words are used) "By Jemini"! So the astronomers have even given us swear words.

There are ever so many other interesting constellations—a giant crab, a crow, and two snakes. It is not difficult to find Bootes, the herdsman, who is always driving Ursa Major around the Pole Star. Then you can find King Cepheus, the lady Cassiopeia, who is always sitting in her chair, Perseus—the same Perseus who cut off the snaky head of Medusa, and Virgo, the virgin. In the sky there is in addition a harp, a beautiful cup, and a sparkling, jeweled crown. The sky is a wonderful place; it has almost everything in it.

This month (May) the sky is most interesting and the constellations are easily recognized by their peculiar forms. Leo is distinguished by its Sickle (no doubt you have seen the Sickle below to the west of the big dipper on a summer evening). Then Virgo is distinguished by its Y-shaped configuration; Hydra, The Water-Snake by its long line of third and fourth magnitude stars extending across the southern heavens with its two Riders. Now well in view in the northeast is that huge sky-hero, Hercules, kneeling and crushing beneath his foot the head of Draco.

Several of the planets are visible this month. There are first Venus and Jupiter. Jupiter is in quadrature with the sun on May 4 and is due south at sunset on that date. It is still in the constellation of Cancer, and next to Venus is the brightest object visible in the evening sky. Saturn rises in the southeast in Capricornus shortly after midnight on May 15. Mars is now in the morning sky and on May 15 rises about an hour before the sun. Mercury reaches its greatest distance west of the sun on May 8 and then rises about an hour before the sun. It may be seen about that time low in the east in the morning twilight.

The stars and planets do not maintain relative positions to each other in the heavens, for the stars revolve around the north star and the planets revolve around the sun. The sky is changing hourly and monthly. If you are interested in seeing the prominent constellations for the month, consult the Nature Magazine each month and you will find a star map which will prove a great help in finding the constellations in the sky. Just try studying the stars. It's lots of fun, and besides when out of an evening you will have something to say besides, "My, aren't the stars beautiful tonight!"

ADELAIDE TOBER, Freshman 4



Annual Poem

*Springtime thoughts
And springtime fancies
Springtime songs
And springtime dances
Rule our lives
And changes our fashions,
Stir our hearts
With tender passions,
Turn our minds
From work to play
And we wonder why
We get that way!*

E. I.

SCHOOL NEWS

Freshman Dance

NOT so much curiosity has been aroused since a certain Freshman Assembly as was stirred by our Freshman Dance. Vague whisperings and surreptitious meetings, combined with the interesting disorder in Room 10, made all Normal School "Freshmen conscious". All those fortunate people who attended have agreed that Miss Shegogue and Miss Peele are miracle-workers. With the able assistance of Mrs. Brouwer, Miss Maynard, Mr. Routson, Miss Plitt and a capable committee the auditorium became one of the most unusual ballrooms that we have had the pleasure of seeing. A quite different adaptation of Bi-Centennial colors, clever lighting, good music and a splendid representation of 1934 students, with their escorts, gave sum-total of a Dance of which we are justly proud. Our receiving line consisted of Dr. Tall, Miss Byerley, Miss Rutledge, Miss Sperry, Mr. Dugan, Miss Shegogue and Miss Peele. Our orchestra was Walter Routson's. Our Dance was a success.

MARGARET ASHLEY, Freshman 5

Arbor Day

IT IS AN old custom of our school that each year a tree be planted on the campus by the Senior Class. This year the carrying out of the tradition took place on Monday, April 11. The actual planting of the tree was preceded by an impressive ceremony in the auditorium, consisting of talks, poems and songs. The student body then assembled on the campus around the small red oak, and watched as the first shovelful of soil was placed over its roots.

This tree is a gift to the whole school, but it seems to belong more closely to the Senior Class,—red, for its class color, oak, for its strength. As this tree, each year, brings more beauty to our campus, may the class of '32 each year bring more honor to our school!

RIBERO WILLEY

Trial By Jury

THE MEN'S REVUE had as one of its high spots an interesting performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "Trial by Jury." This delightful farce was ably presented by the men of the school under Miss Weyforth's capable direction. From the moment the jury "swore", until the defendant won a new sweetheart, merriment was never long in abeyance.

The jurymen, who at first seemed to be but the boys of the school, became upon retirement into the jury box, irresponsible instruments of the law, with a penchant for flirtation when femininity was near. Nor was the pompous judge, well-enacted by Robert Norris, any more serious-minded. Twirling his glasses, and fussily strutting about, Mr. Norris still had something of benignity as he gave his ridiculous advice in a solo, that was a veritable tongue twister. However, he was understood readily by his audience. As for the fickle defendant, Leonard Kulacki reveled in the role, singing his part with a lilting tenor voice that should have melted the hearts of judge and jury, to say nothing of the audience.

But the bride and attendants! Beauty strode forth, and the stride told that the make-up which softened manly features into feminine beauty, could not change a gait. Unfortunately the nice chorus of the bridesmaids was lost in the uncontrollable gales of laughter which swept the audience, as they identified the maids. Gerson Wolfe, as the bride, ran the gamut from shrewish wrath at the philandering defendant when he proved deaf to the oft-repeated "I love him," to sweet lovable ness in vamping the jury and finally the judge. His singing was well suited to the part.

Musically, one of the most attractive passages was the quintet, "A Nice Dilemma," sung by Messrs. Wolfe, Kulacki, Norris, Seidman, and Shapiro. These five men succeeded admirably in getting over their words as well as blending their voices, which was no mean achievement in this bit of typical Gilbert and Sullivan writing.

The final chorus, in which the defendant claimed the demurest bridesmaid, the most flirtatious of the jurymen sought the favor of other maids, and the judge and the bride apparently were to live happily ever after, was sung with verve and character.

Miss Weyforth and the members of the cast are to be congratulated on doing so well with such a worthwhile undertaking.

ELMA PRICKETT

The Revue

ARTHUR SHAPIRO

JT CAME; it was seen; and did it conquer! It seems unfounded, but the way the 83 male Normalites caused the hearts of their 600 sisters to mimic the "Frolic of the Life Guards" will be history years hence.

The men students had been working on the routines and settings for the Revue since Christmas. Who hadn't seen the tumbling and tap-dancing going on in the Auditorium? Who hadn't seen the scenery taking shape and color in the art rooms? Who hadn't seen the blaring posters announcing the show? Who hadn't been approached by potential "ticket-sellers" in the three weeks preceding the show?

Well, it all came out gloriously amid the fanfare of trumpets on All Fools' Day. Everybody—students, faculty, parents and friends—laughed uproariously at the "chorines" in the operetta. People gasped and held on to their seats as Lou Harris and Reuby Baer did their flips. Giggles and guffaws greeted Andy and Jimmy Tyler in their antics as Belle and Dandy of the mountain village. And weren't you afraid that your family skeleton would rattle in its proverbial closet if Rajah Rabid were to set his penetrating gaze on your guardian spirit hovering in the mystic "crystal?" And to think that Mahatma had kept his terpsichorean abilities hidden away from his admiring public. Or try to tell us that you weren't pleasantly surprised by the change from ordinary in the matter of Apache dances. And did you find it very hard to follow the phosphorus as the heels of Baer and Bergen raced over the darkened stage? And that ballet! Riot is no word for what resulted backstage as well as "out front." And J. Milton never told us he had the makings of a ballerina in him. Whose feet didn't itch when the hot music of Jimmy Dugan's band burned up your ear drums?

The time-worn sentence, "and a good time was had by all", might very well be applied to the evening of the Fourth Annual Men's Revue, and we are all looking forward to 1933, when, with the helpful guidance of Miss Weyforth, Miss Nuensinger, Mrs. Brouwer and Mr. Minnegan, the men students will again present another of their inimitable revues.

Our Rural Club Annual

Alice Lee March

CO ME, most dinners and banquets have always seemed rather apologetic. Either the food is so good that it seems to say, "I'll make up for the jolly time I know you'll be in for later,"

or the speakers are their most charming selves, compensating for the disappointed palates. Emphatically, this was not true of the Rural Club dinner. From first to last, the affair was a delightful success.

The speakers all offered suggestions for an outdoor program. A more intimate bond with nature was Miss Tall's plea to us—to absorb the loveliness that fairly sings from our rich and fertile campus. Mr. Ballard, from the University of Maryland, carried the thought farther by suggesting ways of developing the primary points of campus interest; mentioning, too, secondary interests—such as bridges, fireplaces, shrubs and wild flowers, which would add so much to the natural beauty in the glen. Reuben Baer told us of the really thrilling project of the Senior Class to install a council ring in the glen. Mr. Moser informed us that he and his seventh grade workers had securely planted forty-three trees in the sod of the glen. Miss Logan told us of the work her fourth grade is doing in the promotion of the rock garden. Miss Brown read a lovely selection from Edna St. Vincent Millay, Renascence, which rounded out the program.

In a year or so, by combining beauty and utility, we expect to have one of the most charming and much-sought spots in Maryland.

The Spicer Concert

ON APRIL 6 at assembly time Miss Katherine Spicer and Miss Ruth Spicer of Towson gave us a fine program of violin and piano music.

The program in detail was as follows:

Allegro Maestoso from 7th Concerto.....De Beriot
CanzanettaD'Ambrosia

MISS KATHERINE SPICER, Violin

Etude in E. Major.....Chopin
HungarianMacDowell

MISS RUTH SPICER, Piano

Flight of the Bumble Bee.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Romance from 2nd Concerto.....Wieniawski
ObertassWieniawski

MISS KATHERINE SPICER, Violin

Miss Katherine and Miss Ruth Spicer, as Miss Tall said, in introducing them, help to give to the vicinity of Aigburth Avenue, an atmosphere of musical culture. We are glad that they are so near to us, and that they are so generous in sharing with us their musical riches.



Chatter-Box

By SIDNEY LAND, Junior 2

After student teaching, ye editor is back again.

Ye good old tennis team has six matches scheduled, including such teams as Western Maryland, University of Maryland, Loyola College and the Navy Plebes. Incidentally, all of the above mentioned matches are with varsity teams, and not Frosh netmen, except, the Plebe match, which of course is not against the Navy's varsity.

The team will line up as follows: Sid Liberman, captain, LeRoy Hardesty, manager, Syd Land, Len Kulacki, Lou Harris, and Ben Kremen. All contests will consist of 6 singles matches and 3 doubles matches.

The doubles combinations will probably be Land and Liberman, Hardesty and Kulacki, and Harris and Kremen.

April 19—Match scheduled with Towson High called off by Towson. Team practice held. The practice proved to be very helpful.

Last year we spanked Towson High twice, by the scores of 5-2 and 7-0. We're still wondering why Towson called the match off.

While on the subject of tennis, we notice that the mixed doubles tourney is progressing at a very rapid pace (????????) Will it ever end???????

Incidentally, the baseball season is on, and the most notable feat performed was Tom Johnson striking out 13 men on a cold, raw, windy day. Quite an accomplishment Tom. Errors however, by his teammates cost Tom the verdict.

To date, the baseball team has won 4 games and lost two. From rumors gathered hither and yon, we find the following: Al Reubling is just as good as Bill Burgee was last year—"nuff said.—Russ Denison has his eye on the "pill"—Cohen is making his usual catches around second base—George Missel will be out for awhile—George is recovering from a spiked foot.

Senior-Junior indoor baseball game May Day. Last chance for the Seniors to beat the Frosh, as this year's team will be broken up by graduation. Seniors have won both games played this year. Second game was very interesting, Seniors winning 1-0. The initial contest developed into a farce, the Frosh trying to prevent the Seniors from making 25 runs.

Well, that's about all, but we wish both the tennis and baseball teams "loads of luck."

Why Tennis?

TIS A far cry from that day when the sight of a person with a tennis racket was the occasion for the jibes and ruthless catcalls of small boys to the present day when tennis is being taught in most of the schools and colleges throughout the country. Why has tennis been taken up so enthusiastically?

As the game developed into a more usual one a certain attitude came to be connected with it—an attitude of sportsmanship and "playing fair." It came to be understood that a tennis player was a "good sport". Viewed in this light—tennis should be valuable in character building.

The average person found that tennis could be placed within the limits of his time and money. It required no elaborate and expensive equipment—merely a racket and a few balls. This was a boon and provided another opportunity for the "wise use of leisure".

It has been found that tennis—at least the amateur type—does not require marvelous athletic ability. With determination, practice, and correct guidance one can become expert enough to play for personal enjoyment, though perhaps the tournament level may not be reached.

Perhaps the attitude of sportsmanship connected with the game has had much to do with its being taught regularly in schools. At any rate we know it is a pleasing and valuable form of exercise. In many schools now there are groups of students who take their tennis class as seriously as their history or science classes.

They stand, earnest and watchful, as the instructor explains just the right position for a backhand drive or a fast serve. Then they try it. To some, it comes easily. To others—not so easily. After all—it is harder than it seems. But nothing daunted, they "try, try again". Perhaps in this group there is a future "Big Bill"—or a Helen Wills. Who knows? At any rate here we have a group who in the future will have an enjoyable and profitable way of amusing themselves. In the face of this we have reason to think that they will not spend all of their leisure time in the movies.

IDA M. HAUSMANN, '33

Alumni Notes

Alumni Day At M. S. N. S.

MYRTLE E. GROSHANS

*A*LUMNI DAY is Saturday, June 11, 1932. Are you going to be present? There will be a reception at three o'clock at which time Miss Tall will greet the Alumni members in the Social room of Richmond Hall.

After the reception there will be class reunions held. Those classes ending in *two* and *seven* are holding special reunions. The chairmen for the several classes are as follows:

1867—Chairman will be announced later.
1872—Chairman will be announced later.
1877—MRS. LAURA PHELPS TODD
3701 Sequoia Ave.
Baltimore
1882—MISS ALICE E. HASLUP
22 Pa. Ave., N. W.
Washington, D. C.
1887—MR. SAMUEL WEBB
517 Walker Ave.
Govans
1892—MISS ALICE MCINTIRE
2327 N. Calvert St.
Baltimore
1897—MRS. HANNA COALE HAYWARD
402 Lake Ave.
Baltimore
1902—MRS. HARRY J. READ
3616 Forest Park Ave.
Baltimore
1907—MISS LIDA E. SLADE—*Chairman*
White Hall, Maryland
1912—MISS HELEN THOMAS
Towson, Md.
1917—MRS. GEO. SCHLUDERBERG
3707 Edmondson Ave.
Baltimore

1922—MISS VIOLA ALMONY
2905 N. Charles St.
Baltimore

1927—MRS. MARGARET HAINES WEAGLEY
Bowie, Md.

1931—MISS A. ELIZABETH HARTJE
3010 Northway Drive
Baltimore

Get in touch with your chairman. Help her locate members of your class.

A business meeting will follow the class reunions. After that a dinner will be served in Newell Hall. Here you will have an opportunity to sing your class song and revive all the old class spirit.

Special arrangements are being made for the out-of-town Alumni to be accommodated over night. Notices will be sent out by the association giving the day's program.

Plan now for Saturday, June eleventh. This is going to be a Red Letter Day in the history of the Alumni Association. Do not miss it.

Wanted! More Alumnae Spirit

The Holly Leaf Staff wish to take this opportunity to express to the alumnae its appreciation of the cooperation of the former students in making the first few issues of the paper a success.

But now comes the question. Do you realize that out of approximately four hundred alumnae there are only twenty-three subscriptions filed in "The Holly Leaf" office?

School spirit is the incentive and result of the school paper. "The Holly Leaf" needs your support. You need "The Holly Leaf."

Apply this to TOWER LIGHT, too!

Have You?

*Have you watched my baby brother
Just a'fore it's time to wake,
How he wrinkles up his eyelids
Like he says "For goodness sake,
Can't a feller even play about
The place where he was laid,
'Fore the Earth Folks come and take away
The star-toys angels made!"*

J. VIOLET GARRON, Freshman 4

Hagerstown Alumni Dine

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Washington County unit of the Alumni Association was held at six o'clock, April 15th, at the Hotel Alexander in Hagerstown. A group of forty-one had gathered to do honor to their Alma Mater and to Miss Tall, who was the speaker of the evening.

The courses of the well-chosen and delicious dinner were interspersed with numbers of a program prepared by several alumni. Miss Elizabeth Nicely sang "The Birthday" in a lovely lilting voice, and Miss Rayetta France gave a most amusing reading which portrayed a young feminine moron taking her first driving lesson in a new car.

Miss Laura King gave cordial welcome to alumni and guests and introduced the raconteurs of the anecdotes, or "boners", which composed "Pandora's Box".

Miss Tall gave the address of the evening, touching on recent events in the Normal School of interest to Alumni such as the men's revue. Plans for the new elementary school building were made known, and some dreams or castles in Spain for the more distant future were suggested.

It was voted to send flowers to Miss Scarborough; and after the old familiar song "Alma Mater", the dinner was adjourned for informal friendly talk of "auld lang syne".

The roll of alumni and guests present include:

Mae Angle, Winter Street School	Laura King, Hagerstown
Isabella Beckenbaugh, Principal, Broadway	Jean McLaughlin, Broadway
Innes Boyer, Senior High	Jane Martin, Halfway
Harriette Brewer, Broadway	Catherine Miller, Broadway
Annilea Browne, Surrey School	Lucille Miller, Downsville
Josephine Byers, Pleasant Valley	Victorine Mumma Morgan, Antietam
Lillian Cooper, Fairplay	Virginia Morin, Surrey
Helen Cushen, Hopewell	Elizabeth Nicely, Surrey
Madeline Diffendall, Washington St.	Alice Quick, Antietam
Lolita Downing, Downsville	Rachel Remsberg, Funkstown
Naomi Downs, Funkstown	Anne Richardson, Supervising Teacher
Alleine Ford, Boonsboro	Berndina Ridenour, Boonsboro
Rayetta France, Howard St.	Frances Shank, Broadway
Frances Grimes, Antietam St.	Louise Staley, Winter St.
Eleanor Harbaugh, Broadway	Mozelle Walters, Boonsboro
Lois Helm, Surrey	Leonilde Weaver, Winter St.
Mary E. Helser, Winter St.	Margaret White, Mangansville
Alice Garver Hoffman, Antietam St.	Helen Widmyer, Broadway
Elsie Horst, Mangansville	Hilda Varner, Winter St.
Teny Horst, Surrey	Mary L. Osborn, M. S. N. S.
	Lida Lee Tall

Trees

*Masters of the Spring, garbed in green;
Towering, stately, shading,
Spreading their leafy limbs o'er winding paths.*

*Giants of beauty enthroned upon jaded hills;
Ruling, commanding, swaying
O'er specks of gold dotting the throne of green.*

*Towers of nature spreading o'er house-tops;
Whispering, waving, swishing,
Telling of beauty seen from on high.*

MARGARET E. DAVIS, '31

Things of Spring

*A soft green
Like old hooked rugs
Or soft lace
To tread upon.*

*Small buds,
Like whispered words
Or a baby's mouth
To remember and love.*

*A silver curtain
Like a gentle touch
Or lingering memories
To caress one.*

*A soft wind
Like a fresh sheet
To fall in folds
And wrap around one.*

*Glad things, small things,
Gentle things,
Soothing things,
All belonging to Spring.*

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE

The Power of Thought

Realities

What are they?

Does man know them?

Evanescing, transient

Beauties of an Unknown World?

Nameless—unknown—

Mind-made masses without body—

Filled with heat in space and time—

Realities? Quien Sabe?

Einstein, Millikin—

Steinmetz—Edison—

Jeans, Tagore—

Pilots in uncharted Thought—

Using mind and matter

In Advolution—

By them thought does transcend Matter

Produces heat-evolving—Infinity

In a world of Space and Time

Thus, man by the quest and power of Thought

Creates all our earthly beauties

Describes for us

Potential and Dynamic Realities

Realities?—What are they?—

Can man know them?

What is friendship?—Just the half-way station from Attention to Possession—The Minus quality of love.

What is love?—Just a state of self-sacrifice billowed upon the evanescence of Divine Soul.

What is Divine Soul?—Probably the quintessence of sublime exhilaration, born of complete Humility.



"I beg your pardon, but what is your name?" the hotel clerk asked.
"Name?" echoed the indignant guest, who had just signed the register.
"Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

"I should like a porterhouse steak, with mushrooms," said the stranger, "some delicately-browned toast, with plenty of butter—"

"Scuse me, suh," interrupted the waiter. "Is you tryin' to give me an order, or is you jes' reminiscin' 'bout old times?'

Mother: "What made you stay so late? Have a flat tire?"

Daughter, dreamily: "No, mother. I'd hardly call him that."

The stingiest man was scoring the hired man for his extravagance in wanting to carry a lantern in going to call on his best girl.

"The ideal!" he scoffed. "When I was courtin' I never carried no lantern; I went in the dark."

The hired man proceeded to fill the lantern, "Yes," he said sadly, "and look what you got."

The master was hearing the reading lessons, and Johnny got along well until he came to the word "barque," when he suddenly halted.

"B-b-b-b-b-ba—" he stuttered, helplessly.

The teacher, called out sharply, "Barque, boy, barque."

Johnny stared at him with a look of perplexity, and the master's temper rose, as he called out the second time: "Barque, boy, BARQUE."

Then Johnny with a pitiful expression, said: "Bow-wow-wow!"

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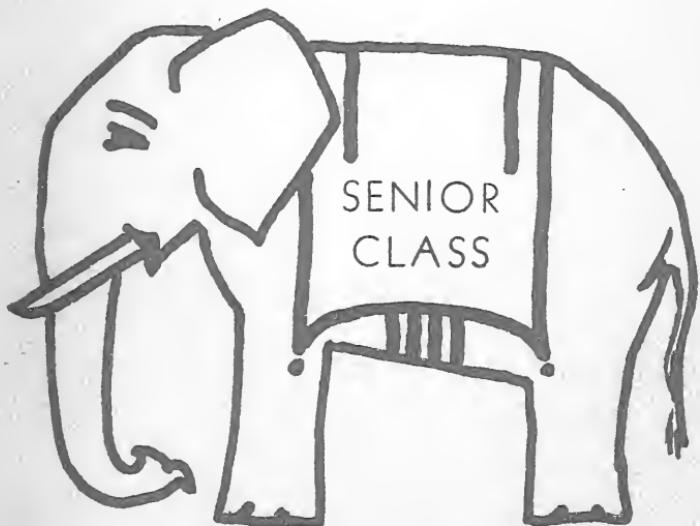
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JUNE 1932

and State Teachers College

The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

Towson, Md.

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LIDA LEE TALL, *Principal*

The Tower Light

VOL. V

JUNE, 1932

No. 9

The Torch Bearers

The Senior Class at its banquet and dance May the fourteenth, used "The Jungle" for its theme. To me was assigned the topic "Torch Bearers in the Jungle". Miss Osborn our librarian, found for me a most interesting book, "Jungle Ways", by William B. Seabrook, and from his description of the march in the Jungle I took the following vivid picture:

*W*HEN DUSK came, Bugler blew a resounding fonfarrade, and we all *came to a halt*, strung out along the trail, while the relay porters lighted their torches, strips of dry split cane, bound together in bundles the thickness of a wrist, and twice as tall as the height of a man. They crackled, gave black smoke and red leaping flames. Bugler blared another blast, the porters shouted, (the torch bearers lifted high their flares) the drums began to boom, and we resumed our march.

"Black solid forest darkness closed around us as we passed. Only, where the torchlight glared directly on massed foliage, the leaves became deep, shining vivid green for an instant, then receded into total thick-walled blackness. And so we marched for hours."

The transition from Seabrook's actual African Jungle to our own artistic, decorative, and spiritually figurative but real jungle, to Life as a jungle brought forth the following message to the Seniors:

Is life a jungle? the heart of an immense darkness? Are there dangers; loneliness; gloom and shadows; fear; tempestuous anguish of soul; paths, paths, everywhere through long and mysterious wastes—so easy to be lost! Are there horrors, and sorcery and magic? Must there be poverty and pain; perplexity and disillusionment; perhaps, failure?

Yea, indeed! But when the darkness comes—behold! the *Torch Bearers*, lighting the way! The march goes on and slowly, but surely, the trail leads out to the open and to security.

*Canst thou contend with the jungle?
How wilt thou do in the jungle?
Art thou a torch bearer?
Then march on for hours! The hours of a lifetime!*

LIDA LEE TALL

L'Envoi, 1932

CO PARAPHRASE a remark of one of the senior class officers, two years is not such a very long time, but it is two years. These two years have been very full years with heavy study schedules and heavy play schedules.

Student-teaching is always a turning point in a Normal school student's life and that is successfully completed. How it did bring out hidden gifts of personality in most cases, hidden weaknesses in a few instances! It was a period of rapid growth attended perhaps with growing pains.

By the time this appears in print, the last hurdle, the professional civil service examination will be behind you and you will have nothing to do but accept your diploma from the governor's hands.

Look back through your mental memory book with me. What an array of original and interesting section assemblies were "put on" by seniors! How successful have been the entertainments given by special organizations (How many times have we squeaked with merriment over the men's ballet.) The school publication has risen to new heights of literary achievement and the files for the year will well stand rereading in the years to come.

The all-school celebrations have been joyous affairs:—play days, Hallowe'en parties, Christmas festivals, physical education demonstration nights, Arbor Days, May Days. The installation of new officers and induction into the Student Cooperative Government were more serious, but thrilling occasions. And certainly the senior class luncheon and Banquet and Prom were brilliant parties.

The new friends who may be a source of pleasure all life long, were made possible by Normal School life together.

The spirit of the class of 1932 has grown to be a delight and an asset to the school. Working together and playing together, sharing common hopes and plans have brought students close to each other and to the school. It would be sad to think that these pleasant associations would cease after commencement.

Come back and tell each other and the faculty about your successes and get new inspiration for solving any problems you may meet. Loyalty to one's Alma Mater strengthens the school and it also strengthens the individuals who remain united with her as alumni.

Stick together, 1932! All good wishes go with you.

MINNIE V. MEDWEDEFF

Farewell

JOHN ERSKINE in his diary wrote that one of the happiest days of his life was when he stopped thinking in terms of eternity. He was beginning to see life as a whole, not in minute parts each one an individual thing in itself. When we wander around in a lovely valley we are unable to appreciate its beauty and serenity until we climb to the mountain peak and view the landscape in its entirety. We can't think of a lake without a bottom. We can't picture a mountain without clouds, we can't imagine a prairie without the cries of the coyote. When we were in high school we saw things apart, but when we left its doors we realized how each and every event was interwoven one with the other, how all went together to make our day of graduation the beginning of a life in a much larger and more complex world. When we entered Normal we were still human beings who thought of life in terms of years separate one from another. There were courses in history and geography and English. We thought of them as separate units. We thought of the dormitory life or the life in our homes near the school as entirely different from the daily work in the Administration Building. And then one day came the awakening, the realization that one phase of our Normal life was entirely necessary to the other. For most of us this day came during our student teaching when we realized that all our learnings from the past, all our social contacts, all of our personality must be tied up in order to perform our work successfully. It was then we saw how our joys at Normal had only been so because of our sorrows, how our success had only been so because of our friends' labors and ours combined. And now there comes the time when we must leave the place that has made us see life fully, beautifully and as a whole. It's hard to say goodby to those who have so wonderfully guided us out of masses of tangles into green pastures. It's hard to say farewell to the buildings that have shared our joys and sorrows for the past two years. It's hardest of all to say adieu to the friends we have made, friends who have been interested in our successes and in our failures, friends who have comforted us in times of sadness, friends who have laughed with us in times of joy. But we have memories which we can cherish through all the years to come, memories of life in its fullness. We have ideals for which to strive. We have thoughts to hold sacred, to revere, to keep within the secret places of our minds and hearts. We have seen life fully and seen it whole. We'll keep on seeing life this way because of contacts we have made, because of aims we have set before us. It is with regret that we say farewell to the friends who have guided us, to the buildings and trees that have sheltered us, to the ones who have made

our lives richer and deeper. It is with hope that we look forward to a future, promising, bright, illuminating, because we have seen life fully and seen it whole.

LOUISE BURNS

Commencement

YOUTH; JOY; graduation; how well these simple words express all our thoughts at this time, but with what especial significance are they linked in the minds of the members of the graduating class. As June and with it commencement draws nearer, the hearts of the Seniors bound to this day when they shall be transformed into Alumni. However, commencement is met with enthusiasm wherever you find it, and every participant does his best to make the day a success.

Although it does not seem to have any cares attached to it, this day is one of the hardest a graduate goes through while at school. It means the severing of old ties that mean much to most of us, and going out into the world where things aren't handed to us. The gate to the world is flung wide and we are beckoned to enter.

Success has crowned your first efforts; they say that successive failures fail to discourage you. May this be so. I hardly see how it can be otherwise with such a worthy motto "Before us lies the timber, let us build" as an incentive.

Commencement is not an ending of things as most of us like to think of it; it is only a beginning.

ELISE SHUE, Fr. 7

Installation of Officers for 1933

ON MAY 4 the outgoing officers of the school sorrowfully, and yet perhaps with relief, made their adieu to their responsibilities at Normal and presented them to the incoming officers. Miss Lynch, president of the general student council, said that the student government was a framework, which could be further strengthened by next year's officers. Many other fitting similes were used to express the desires of the new officers for success of their organizations. Perhaps the keynote was sounded by Miss Wheeler when she compared the student body to a mountain climber, whose foothold on the cliff would be strengthened by the rope of responsibility.

Mr. Gersuk, in accepting the presidency of the Senior Class for 1933, said that the class was to be measured by quality, not quantity.

Mr. Dugan improved upon this; his class had quality and quantity and were ready to do big things.

When Miss Tall held out her hand, and said, "I hold in my hand a tennis court and a council ring," the riddle was already solved, for Mr. Baer had just presented to the school the money with which to complete both. Everyone felt that the Senior Class could not have presented a gift that was more appropriate. Following the assembly was the luncheon for the Juniors and Seniors in Newell Hall.

RUTH MILLER

Senior-Junior Presentation

FOR MANY years it has been the custom of the graduating class to present to the school a lasting gift as a sign of appreciation for the many favors rendered to the students by their Alma Mater.

This year the Senior-Junior classes were the donors of a council ring, symbolic as its origin—representative of the Indian leaders who sat in council to plan with wisdom the affairs of the people.

At a quarter after three on Monday, the sixteenth of May, the call of a trumpet announced to the student body that the Seniors and Juniors would that afternoon dedicate their presentation.

The members of the classes gathered at the Council Ring. The sun's rays were focused on Reuben Baer, Senior president, as he dedicated the gift. Then he and Edward Gersuk, Senior president for next year, placed a scroll, on which each of the seniors and juniors had marked his name, in an opening in the ground and rolled over it a rock on which Milton Bergen inscribed 1932.

The trumpet was again sounded, and midst a ripple of applause the group dispersed. The Class of 1932 had marked its niche in the tradition of our school.

GERALDINE G. GOLD, Senior 1

The Senior Luncheon

(*From a Faculty Member's Stream of Consciousness*)

DON'T THOSE little tables look attractive? I'd like to sit right down to one of them myself, but this is the day when the first shall be last and the last shall be first.

Gracious, but that coffee smells good! Can I ever wait half an hour until I have some? Last year, I poured thousands of cups—at least; it seemed like "millions and billions and trillions of cups"!

I wonder what I have to do this year. (The royal command is given, and I take my place at a serving table.) Oh, that is easy, and there are plenty of people to help.

Aren't those flowers perfectly gorgeous? Within doors, the tulips and cherry blossoms are marvelously effective, and through the frame of the windows one sees a picture of snowy masses of cherry blossoms against a blue sky.

The orchestra begins to play in the foyer, and here come the Seniors. The first advance a little slowly, no one wishing to be the first or to appear over-eager. Now here come the plates. Let's organize a little team-work, so that we don't forget forks and napkins, and may not bump each other in undue haste to serve efficiently. Aha! we are off! The first comers are relaying food to their friends at the tables, or taking their own plates.

The word comes along that some do not notice the side tables with supplies of rolls, olives, celery, nuts and accessories to the meal. We organize informal steering committees, so that none shall miss the additional dainties. Now begin the raids on the coffee urns. Fragrant odors waft about, and replenishments of sugar, cream, and spoons are in demand.

Before we realize it, everybody seems to be served; no more Seniors are coming in, and the Faculty have time for their own plates before it is time for the ice-cream.

Again, the quick serving is repeated, and everybody is chattering gaily as plates fly back and forth. Everything seems so well organized that it runs like clock work.

Suddenly, there is a new eruption of hungry-eyed musicians. They have been discoursing the sweet strains that enliven the rest, and nobly suppressing any apparent thought of material sustenance. A baleful thought strikes me. Have enough plates of the first course been saved for all the members of the orchestra? I peep around the screen, and see that there are more supplies forthcoming, and again we relax to the enjoyment of salad, rolls, and coffee.

I wonder why we like this day better than almost any other of the year. Perhaps because "lady" once meant she who kneads the loaves and gives bread to the household, perhaps because every true woman loves to provide and serve food for hungry young folks.

For, in the words of the Proverbs:

"Who can find a virtuous woman? . . . She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens."

The Senior Luncheon

THE SENIOR Luncheon was an important and exciting part of the May Day celebration, for at this time the positions of faculty and student were reversed. As we strolled into the dining room from assembly a strange sight greeted us. Lining both sides of the room were long tables containing relishes, nuts, and mints, and behind each stood two faculty members, willing and anxious to serve. Even more astonishing, other faculty members bearing a plate of tempting cold food in each hand mingled with the members of the class of '32, and quickly served the waiting guests who were then served at the side tables. We ate luncheon at leisure either in the foyer or on the grass under the merry greenwood tree. Later we were served ice cream and cake which carried out our class colors.

The faculty did their part nobly, in fact, they seemed to enjoy the change as much as did the students. As for us, we were glad to have this chance to become better acquainted with this side of the faculty.

DELLA FURZER, Senior 5



I Shall Remember

*I shall remember only little things:
The foolish way you loved a little boy;
Your bare brown throat, as when a gay bird sings,
Lifted in high sweet arrogance of joy.
Your fingers' touch as gentle as a breath,
Your handclasp, sure, and quickening as fire,
Your smile that lifted me from certain death,
Your laughter that has clothed me with desire.
Your glance that never fell, but waked to song,
The sleeper, or the weary, or the sad;
Your words that never lingered over-long
Where understanding made the heart most glad.
I've set myself this task that I must do:
Remember little things, forgetting you.*

H. BUELL.

Memories

I close my eyes and memories unveil to me a history—I hear footsteps, some soft and some quite loud; and I see many strange faces.

I see outstretched hands and clasp them. Ah! 'tis the grasp of friendship I feel.

I hear voices that fade away as I listen. They have gone but they will all return tomorrow.

Wait! The night is illuminated by a light—it is the Spirit of Education. With awed breath I listen. Now it speaks, saying "Follow me." So together they go to the top of the hill following the gleam.

There is a beckoning hand—and a hesitation. They have started—slowly at first. Now they are moving quite rapidly—now they are not moving so fast. They all seem to bear the same burden—how fine of them.

Sometimes I hear music—and light hearted laughter. The soft silken swish of gowns tells me it is May 30.

It's June and we lose sight of our guides as they go down behind the hill. Their new way looks smoother but here and there are rough spots. They will travel on though.

Summer passes and I see hand clasps of renewed friendship. They have changed—but well I remember them all.

Now we are the light—the Spirit of Education. How strange—yet it is all so real.

Again we take up our burdens—They are heavier than last year's. What a large group have we to lead through the tangled way.

I see some taking another way—they are surrounded with children. They are speaking. Oh! If only I could hear what they say.

Now they are with us again—others are going the way from which they just came. There are others waiting to follow them.

Then comes a sound so low I scarcely hear it but I see the tangled forest and hear chanting. The explorers have found their way.

Some will follow the path laid before them. But some will blaze new trails for others to follow.

The way is clear—So we say "Adieu!"

HAZEL OWINGS

Visions

J HAVE never looked up in the dictionary the difference between a vision and a dream. I have my own ideas about the subject, and I fear the dictionary will disillusion me. To be able to withstand the injurious effects of disillusionment is one sign of strength of character. For the present, however, I want to maintain my illusion concerning visions and dreams. According to my distinction, a dream is symbolic of something that may happen or that you hope will happen without any effort on your part. On the other hand, a vision is symbolic of something that you want to do and are determined to do. A vision tends more to realization. Now you may see my reason for calling this article "Vision".

I am going to make better use of the dictionary. Explanations are unnecessary after what I have said above.

I am going to join the N. E. A. I was influenced by the fact that I had such a fine time during the session of the N. E. A. in Washington the week of February 22.

There are several magazines to which I am going to subscribe.

"Harper's", in order to prove to some people that I read this because it interests me, not because I must.

"The Mentor" and "The National Geographic", for their pictures and informational material.

"Hygeia," "The Art Digest," "The Music Supervisors' Journal," "The Journal of Geography," "Current History," "Child Study Magazine," Need I list a reason for these?

"Travel," "The Literary Digest."

"THE TOWER LIGHT."

(I hope someone leaves me a fortune. There are others to which I would like to subscribe. As it stands now, I don't think I'll have enough money left for the necessities of life.)

I am going to learn to play the piano. I have dreams of becoming an accomplished pianist. (Please note the change of words from vision to dream in the preceding statement.)

I am going to study art appreciation. What I don't know about art appreciation would fill several volumes. I don't even dream of studying art.

I am going to travel. I believe in the slogan "See America First."

I am going to study at Columbia.

I am going to join the Alumni Association.

I am going to learn something about the workings of the business world. I am not going to be as gullible as one of our instructors says teachers are.

Even if I get married, I am going to do these things.

I have been fired with the zeal to have children enjoy history and literature, especially literature.

I am going to have a new kind of current events study.

I am going to find out the special abilities of every child in my class.

I am going to use Nature Study and Health Education periods to more advantage.

I am going to make the most advantageous use of illustrative material. (This was inspired by a recent study of the use of illustrative material in teaching history.)

I am going to help children to think.

In short, I am going to be a teacher, a student, a citizen and a person

This is my code. What is yours?

SARAH KAMAROFF, Senior 6



Understanding

Tonight I am tired and lonely,
The fire of my spirit burns low,
My faith is weak.
I know not the happiness I have known,
Or the joys that once kept my heart glowing:
I am robbed of sleep and clothed with uneasiness;
I yearn to touch the hand of one who knows and under-
stands my weakness,
Who forgives my shortcomings and sets me right anew.
But I am alone, and the one I yearn for is far away,
But lo! I hear the voice of my companion,
Which speaks to me and quells my sleepless fears,
Though miles may part us
I am quieted and comforted,
Because I know that he would understand.

SOPHIA LEUTNER, Freshman 2



THE JUNGLE, 1932

Senior Banquet and Prom

BETTY WHEELER, *Senior 5*

ALICE MARCH, *Senior 4*

EVERYONE worked so hard for its success and the weather was so ideal that if there weren't a diamond or two slipped on the third finger of "lily white hands" in the languid calm of some secluded clearing, we just can't imagine what went wrong!

"The Jungle," the theme of the Banquet and Prom decorations, consisting of a background of plants and fantastic effects, left one rather awed as though stepping into a very different and altogether fascinating world. The Normal School Orchestra, in the midst of enmeshing spider webs which held huge black victims, played beautiful music (how cold blooded those musicians must have been), which was quite appreciated despite the excellence of the courses at the banquet.

Between every other bite, everyone gazed rapturously into the Crystal, not seeing what one ordinarily sees in a Crystal, but the things which will prove tender, cherished memories in years to come. The toastmaster, Reuben Baer, introduced the following people who gave toasts:

The Trail Breaker.....By RUTH LYNCH
The Lure of Discovery.....By BETTY WHEELER
The Jungle Campfire.....By MISS EMMA WEYFORTH
The Beat of the TomTom.....By REUBEN BAER
Jungle Gods.....By Miss MINNIE MEDWEDEFF
Elephants' TusksBy ETHEL CHELF
Pioneering.....By ELIZABETH HARTJE
Torch Bearers.....By DR. LIDA LEE TALL

After we had listened to the revealed wonders and dangers of the jungles, we went into the foyer and danced. We danced with hearts as light and gay as any of the gossamer-winged butterflies which hovered above and about us—danced with all the mystery and allure of the jungle whispering about us—danced until the hovering strains of “Chant of the Jungle” told us our mad adventure was over. Henceforth would our night live with us only as a glamorous, enchanted dream, which nothing can ever dispel.



The Senior Breakfast

20-8-5 18-5-19-9-4-5-14-20 19-20-1-6-6 3-15-18-4-9-1-12-12-25
9-14-22-9-20-5-19 20-8-5 19-5-14-9-15-18-19

This was the cause of the Resident Seniors parking in Richmond Hall Parlor May 16 at 10:15 P. M. This message was received from the resident staff and the translation of it took about an hour. We finally came to the conclusion that the staff was inviting the Seniors to May Breakfast in the foyer on the morning of May 17. Everyone was delighted. This was one time when the Seniors were really surprised.

Unusual sounds were heard in the corridors early on Tuesday morning. Seniors and Juniors were preparing for the delightful breakfast awaiting them. (We wonder if anything else could have awakened them so early.)

We all know it is quite unusual to breakfast in a jungle but that is really what the Seniors did. In the “Jungle” where they danced at their Prom they now breakfasted at card tables laid with pastel spreads and decorated with flowers.

The food however was not characteristic of jungle life. Strawberries and cream—fried chicken—hot biscuits—and coffee were served by the dormitory faculty. Could anything have been enjoyed more? We realize that all this could not have been possible without the work of the resident staff and we certainly appreciate their efforts.

While we were breakfasting on fried chicken the Freshmen were having chicken in its embryo, but don't worry, Freshies, your time will come.

T. MARSHALL, Senior 9

G. CRIST, Senior 9



What More Could a Teacher Ask?

There isn't much money in teaching school—

*I turn with a longing glance
From the fluffs and frills that a girl might wear—
And a book's an extravagance.*

*But the air blows sweet with grass new-mown,
And the children bend to their task;
Hearts to open and minds to lead—
What more could a teacher ask?*

*The room is small and the light is poor,
And there's chalk dust over the floor;
But future citizens come and go
Each day through my open door;*

*There's a glimpse of green from the neighboring trees,
And a glint of the water's blue—
Oh, Maker of Money and Lover of Ease,
I wouldn't exchange with you.*

*There are piles of papers to mark in red,
There are problems that numb the brain,
But what is defeat when each shining dawn
Brings the will to begin again?*

*A flag floats high from the schoolyard pole
And, maybe I'm just a fool,
But of all the tasks that the world could give
I'm glad that I'm teaching school.*

DOROTHY ALLAN

Physical Standards for Teachers

ANNA S. ABERCROMBIE, M.D.

WHEN A man is chosen to run a race he is chosen because he possesses certain physical qualifications, which will make him a possible victor. He must possess wind and endurance, without these the race is lost—before it is begun. It has been decided that they who would enter the speedway of the great profession, teaching, must possess physical fitness as well as alertness which will make possible the training that is now demanded of the candidates for teaching, and allow the teacher to master the many duties demanded of the profession. To those ends physical standards have been adopted and put into operation.

The student no longer loses time because of bad teeth or defective vision, no longer wonders if his heart will allow him to engage in competitive sports and games, no longer wonders if he will be able to hear distinctly all lectures, no longer wonders if his over weight or under weight will be against him; all these questions have been definitely answered by the adoption of physical standards. On entering the teaching profession in Maryland the teacher automatically becomes a member of the Teachers' Retirement System, which is in reality a life insurance, and like all life insurance is not a philanthropic enterprise, but a sound business, conducted upon business principles and has among its assets the good health and longevity of its patrons. The teacher who is thus insured may work along with confidence and assurance knowing that when the years of actual teaching are over there will be not only the "well done" of the good and faithful servant, but the compensation to which she herself has contributed that will keep the proverbial wolf from the door.

It is my privilege and pleasure to know two women who have recently completed fifty-two years of teaching, who have sent many, into social, business and professional life, and who are now enjoying their first rewards. And as one said, "We are now experiencing the joy of a quiet time before the end."

Note: Any school desiring a copy of the physical standards for teachers may obtain them by applying to the Normal School.



The New Campus Elementary School Building

WHEN THE Juniors and Seniors return to school in September they will find, rising on the campus, a new school for the children of the grades. "What is the need for a new building?" you ask. "Don't we also need a gymnasium, desperately?" someone else rejoins. "So we do," say all of us. But when the two needs were discussed about two years ago the faculty voted, with but one exception, that the greatest need was the elementary school. The present plan for the grades locates the rooms on three levels, all mixed up with the mature Normal School students. Neither department has a unified life of its own. Children learn by example. Mature students who go into the art studios, science rooms, book shop, and cafeteria on the second level are many times in an ebullient, thoughtless, relaxed, forgetful mood, unmindful of the children seriously at work in their rooms along the same corridor. The rights of both groups are interfered with. There is something valuable in being all scrambled up as we are, but unquestionably the children are deprived of a quiet life and concentration while the mature students are in a position of seeming to ignore all the proprieties in a well organized school. What are these proprieties—(1) "Quiet while children are at work"; (2) the respectful pause which comes when an observer steps over the threshold of a detached and demanding laboratory full of children; (3) A not too intimate relation between the child-student and the student teacher.

Well, at any rate—the blue prints are all made, the builders will begin to operate some time late in June or in early July when the State Board has settled the awarding of the contracts. The plans call for nine class-rooms, a kindergarten and eight other rooms to provide for the first grades and one for each of the remaining grades up to the seventh. Each room will have an attached small conference room for group work with the children and conferences between training teacher and student teacher. Each grade room will be large enough to seat comfortably, in observation periods, the normal school class scheduled to observe children at work while wrestling with history or geography, arithmetic or art, the playground or the assembly. The plans show also a library, an assembly room, a play room, and a special industrial arts activities room.

The building will be located on the hill seventy feet from the rear of the administration building. Its rear will lean over the slope looking down into the glen. Truly we are moving away from the front campus and utilizing more gloriously our eighty-eight acres.

LIDA LEE TALL

Riverside Park

RIVERSIDE PARK, one of Baltimore's attractive playgrounds today, is an enlargement of Battery Square. A line of cannon placed on the summit of the hill marked "1814", played a part in the defense of Baltimore during the attack of the British upon Fort McHenry and Fort Covington September 13 and 14, 1812.

At midnight September 13, 1812, 1250 picked men were sent from the British fleet in barges with scaling ladders and other equipment for storming the fort. Under cover of darkness they passed to the South and approached Fort Covington and Webster's six gun battery.

To examine the shore the British threw up small rockets that gave the alarm to the American defenders who immediately set fire to a haystack. Its glow revealed the British force, consisting of twenty-two barges and one schooner, propelled by sweeps. Immediately the two redoubts opened a terrific fire that shook the houses in the vicinity to their foundations, sunk two of the enemy's vessels and many of the attacking party were killed.

By the continuous cannonade kept up by Webster with his six gun battery the country was much indebted for the final repulsion of the enemy.

Later the name was changed from Battery Square to Riverside Park and in 1879 it was placed under control of the Public Parks Commission. Only the line of cannon are silent reminders of the part it played in the defense of our city.

EDNA IKENA, Freshman 1

Wanderlust

*The Wanderlust has sought me out
And filled my heart with wine;
The song that all the wild winds sing,
This ecstasy is mine.
The murmur'ring of the whisp'ring waves,
The music of the thrush,
Has all the magic loveliness
Of Springtime's golden hush.
Now Wanderlust has caught me up
And drawn me to her heart,
Till all the blooming Springtime's bliss
Is of myself a part.*

ELINOR W. DORSEY, Freshman 5

Normal Honors Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON! How the souls of the nation stirred at the mention of that name in the summer of 1776. That was 156 years ago. Now it is 1932. During all these years the glory and the honor that so rightly crowns the "father of our country," has shone forth and has held America on a glorious pinnacle of liberty. Now, as before, drums beat and flags fly,—and once again the soul of a nation stirs at the mention of George Washington. This year marks the bicentennial of Washington's birth, and we, as Americans, and as students of the Maryland State Normal School honor his two-hundredth birthday.

Our first act of homage was made manifest in an authentic moving picture depicting Washington's life. The picture was shown in many American schools, and was brought to us through the Bicentennial Commission. Our next tribute was a talk by Dr. Tall to the student body revealing the general's human nature in a most fascinating way. In fact I am quite sure that each one of her listeners left the auditorium with a deeper respect and a more profound understanding of the subject of her talk. Besides all this, interesting episodes were portrayed by means of dramas and tableaus given by Senior I and by the delightful music assembly planned and presented by Miss Weyforth and students. Then too, use was made of the bicentennial idea in our classes. For instance, Mrs. Stapleton's classes in oral English used it as a unit for talks, and Miss Cowan, in her classes, stressed colonial history.

On June 6, however, Normal expects to reach the climax of its bicentennial celebration. On that day there will be a dramatization of a colonial garden party. George and Martha Washington will actually arrive in a shining colonial coach drawn by prancing horses, and we, as colonial ladies and gentlemen, will be their hosts and hostesses. Not the spirit of '32, but the spirit of '76 will permeate our campus, and—as a grand finale—we, the students of the Maryland State Normal School, will place a marker on York Road where Washington stopped when traveling over our thoroughfare while accompanying his step-son from college.

Thus shall end our actual celebration of Washington's Bicentennial, but spiritually it will remain with us all our lives,—and years hence, other students of our school will see that marker, and again pledge their faith to the memory of Washington.

RIBERO WILLEY, Senior 10



Plans for Registration

REGISTRATION DAY! What impression did that eventful day make upon you? Was it the seemingly long hours of standing in line, the heat, noise and confusion, or were these discomforts quickly dispelled by the delight of renewing friendships and beginning another year's activities. To the Freshmen, of course, it was only one of the many new experiences that came their way those first few days of school.

Next September, for the first time, we shall register three classes in the Maryland State Normal School, for you will remember that the Junior Class did not become a realization until several days after school was in progress and was not a separate unit in the registration. And with the addition of one class we, in turn, are reducing the period of registration from three to two days. Wednesday, September 7, will be reserved for Freshmen while Juniors and Seniors will come on the following Saturday, September 10. We hope to follow the plan inaugurated last February with a few changes to care for the needs that arise at the beginning of the fall semester. Registration will take place in the auditorium and this should relieve the usual congestion in the hallways. The corridors will be left free for general socializing and can be used for greeting students and properly "tagging" them. With the larger quarters for registration the various steps should be completed more quickly and with less confusion. There will be a table for each section so that schedules and blanks may be filled out more carefully and legibly.

We shall depend on student officers to lend their usual assistance, especially on Wednesday when they will help induct the Freshmen into the school. In addition to the officers we shall probably need other students to help and we hope that some of the efficient assistants of last February will volunteer their services. Let us remember that on registration day the Freshman gains his first impression of the Normal School and we want it to be a pleasant one.

I am listing two points which, if followed, should help in making the registration period successful:

(1) Hours. The registration hours on both days are from 8:30 to 12 and from 1 to 4. Early comers will avoid delays in the lines and prevent unnecessary standing. And how much cooler the mornings are than the afternoons!

(2) Fees. Before you leave home add your fees and determine the exact amount of money you will need and bring the correct amount in check or cash, preferably check. This will expedite the collection of fees. Also, please come prepared to pay your Student Activities Fee

on registration day. Since this fee will be collected at a separate table in the line of registration have a separate check or cash to cover this amount rather than including it with your check for other fees. This will prevent confusion at both tables.

We are always glad to receive suggestions from students regarding registration. If you have a suggestion send it to us either now or some time during the summer, and we shall be glad to include it in our plan. It is your registration and its success depends on your cooperation.

REBECCA C. TANSIL



Spring Song

The quince trees, tall and white with April rain,
O Spring, what new delights you bring each day—
The silver-fingered wind that passed this way
And paused to kiss the lilacs in the lane.
The starling's note echoing in the rills,
The fragrant smell of sad and new-turned loam.
The happy rows of star-like daffodils,
And nodding flags along the road to home.
I know it is your splendor, misty-white,
That makes my heart race madly in my breast,
That makes the thorn trees, phantom-like by night,
Call me to follow on some wandering quest.
The white road knows the secret of unrest,
In slender plum trees the wind sings a tune,
And, when the golden sun sinks in the west,
The earth lies silent 'neath a wistful moon.

ELINOR WARFIELD DORSEY, Freshman 5

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ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

In Retrospect

IN WRITING the above title for the annual retrospect that is offered, the thought came to our mind, why not call it "In Memoriam". Is the present Senior Class going to allow the School to write its obituary?

Too often this is really what happens. A class graduates and immediately all relations with the School are broken. All happy hours spent within the portals of Alma Mater are forgotten in the every day monotony of Life.

The Class of '32 has many times before in its scintillating career as a Class, led by a very capable group of leaders and adviser, established many precedents in its brief sojourn at the Maryland State Normal

School. We wonder if this Class can not extend its precedent making activities into the life of an active Alumni Association.

On the part of the School, the Association, and the TOWER LIGHT staff, we ask that you do not check your growth at its height, but continue a successful career. Remember strength is found in unified efforts.

Are you going to become a real teacher, and are you going to continue being a leader?

EDWARD GERSUK

Struggle

IT WAS a black water bug, resembling a roach. By some mishap—I know not what freak of fortune was responsible—it was lying on its back, squirming to gain a "foothold" again. First one side and then the other, around in a circle and back again—putting forth all of its energy to gain the desired end—to be "right-side up." After minutes of this struggle, "our hero" succeeded in gaining ground and disappeared quickly into the hole in the corner—probably off for a fresh adventure, happy at the successful outcome of the last struggle.

Somehow, this bug reminded me of a human being—struggling, squirming, putting forth all of his energy to reach the desired end. Life is often a tremendous struggle. We all, at some time or other, find ourselves on our backs. No outside aid comes to put us on our feet. We must, like the water bug, do our own twisting, turning and striving in order to stand up again.

How alike are man and animal! Even the hateful writhing creature on his back reminds me of him. Not that man is hateful and writhing—No! Man, to me, is wonderful, beautiful, alive, vital. The similarity is merely in the fact that he and man and all other creatures that people God's earth—that abide under His Heavens—have their struggles.

But, oh, the superiority of Man! The animal suffers—all can see; man suffers—no one *need* see. Within, one can be struggling—literally, on his back—as was the lowly bug, but the World need never know. The bug could not hide his efforts from the World, but the Man can put up his head, throw out his chest, look everyone proudly in the eye and the World will say, "What a happy person! Always smiling, throwing care to the winds. It's wonderful to be that way." And, when the World says that, the struggle is soon over, for often, just as the World sees you, so shall you soon be, even to your inmost self.

It happens suddenly—one knows not the hour or the minute—but, very quietly—yes, very subtly—the struggle passes. One feels brighter, happier, more alive. Life is again worth living. A new day is beginning.

NAOMI FRIEDMAN

The Teacher

CHE TEACHER is a prophet. He lays the foundations of tomorrow. The teacher is an artist. He works with the precious clay of unfolding personality. The teacher is a friend. His heart responds to the faith and devotion of his students. The teacher is a citizen. He is selected and licensed for the improvement of society. The teacher is an interpreter. Out of his maturer and wider life he seeks to guide the young. The teacher is a builder. He works with the higher and finer values of civilization. The teacher is a culture-bearer. He leads the way toward worthier tastes, saner attitudes, more gracious manners, higher intelligence. The teacher is a planner. He sees the young lives before him as a part of a great system which shall grow stronger in the light of truth. The teacher is a pioneer. He is always attempting the impossible and winning out. The teacher is a reformer. He seeks to remove the handicaps that weaken and destroy life. The teacher is a believer. He has abiding faith in the improbability of the race.—JOY ELMER MORGAN, "Journal of the National Education Association," May, 1932.



Youth

*Youth and the gift of wings—
Youth and the love of beauty—
Youth and eternal seeking of the Undefined.*

*Youth—singing, leaping, laughing
For sheer joy of living.
Youth—quiet and wistful,
Clutching the shreds of a dream.*

*A deep mystical pool hidden away in the forest—
The light that trembles in a crystal drop of dew
On an unfurled leaf.
A stark cliff facing the storms
With undaunted courage and faith.*

*Youth—the tall, straight timber
Proud of its singing leaves.*

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, Freshman 2

Parting

NOTHING HAD been quite so complete as this bond that grew between these two. They knew no sorrows. Many hours they spent together, each adding his share of joy. It was heavenly, this life, like none other. The world was glad beneath their feet and they rejoiced in its splendor. Nature came to its own in the spring and as the flowers bloomed so bloomed their friendship. It grew to majesty and reigned in undisputed state. It was heavenly.

Fate came and seeing this flower deemed it beautiful and plucked it. It was placed with others but it withered. In the spring flowers bloom and are plucked. They are brilliant but they wither and die.

In the spring they were parted and with empty hearts took their weary paths. They lacked care, and hate for nature grew in their hearts. God was cruel. He it was who parted them. He knew.

He placed flowers in their paths and they, unknowingly, saw. They watched the flowers grow in their beauty. They saw them bloom, wither and die. They saw the dead give forth new life and grow again in different soil. They looked for beauty and saw new friendships arise. These bloomed, withered and died. He knew and made them see.

New life was given them. New friends came and the world became glad again under their feet. Then they looked through knowing eyes at the ethereal beauty of the world they once claimed as theirs.

EVERETT HEINEN, *Junior 1*



Richard Cleveland's Speech to Campus Boys

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, CHILDREN. Today while walking through the administration building I noticed something that seemed funny to me. Everywhere I saw the signs, "quiet, children at work," this looked suspicious to me because I thought that this was supposed to be a 'Normal' School. That reminds me of a teacher who was going to have an object lesson. There was a good little boy in the class named Willie who never did anything wrong so the teacher called him up after school and told him that she was going to give him ten pennies and in a week's time he was to come back and tell her what he did with them. She likewise called Johnny, a bad little boy, gave him ten pennies and told him the same thing as Willie. When

the week rolled around Johnny was called up first and as the teacher expected he didn't have any of the pennies left. Then, Willie was called up and he had ten extra pennies and the teacher being pleased said, 'Willie tell us how you got the other ten pennies' and Willie replied, 'matching pennies with Johnny'."

Thus opened the speech of Richard Cleveland, son of former president Grover Cleveland and principal speaker at the Father and Son banquet held on Friday night, May the sixth. Mr. Cleveland has been living in Baltimore for eight years.

Mr. Cleveland then got down to the serious side of his talk.

"Everyone, because he is alive in the world has a load to pull. If there was a family of ten out in a row boat and if grandpa, grandma, aunt Sally and little Joe weren't rowing but just riding, the other six would have one and four-sixths of the load to pull. This same thing is found in a community. There are always some who can't pull their own load and we can't go out and put poison in their soup, so someone has to pull their load for them. That is only a prelude to this: we not only have our own jobs to look after but others and there is no use grumbling about it. There are many tragedies that might happen to young people that would throw them out of work. If you kiddies expect to look only after your own load you are going to be miserable in this world, and life is not going to be a bed of roses. I don't want to discourage by telling you the crucial point is going to be trouble, but it need not be unpleasant, just laugh it off. I told my three year old boy that life is not going to be a bed of roses and I wish someone had told me when I was three years old. Perfection means a lot of trouble by which you are strengthened."

It was a real treat to hear Mr. Cleveland talk and I'm sure that he left everyone with plenty of food for thought.

Reported by WALTER CULLER



Father and Son Supper

CHE FATHER and son supper came on Friday, May sixth, and was held as usual in Newell Hall. In my opinion it was the best occasion of its kind ever held by the Campus School.

The dinner was enjoyed by all. The guest speaker, Mr. Richard Cleveland, a prominent lawyer in Baltimore addressed the group. During the course of dinner the orchestra played a selection and the boys' chorus sang a group of songs.

Now for the entertainment! A Council Ring had been erected in the left wing of the dining hall and the walls had been decorated with honeysuckle.

The call to the council was given by Chief Ray King who with his "Susquehannocks" had come down to hold Council with Tribe Normal. The Council was held as in real Indian camps except for a few changes made to suit the time and the place. The dances done by the tribe were exact reproductions of the dances done by the savages of North America hundreds of years ago.

Special thanks should be given to Mr. Moser, Doctor Winslow, Mr. Canedy, and a committee of boys who made possible the fine entertainment.

GEORGE HARE, 7th Grade



Our Glen Project

SINCE the building of Normal School on its present site various groups have occasionally visited the Glen. But few thought of its great possibilities.

In the year 1927-28 a very definite interest in the Glen was aroused. More and more people sought it for recreation and enjoyment and slowly plans were formulated for its development into a wild life preserve. The Rural Club became its natural sponsor.

To Mr. W. W. Ballard of the University of Maryland we are indebted for the first plans for beautifying the small section of the Glen behind Miss Tall's home. As work was begun the plans seemed inadequate and later Mr. Mark Shoemaker also of the University, furnished us with a blue print for the landscaping of the larger section of the Glen back of the Administration Building. These plans included a small lake.

In the fall of 1931 Mr. C. W. Wise, engineer from the University, with Mr. Shoemaker and Mr. Ballard, made a careful study of the available water supply for the lake and, much to our disappointment, found it inadequate. This made the cost of building the lake prohibitive. Mr. Wise suggested, however, that fireplaces might be built at different points increasing the beauty and usefulness of the Glen.

Early in the history of the project the Elementary School took a very active part. The seventh grade helped stake tracts. Three years ago they planted seedlings which this spring they have been transplanting

in the places planned for them. The fourth grade has had for their particular part the planting of the Rock Garden. The results of their work are already showing. Other grades have made their contributions.

At the Rural Club Dinner in 1931 a Glen Committee composed of Miss Tall, Miss Brown, adviser of the Rural Club, Miss Steele, Miss Medwedeff, adviser of the Senior Class, Miss Ellen Logan, Mr. Harold Moser, Miss Ruth Lynch, president of the General Student Council, Mr. Reuben Baer, president of the Senior Class, gave suggestions, and encouragements to the project of developing our lovely "sylvan dell."

At all times direct responsibility has been felt by the Rural Club. The program this year has been built around the idea of the conservation of wild life. Studies have been made of birds and trees particularly. Inspiring messages from the out-of-doors were brought to the Club by Mrs. Brouwer, Mr. Minnegan, and Miss Treut of our own faculty and also Miss Trentham and Mr. Ballard. Very practical help came from Miss Trentham in the form of donation of trees, shrubs, and flowers from the Club women of Baltimore County.

Last year the idea of a Council Ring for the Glen was advanced. Interest was further stimulated when the Club visited Sachem Rock and enjoyed a Council Fire conducted under the leadership of Mr. King in the Council Ring.

When looking for an appropriate gift to leave the school the Classes of '32 and '33 searched diligently and considered carefully. Having caught the vision of what the Glen might come to mean to the school they decided that one of their gifts should be a Council Ring.

We feel that much has been accomplished toward our "Ideal" so well stated by Mr. Peregoy, a member of the Rural Club, in the May 1930 TOWER LIGHT, of beautifying and conserving the wild life of the Glen, yet this is only a beginning. "This is not one person's task. . . . This is a challenge to all the clubs of the Normal School and to every individual." May the coming years see the project grow, visions become actualities, and our Glen take its proper place in the life of the School.

E. BURDETTE, JR.



In Retrospect

*A*BOUT THIS time of the year editors of annuals, magazines, and newspapers connected with some institution, will seat themselves at the typewriter and with a firm touch type the title "In Retrospect". About four hours later ye editor will be seized with an original inspiration and begin pouring his soul forth in terms of endearment about leaving all those happy faces and friends and friendships with the advent of graduation.

Frankly confessing, your own retrospectioner, so to speak, is in exactly the same condition. There is only one difference instead of sitting at a typewriter for four hours, we sat for five (slightly exaggerated figure). We are starting this retrospect with the determined aim to keep away from cluttering up our sheets with tears, but for all we know we may end by becoming sentimental.

In the fall of the year 1930 a group of bewildered students entered the portals of the Normal School (Thank you, Mr. Baer) . . . frankly, we were bewildered . . . some of us have not outgrown this condition yet . . . (in order not to waste space we shall not dwell on the facts of our bewilderment, for reference we refer you to the June, 1931, issue of the TOWER LIGHT) . . . now our Junior year has assumed very vague proportions . . . we can remember only our exalted position of being a SENIOR when registration day finally rolled around, and then . . . a very solemn induction service . . . Freshmen week (in which we were disappointed) . . . tea dances . . . the Freshmen begin to become individuals . . . they elect class officers . . . the girls in the Freshmen Class are very attractive . . . the Juniors vie with the Freshmen in seeing who has the easiest schedule . . . the mummers League disappoints us . . . the TOWER LIGHT becomes modernistic and appears in a new frock for each issue . . . the Junior Class elects Senior officers . . . the Alumni Dance in which we renew a very delightful acquaintance . . . student teaching with its trials and tribulations . . . we return . . . the Kitchen Kandy Party . . . Freshmen Prom . . . books develop legs . . . mustaches crop up again . . . the teams continue losing . . . some of the Frosh amuse us . . . "Horse" . . . "Mahatma Ghandi" . . . the Men's Revue makes history . . . a very solemn assembly in which we hear our new officers . . . a May Day celebration in which we are delighted by the antics of the dancers . . . presentation of the Senior Class gift . . . Prom . . . Banquet . . . and now before us Commencement . . . the Class of '32 becomes history.

Looking back, but stop . . . why look back the future is the most

important factor confronting us now. As a thought, why not remember that one line of the Class song, "with perseverance we shall win".

In order not to disappoint our sentimental minded reader, we say with choked emotions, "Good Bye '32, you weren't so bad after all."

E. G.

▼

An "If"—for Girls

With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
 Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
 But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
If you can dance without a craze for dancing,
 Play without giving play too strong a hold,
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
 Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;
If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
 And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
 Without despising calico and jean;
If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,
 Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,
 Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;
If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
 Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,—
 A girl whom all will love because they must;
If sometimes you should meet and love another
 And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,—
 You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind
The plan that's been developed through the ages,
 And win the best that life can have in store:
You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,
 A woman whom the world will bow before.

—ELIZABETH LINCOLN OTIS.

SCHOOL NEWS

Seen and Heard

WE, PERSONALLY, can not understand how such intelligent readers of the TOWER LIGHT can endure the foolish drivel written in this column. Perhaps some very few sympathetic souls can appreciate our plight. Imagine for yourself ye editor being asked by the editorial board to fill this valuable space with prattle when it could be used to so much better advantage by printing something more to the liking of the student body, as "The Siwash Homogeneous Groupings Plan". I am sure that if the "official organ" was devoted entirely to writings of this type our circulation would reach new highs.

Ye editor had just returned from student teaching and was suffering from a very serious case of Seriousitis and could not bring himself to the point of writing "Seen and Heard." (We wonder if this could not be termed Lazyitis??)

Coming back to dear old Normal has left us just a little out of breath. Class elections . . . Freshmen Prom (a very creditable showing on the part of the Freshmen Class) . . . May Day (and a very beautiful queen and her attendants) . . . Senior Prom (in which we got lost among the trees) . . . Senior Banquet . . . and units for next year (on which we work until all hours of the night) . . .

During the preparations of the Senior Prom we could compare the plight of Mrs. Brouwer to that of Mr. Minnegan before the Revue.

(Heard in class) "Which reminds me, 'I never saw a purple cow, I never hope to see one'." We wonder if this instructor couldn't forget this particular term paper for a little while???

We believe that the Class of '33 owes a vote of thanks to a certain Mr. J. M. B. for his kind interest as to the activities of the class.

Years may come and years may go but we are still inclined to think that the Glen still holds a fatal fascination for certain members of the School. We ask you to judge the numerous reasons given for visiting the Glen . . . looking for a water table . . . picking violets (uh, huh) . . . looking for worms . . . looking for the Council Fire . . . to arouse that

creative spirit . . . perhaps the Glen may some day serve the same purpose as the Botanical Gardens at Hopkins.

(In which the School acquires publicity) A certain Junior made a unit on the city of Baltimore and its advantages. Under the heading "Baltimore is famous for its educational institutions", the following was found, "Johns Hopkins University, Goucher College, and The Maryland State Normal School".

We oft times wonder . . . where a class would be without its adviser.

Seen and Heard has now been appearing for two years and the writer desires to remain anonymous as he still has another year at the institution and desires to spend his days in peace. But next year we warn you . . . you are at the mercy of this writer of . . . (you name it).

It seems like old times to have Miss Neunsinger back in the Industrial Art rooms. Miss Neunsinger, where are the saws?

Miss Scarborough has again returned to us, having recently been welcomed after an extended illness.

For '32 . . . we are sorry to see you leave . . . you certainly did furnish some excellent copy.

For '33 . . . remember it is Quality and not Quantity.

For '34 . . . we can't waste the space.

For the School . . . yours truly,

SEEN AND HEARD



W. C. A. O. Broadcast of Glee Club and Orchestra

*M*ANY pushed aside their work and stole into the auditorium late Friday afternoon to relax, and listen, undisturbed in the darkness. We generally take for granted the performances of the Glee Club and Orchestra, in the school, as a matter of course, but hearing them through a strange medium made one realize and appreciate how intense the interest and work of their leaders has been. He who listened felt with something deeper than pride, the exquisite blending of tone, the shade and color of expression that made of voice and instrument—music.

M. A. D.

More Chi Alpha Sigma Members

In addition to the members of the Chi Alpha Sigma listed in an earlier edition of the TOWER LIGHT, we take pleasure in announcing two more:

MISS ETHEL CHELF, of the Class of 1932 and
MISS EUNICE BURDETTE of the Class of 1933.

Faculty Notes

MISS VAN BIBBER spent the week-end of May 6 and 7, at Washington attending the semi-annual meeting of the Middle State History Teachers' Association of which she has been the secretary for the last eight years. A group from Maryland State Normal, including Miss Bersch, Miss Bader and Mr. Walther motored over for the discussions, Friday afternoon. The dinner address that evening was a delightful talk on George Washington given by Professor Dixon Ryan Fox of Columbia University.

The students who celebrated Athletic Week-end at the Bush River, May 18 to 22, were accompanied by four members of the Faculty, Miss Daniels and Miss Roach, Miss Bader and Miss Byerley.

Miss Bader had as her guest for one week in March her sister, Miss Edith Bader, Supervisor of the Intermediate Grades of the Public Schools of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Miss Birdsong has had a busy winter, addressing Parent Teachers' Associations. To date the addresses given, number between thirty and forty.

A very successful George Washington Bicentennial Celebration was held this month at Kenwood High School on the Philadelphia Road near the site of the old Golden Ring Tavern at which General Washington stopped on his way north to the inauguration in 1789. Mr. E. G. Stapleton is principal of this school and the students gave a pageant written by Mrs. Stapleton of the Maryland State Normal School. A road marker inscribed "George Washington travelled this road" was dedicated and set up.

The racing season has provided some relaxation from the heavy routine of spring—members of the faculty profiting from this diversion have been Miss Tansil, Miss Munn, Miss Arthur, Miss Steele and possibly others.

Miss Durling motored to Norfolk at Easter. At Richmond her path crossed that of Miss Tansil, Miss Cowan and Miss Blood who were also making a tour of Tidewater Virginia.

Miss Crabtree enjoyed a visit, the week of May 16, from her cousin Mr. S. Brownell, Superintendent of Schools, Grosse Point, Michigan. On the last of May, Miss Crabtree is expecting Dr. and Mrs. Garcia Blanco from the University of Porto Rico.

Faculty members of Maryland State Normal School attending the annual dinner of the Baltimore Education Society May 15, were Miss Osborne, Miss Jones, Miss Tansil, Miss Brown, Miss Byerley, Miss Steele, Miss Bersch and Miss Birdsong. The speakers of the evening were three of the charter members of the society, Miss Tall, Mr. Flowers and Dr. Weglein.

Miss Jones spoke to the Elementary School Principals of Baltimore City recently. She is to teach Reading at the Johns Hopkins University, this summer.

Mrs. Brouwer talked on the topic "Industrial Arts and the Curriculum" before the Elementary School Supervisors.

Since Miss Medwedeff's return from the Jungle she has been establishing a menagerie. The most recent gifts have been a snake, a chipmunk and a talking crow.

Miss Rutledge attended the meetings of the National Association for Childhood Education which were held in Washington, May 6th and 7th. She spoke at one meeting and provided opportunities for short talks by some of our seniors.

Miss Munn is taking lessons in the making of hooked rugs. Her masterpieces are to be exhibited in 213 when they have been completed.

Miss Tall and Dr. Abercrombie had a delightful time at the circus on Thursday night.



The A. A. Week End Notes

"SPLASH" and the waters of the Bush river stood still no longer, as thirteen girls took their first dips of the season. Wet, soft skins invited the sun's bright rays and gradually the white maidens were transformed into burning bronze Indians. A campfire made the environment appropriate for this racing, whooping tribe.

Fortunately those Indians had cots on which to sleep and the "chiefs" even had modernized "pie beds." Indians believed in spirits and magic but I wonder if they could go in "cohoots" and if their psychic powers were as efficient as Ruth Lynch's.

If ever you are shipwrecked you should have Miss Daniels along. She proved to be quite capable of pulling the boat home, when Miss Roach lost the oar locks.

Perhaps when they stop teaching, Miss Byerly and Miss Bader will go in for big league baseball or maybe Miss Byerly will be an automobile saleswoman.

Sometimes when you feel very intelligent see if you can solve Ora's riddles or find the point to her stories. If you want to cry, listen to Miss Daniels tell "Olie."

"Where, oh, where has my pillow gone?" was the song Miss Roach was singing when she found that some of her belongings had been accidentally (?) mislaid.

Whew!—what a time!

H. OWINGS, Senior 5
E. MOONEY, Senior 5

The Freshman Picnic

The Freshman Picnic in the glen took place May 25. There were games, entertainment, refreshments, and general good times.

Plant a Tree

ON THE afternoon of April twentieth, a large representation of students and faculty gathered on the campus to witness the planting of a Washington Elm tree.

This name carries two significant meanings. First, the tree was given to the Rural Club by the students of Washington County; second, it was dedicated to the memory of George Washington.

Trees were outstanding objects in the life of Washington. We all know that historical Elm in Cambridge, under which he took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775. Where shall we take command of our army? We are living in one of the greatest anniversary years of American History—praising, honoring and respecting in every way that great life of Washington.

Let us not stop at praising, that is not sufficient. We must imitate. You plant a living memory when you "Plant a Tree."

MURRAY ANDREWS, Freshman 6

May Day

HAD YOU not even witnessed the activities on May Day, you would have known it belonged to the Seniors. You could see it in their newly dignified garb, their glowing mien.

The assembly was impressive in its serious dignity, as the present student officers bequeathed their duties to those who will carry on next year.

The luncheon that followed was delightful. It was great fun when out of the nowhere emerged the faculty en masse bearing food. One really didn't know which way to turn upon finding himself surrounded by delectable morsels borne by beaming, erstwhile instructors.

We spent the afternoon at the court of our gracious May queen, in revelry. The day drew to an end, and we were loath to see it pass. We had lived through much beauty, that day.



The Well Dressed School Teacher

GRIM-EYED, stringy-haired, frumpishly virginal, the oldtime schoolmarm lived in a tradition as famed as that of the absent-minded professor. But frumps and dowds are not admired by present-day school teachers; "schoolmarm" is a fighting word. For anti-frumps there was sprightly reading last week in the sedate JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION. Mrs. Lillian Gray, assistant supervisor of State Teachers College at Santa Barbara, Calif., had called together her teachers and posed the question: How can a teacher improve her personal appearance? Upon their replies she based an outline for the Journal. Further to demonstrate what a chic abecedarian looks like, Mrs. Gray donned a smart brown ensemble, smiled gaily, pointed a trim toe and posed for a picture looking much like bridge-playing Mrs. Ely Culbertson. Mrs. Gray's pointers for well-dressed teachers:

DRESSES: sport or semi-sport. COATS should be of fine material, smart design. "Nothing ruins an outfit like wolf, rabbit or cat trimming." HATS should be small, matching the ensemble, framing the face. SHOES should have Cuban or French heels. "Flat heels cause an ugly ankle line." BEADS: "The plainer, the better. Fancy savage-looking wooden or glass beads in loud colors detract from the face . . ."

HAIR: "Hairnets are impossible. Wide, casual waves are best." MAKE-UP: "Use enough to look healthy . . . Wipe off excess lipstick. For those who still believe it wicked to employ coloring to the lips, a pomade stick is advisable as it is more conservative and yet adds the needed flesh tones." WEARING THE CLOTHES: "Stand straight, with stomach in and head up. Hold the shoulders proudly. Round shoulders will ruin the most carefully chosen ensemble." CONCLUSIONS: "It is better to have one outfit with all accessories matching than ten with no taste in combinations."

Having set a standard in dress, Mrs. Gray and her associates discovered seeming objections, answered them as follows:

"Teachers are intellectual rather than physical." (But intelligent ones will endeavor to look their best.)

"Teachers belong to the highest type of human being. . . ." They often stint themselves in order to support small brothers and sisters. (By adroit planning a teacher can dress well on a small outlay.)

Many feel that children are uncritical. (Untrue. Watch them brighten up when teacher appears in a smart "outfit.")

"Some teachers are uncritical themselves . . . lack high standards of dress." (Let them read style magazines, take special courses, gaze into mirrors.)

Ink, dust, chalk, clay, bad weather make teaching hard on clothes. (Use a whisk-broom, towel, shoebrush.)

"Some teachers, belonging to that docile remnant terrorized by old-fashioned schoolboards, still believe it wicked and frivolous to consider personal adornment." ("It is ridiculous in this day and age to think of the teacher as a 'being apart.' She has just as much right as her sisters to personal adornment.")

TIME (Magazine).



Can You Beat It?

Senior 5 has 100% Alumni Subscription! Within one hour from the time the plea for subscribers was made twenty-six faithful Seniors had signed on the dotted line. And better than that, most of them had pledged to pay the entire amount before June 14. Hats off to the first in Senior Subscriptions and the first in Alumni Subscriptions.



Chatter-Box

By SIDNEY LAND, Junior 2

ANYONE WHO has a copy of last June's TOWER LIGHT, please look on page 42 and you will find 12 lines under the head Chatter-Box. Now, one full year has elapsed, this corner has grown to almost two full pages an issue. Well, ye editor now takes this opportunity to thank his readers for their helpful criticisms and bouquets, and takes this opportunity to wish you all a splendid summer vacation.

Last, but not least, ye editor wishes to thank the Sports Staff of the TOWER LIGHT for their earnest cooperation all during the year. During the past year it was thru the combined efforts of Miss Munn and the Sports Staff that the January issue was given over to Sports. According to Miss Munn, this was the first time in the history of the TOWER LIGHT that Sports predominated. Ye editor wants especially to express his deepest gratitude to the following people: Russ Denison, Selma Tyser, Ruth Oheim, Tom Johnson and Adele Plitt, and the faculty adviser.

One week before the Normal-Western Maryland tennis match, ye editor noticed in one of the Sunday rags that Western Md. spanked the U. of M., 5-4.

Flash—Western Maryland swamps Normal 9-0. (Whoops dearie!!)

Every match, however, was fought as if it were a case of life and death. The upstaters already had 5 matches under their belt when they tackled us, whereas the White and Gold netmen had had but one practice session.

Did you know that a certain faculty member had unofficially broken some women's world's records? 'Tis true, 'tis true.

One change has been made in the tennis team. Instead of Land and Liberman being one of the doubles combinations, Hardesty and Liberman will play in the first position, with Land and Kulacki playing second, and Harris and Kremen rounding out the team.

Did it ever occur to you that there are two H's, two K's and two L's on the tennis team? Figure it out.

In the recent May Day Senior-Frosh indoor baseball game, a bat slipping from the hands of Oswald Bachmann, hit Min Newman and knocked her out . . . however, Min was up and around the following day, feeling no after effects.

The Seniors had to fight a terrific uphill battle in the class indoor game to overcome a two run lead—but were finally rewarded when the smoke of battle had cleared at the end of the seventh inning the score was 2-2. The Frosh took advantage of 3 Senior errors coupled with 2 walks and 1 hit in the opening stanza to grab the 2 run lead. However, the Seniors pulled up on even terms in the sixth.

Both Rubey Baer and Jim Tyler pitched excellent ball. Incidentally, Miss Byerly "umped" the fracas and did a very commendable bit of work.

The baseball team has gone on a rampage and has won 7 consecutive games. Some team—eh what?



Here's one for the books—During one of the gym classes a certain short stout Frosh, hit a ball in the indoor game, which was postmarked home run. The batter, however, ran as fast as he could, but was put out at second base. (Send the name of the person who hit the ball to Ripley and win one of his prizes.)

I'd like to see—Sol Liss, a 10 second man—(20) yd. dash—Ye editor winning a tennis match for Normal—Russ Denison muff a fly ball—Ben Kremen wrestling Jim Londos—Ruby Baer learn how to pitch indoor baseball—Eddie Gersuk chin 6 times to make his silver medal—Stan Maleski or Al Reubling get "sore"—Joe Haggerty get a hit in an indoor game—Len Kulacki miss a "grounder"—100 men athletes enter Normal next year—and there are ever so many things ye editor would like to see, but why go into that, so here's wishing everyone a tip-top vacation. So long until September.

Extra—Navy Plebes whitewash Normal netmen 9-0.

Spring Sports—Volleyball and Baseball

SOMETIMES we think of springtime making people lazy—but not at Maryland State Normal School. Here we find the Seniors going out for baseball on Tuesdays and volley ball on Mondays, and the Freshmen coming out for baseball on Mondays and Thursdays and for volleyball on Tuesdays. Out of the large number of girls attending Towson Normal we have about one-fifth of them finding time for athletics besides the regular curriculum work—about seventy-five of these are Freshmen and thirty are Seniors.

In both of these spring electives,—volleyball and baseball, we have spent most of our time playing the games. During these we not only become better acquainted with the essentials of playing, but we have enjoyable times. Often we increase our knowledge by asking Miss Roach or Miss Daniels for the “why’s and wherefore’s” of the games.

Besides the regular playing of volleyball and baseball, the Seniors, with a far smaller group than the Freshmen, practiced serving and volleying the ball for volleyball, and hitting, catching, and throwing the ball for baseball. Teams have not been definitely selected as yet, but outstanding among Senior girls in volleyball are Jeannette Millar, who has been doing her share at center net, and Elizabeth Mooney, who has also done good work. Ruth Lynch, Willie Howard, Wilhelmina Oldfield, Hazel Owings and Freda Henderson have shown up quite favorably in baseball and are expected to make the senior team.

With the huge group of Freshmen out for baseball and volleyball it has been a great task to become acquainted with the work of all the players. Miss Roach, however, has managed it, and if it is a little too early for the definite teams to have been decided upon we do know that those who have been outstanding in volleyball and are destined to make the team are Maghaga and Collata. On the baseball team, we shall surely have Ruth Crawford, Mary Easter, and Frances Rullman.

Before many days now the various teams will be chosen,—and all too soon the period for volleyball and baseball will come to a close. We who have gone out for electives this year feel that our time has been well spent and are anxiously looking forward to athletics next year.

SELMA TYSER, *Freshman 1*



Alumni Notes

DEAR TOWER LIGHT:

Please permit me to use your pages to extend my most grateful thanks to every one of the members of the staff of the Maryland State Normal School and of the Alumni Association who has in any way contributed to the success of the Association during this school year.

I also wish to remind the Class of 1932 that the Association will gladly welcome them as active members and will eagerly look forward to their first reunion in June, 1933, in conjunction with the Alumni of other years.

Last of all, but not by any means least, I wish to thank TOWER LIGHT for carrying the news of the Association during the entire year, and to congratulate you for the splendid, high character that you have consistently maintained. It is always a sincere regret to me that all members of our Association do not subscribe annually.

May you be more successful and a more brilliant "light" during 1932-33.

Cordially yours,

HARRY L. CAPLES, President



What the Clock Saw

"WHAT'S THIS I see?" said an old clock in a tower at a certain point along York Road, near Towson, on the night of April 29, 1932. "Why look at these cars coming up the campus hill. Surely there must be doings downstairs tonight, in this old Maryland State Normal School. Why, there's Joe Barlow! Here comes Harry Caples, and Jimmy Thomas. It seems as if all the alumni are back tonight."

And the old clock waved its hands in welcome. Sure enough, the old fellow in the tower at M. S. N. S. was right. Perhaps he exaggerated a bit when he said "all the alumni," for it was just old Normal School graduates from Baltimore County, gathered together for a good time.

And was it forthcoming? Ask any old member who may have been there—any of the four hundred who filled the seats in the beautiful auditorium.

Due to the efforts of Miss Viola Almony, various committees had been chosen to help get together the Baltimore County unit of the M. S. N. S. Alumni Association, and put on an evening of entertainment. The evening began with the singing of the old beloved "White and Gold." The 12th and 15th districts had organized a "teacher's chorus," and rendered four well-received selections; the 6th, 7th and 14th districts put on plays, and the 13th district performed stunts to amuse fellow alumni. Methods, behavioristic problems, individual differences, schoolroom management,—all were forgotten for one night!

Miss Viola Almony then explained the purpose of the meeting, which was the organizing of a Baltimore County unit of the Alumni of the Maryland State Normal School.

Miss Tall painted an inviting picture of the future Normal School with its coming Alumni Lodge, Gymnasium, Elementary School, and tennis courts.

At the conclusion of this talk, Mr. Harry Caples, president of the Alumni Association, gave a word of greeting, and then aided with the election of officers for the new unit. The following officers were elected:

President	MISS VIOLA ALMONY
Vice-President	MRS. SEYMOR RUFF
Secretary	MR. AUSTIN PEREGOY
Treasurer	MIS ELSIE AMOS

Then to the strains of music, those who wished, tripped the light fantastic, while others passed the balance of the evening trumping their partners' aces at the bridge tables!

"What a delightful evening," whispered the old clock in the Tower, as the last red tail-light vanished down the campus hill.



A Prayer

Oh God, that created all that is beautiful, let us not with unseeing eyes pass by the gifts thou hast bestowed upon us. Give us power to love and appreciate the trees that give us shade, the rivers of water that caress the shores, the cool, green grass that so soothingly clings to our feet, the fields that give forth our food and the mountains that edge the blue heavens above us; the flowers that cheer the sick and give beauty and color to our homes.

Help us to realize the beauty all about us and to do all in our power to make more beautiful those things that seem unattractive to our eyes.

MARGARET DAVIS, '31

Interpretation of a Prayer Book In May “SURSUM CORDA”

*Lift up your hearts
To the blue skies of May,
To the purple hills away.
With the flowers as they sway,
Dance! Be gay!
“Sursum Corda.”*

*Lift up your hearts
To the lilac-scented breeze,
To the restless, rolling seas,
From your cares and woes find ease.
Soothed, appeased.
“Sursum Corda.”*

*Lift up your hearts,
To the bird on the wing,
Of the glory of the spring
Let your ardent praises ring
To the Heavens, Sing—
“Sursum Corda.”*

E. L. BOWLING, '28



A Musical Treat

On April 20, at Assembly time, Miss Ruth Weinstein, who is known to many of us from the Eastern High School, gave us the following program of songs:

Kashmiri Love Song	Woodforde-Finden
Morning	Speaks
Ave Maria	in German—Schubert
Aufenthalt	
No One My Grief Can Feel.....	Tschaikowsky
Fiddle and I	Goodeve
I Love Thee	Grieg
My Hero from the “Chocolate Soldier”.....	Straus
Miss Weinstein has a voice of splendid quality and power, and she shows fine interpretative ability. Miss Weinstein was ably accompanied by Miss Leah Alter of Freshman 2.	



Eleven Ages of Man

The eleven ages of man, expressed in newer style, run about like this:

1. Milk
2. Milk and bread
3. Milk, eggs, bread, and spinach
4. Oatmeal, bread and butter, green apples, all day suckers.
5. Ice cream soda, and hot dogs
6. Minute steak, fried potatoes, coffee and apple pie
7. Bouillion, roast duck, scalloped potatoes, creamed broccoli, fruit salad, divinity fudge, and demi tasse
8. Pate de foie gras, weiner schnitzel, potatoes, Parisienne, egg plant a l'opera, demi tasse, Roquefort cheese
9. Two soft-boiled eggs, toast, and milk
10. Crackers and milk
11. Milk

Emmet (Ia.) Index, Literary Digest

Lecturer (very dramatically): "And after the glories of Ranier's rapturous height we descend to civilization once more. Ah! But did I say 'civilization'?"

Small Boy in the audience: "Yes, Sir!"

When one reaches Massachusetts the first thing he is asked is, "What do you know?" In New York the question becomes "How much do you have?", in the South, "Who are you?", and in the West, "What can you do?"

The Scot is frequently the goat when jokes are on tap, but not always. Listen to this:

In an English political meeting one of the candidates patriotically

orated: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, I hope I shall die an Englishman." From the back of the hall in an unmistakable accent came the question, "Mon, hae ye no ambeetion?"—North Carolina Christian Advocate.

A native of Ireland started away on his first trip. Never having seen a railway station he did not know how to get his ticket, but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead. The lady went to the ticket window, and putting down her money said, "Maryhill, single."

Next in line was Pat, who promptly planked down his money and said, "Patrick Murphy, married."—SELECTED.

Tyler: "Women don't interest me. I prefer the company of my fellow men."

Norris: "I'm broke, too, brother."

Congressman Guy Hardy of Colorado has a faded old clipping in his possession about the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper out in his country, which reads: "We begin the publication ov the Roccy Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outfit phor this printing ophphice phaled to supply us with any ephs or eays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not found out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphair."—NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

HE SHOULD HAVE DIED AT THE DEAD SEA

"Traveled all over the world, eh? Went up the Rhine, I suppose?"
Climbed it to the top."

"Saw the Lion of St. Mark?"

"Fed it."

"And visited the Black Sea?"

"Filled my fountain pen there."—STRAY STORIES.

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